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(See Page 14)

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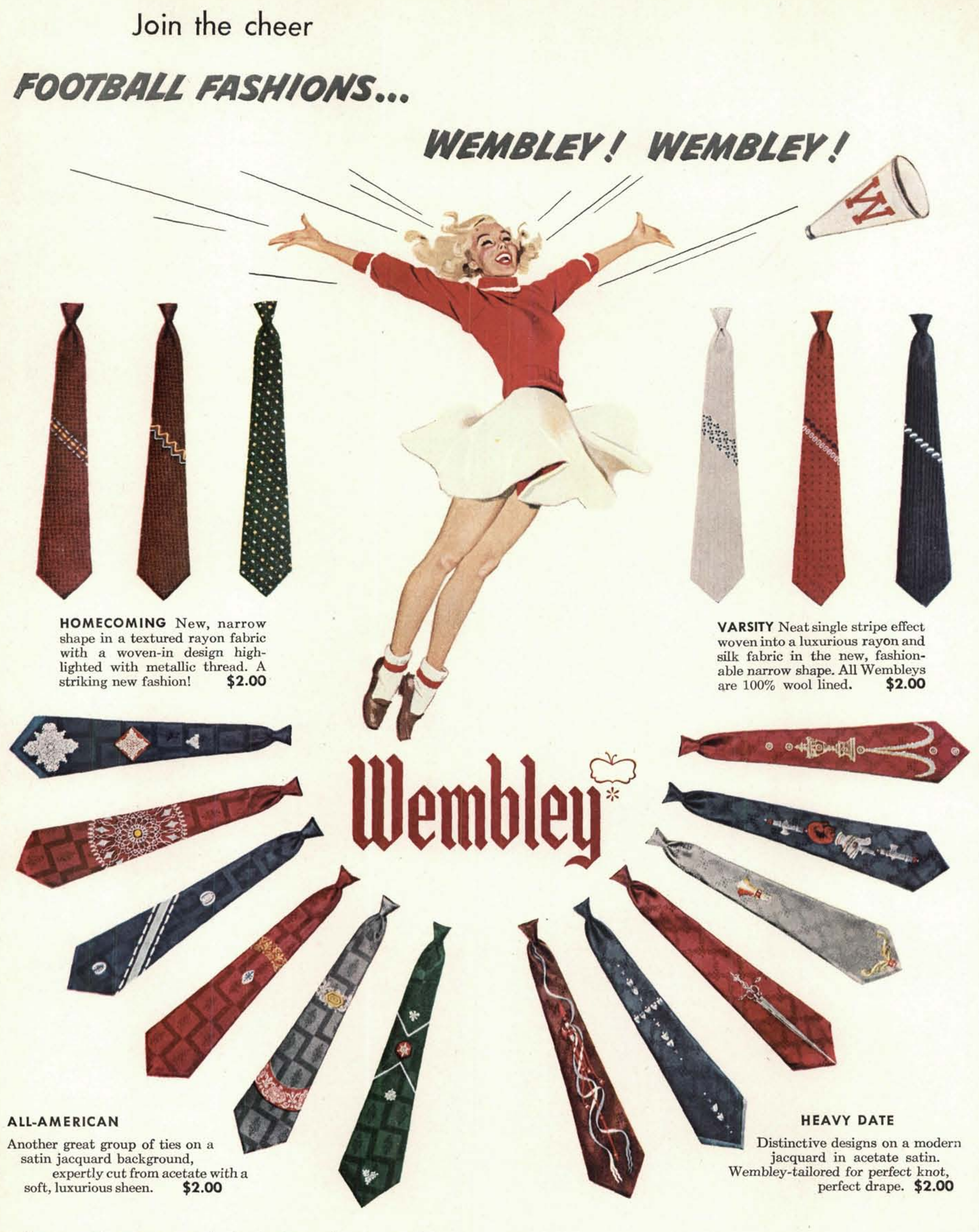

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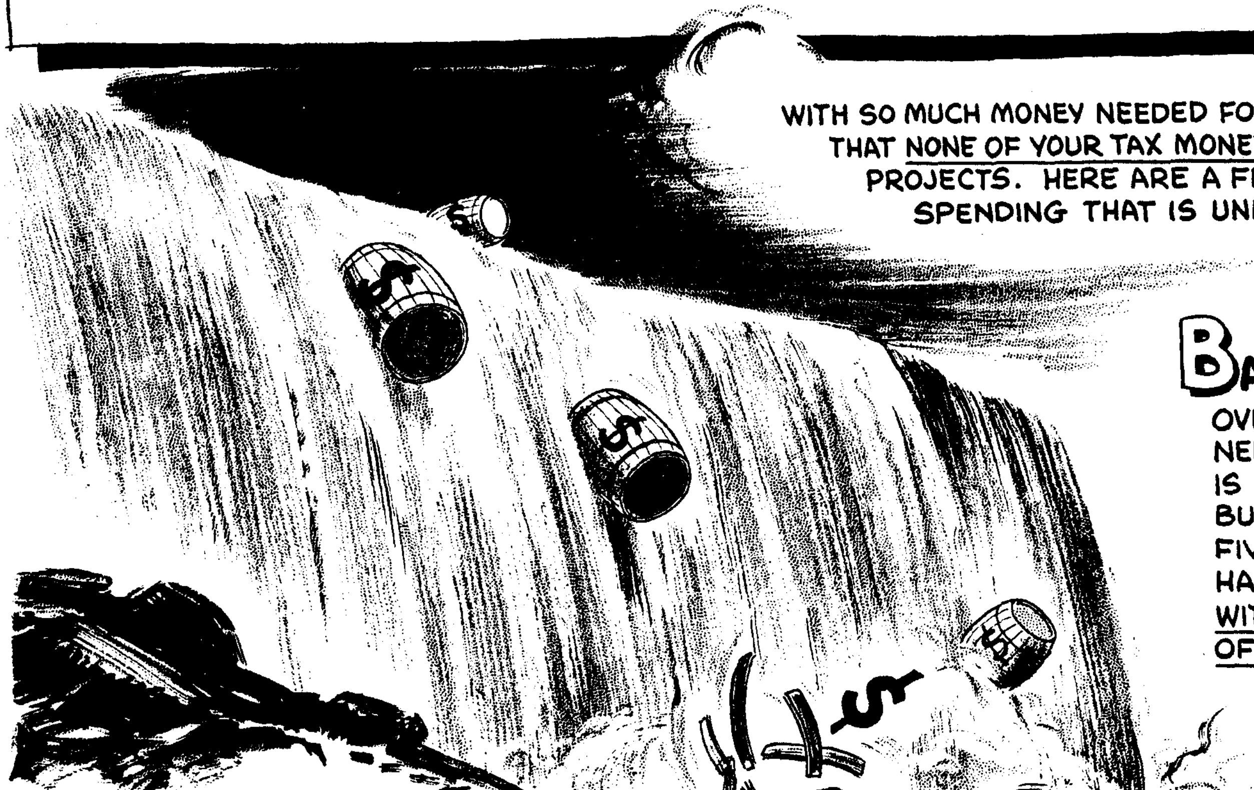

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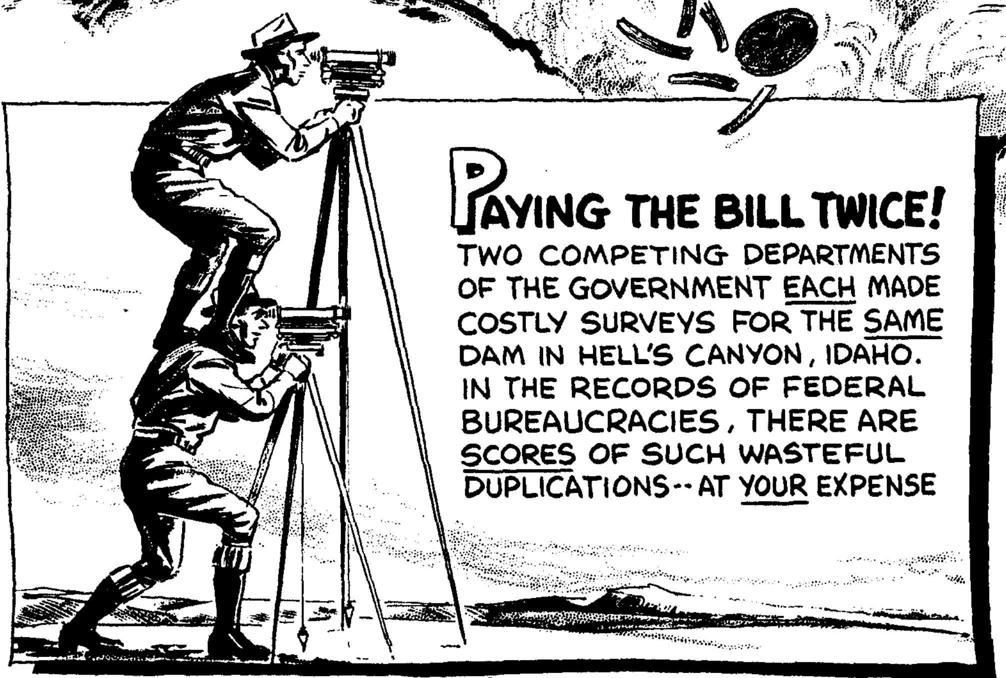

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TWO COMPETING DEPARTMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT EACH MADE COSTLY SURVEYS FOR THE SAME DAM IN HELL'S CANYON, IDAHO. IN THE RECORDS OF FEDERAL BUREAUCRACIES, THERE ARE SCORES OF SUCH WASTEFUL DUPLICATIONS--AT YOUR EXPENSE

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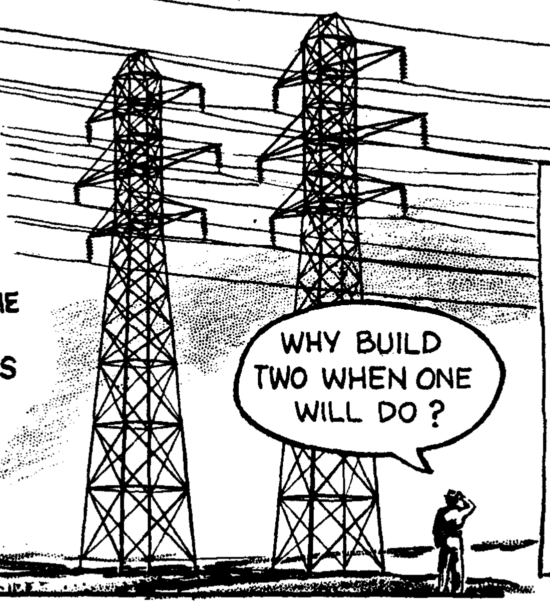
WHY BUILD TWO WHEN ONE WILL DO?

YOUR TAXES ARE HIGH ENOUGH ALREADY.

THEY WILL GO HIGHER IF THE GOVERNMENT TREND TOWARD SOCIALIZED ELECTRICITY CONTINUES. WE WANT YOU TO BE AWARE OF THIS DANGER. THAT'S WHY THIS MESSAGE IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY AMERICA'S

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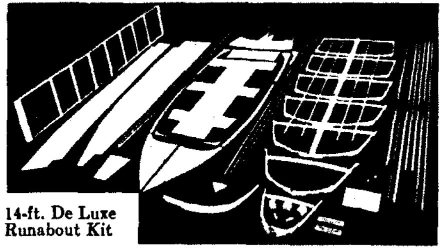

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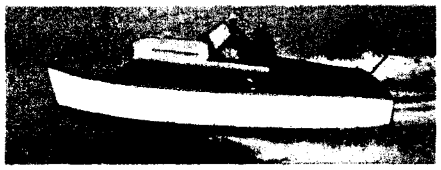

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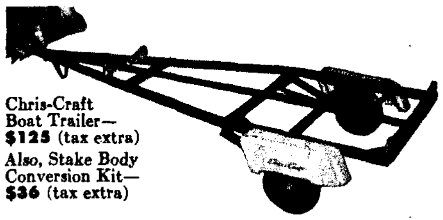

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September 27, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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VOTE!

In recent national elections in some free countries,
the following percentage of eligible persons voted:

Australia	**96% voted (1951)**
Great Britain	**83% voted (1951)**
Sweden	**80% voted (1950)**
Western Germany	**75% voted (1949)**
Canada	**74% voted (1949)**
Israel	**72% voted (1951)**
United States	51% voted (1948)

Only about one-half of our voters went to the polls in the last presidential election. The right to vote is a privilege and a responsibility. Let us make this year's vote the largest ever recorded in our history! Get out and vote November 4th! Urge all your friends to do likewise.

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Fun fare for the big "daze" ahead

School days are here again, and to help you over the rough spots, get together with a big, luscious Mars candy bar. These plump golden almonds are simply smothered in loads of double thick, pure milk chocolate . . . then, to make it more luscious than ever, both are combined with a heaping helping of creamy whipped nougat. It's dream stuff—perfect fun fare for the big "daze" ahead.

The Cover

The hats worn by Collier's pretty cover girls have been designed for college students in their official school colors. Like the modern collegiate, they are gay, smart and informal. These and other school chapeaux are on page 14.

Week's Mail

For and Against Ike

EDITOR: I have read and reread your editorial Man for Leadership (Aug. 9th) and consider it one of the best of all your excellent articles. In my opinion, Mr. Eisenhower is the one American who can restore our country to one governed by politicians, not Politicians. I hope all those Americans who have not decided how to vote in November will read this remarkable tribute and help elect such an honorable man.

Congratulations for telling us in plain words why Eisenhower should be our next President. JOYCE ANNE SMITH, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . We of the South regret that you have come out for Mr. Eisenhower in your editorial Man for Leadership. Our own paper has done likewise, and the editor of this paper, The Montgomery Advertiser, constantly lambastes even our great Senator John Sparkman, who has achieved the great honor of being nominated as Vice-President.

I cannot believe, though, that many Democrats will turn Republican under present circumstances, and with two great men at the head of our party. But as a rule the South insists upon cutting its nose off to spite its face.

MAE C. WALTERS, Montgomery, Ala.

. . . I read with great enjoyment your editorial endorsing Dwight Eisenhower for President.

The opponents of Eisenhower—the average American voter, not the die-hard Democrat who sees evil in any other party candidate—give one or two (or both) reasons for their opposition to Eisenhower. One, that Eisenhower would be a military President; two, as a civilian and president of Columbia University his record is poor.

In answer to the first argument, the antimilitary viewpoint, one has a great background of records, facts and data to present, but to the second argument, Eisenhower's record as president of Columbia, I find the information sadly lacking. I appeal to you either for an article on the subject or information if it has already been published.

GEORGE BREWER, Nescopeck, Pa.

. . . We're all for him! Thank God for him and your editorial.

MRS. BETTY ZIMMERMAN, Long Beach, Cal.

Beer in Korea

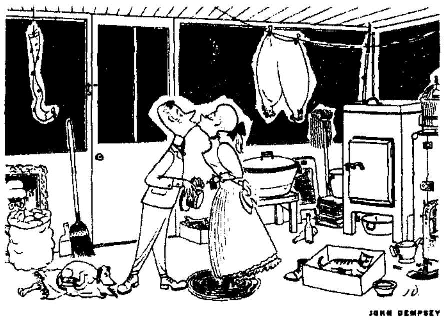
EDITOR: Your magazine is very popular here in Korea. I recently came across an April 26th copy and was pleased with the article by Bill Mauldin, Hostiles Ahead. Believe me, the story he tells is so true it sounds unreal. No matter what you paid him you have not lost a cent, for reporting that accurate is rare. There is only one thing I would like to add to his article. He mentions the fact that we are only allowed a small ration of beer. Yet I think most men would be satisfied if they could only receive real beer. This 3.2 stuff we get is a sorry substitute. Since in most units beer is never allowed up front, I can't see any reason why we should have to put up with substitutes when in reserve. PFC ROY D. BLAIR, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

Safety-First Suggestion

EDITOR: You advocate safer highways through a system of car inspections and law enforcement that completely ignores the physical fitness of the driver (Safer Highways—The Massachusetts Way, Aug. 23d). Of what value are the finest laws, best-engineered cars and highways if back of the wheel sits a physical wreck who is psychologically warped and so maladjusted that all social contacts irk and bring forth antagonistic reactions toward all other drivers and pedestrians? Of what value are laws when the driver is a physical wreck from ulcers, family quarrels and malnutrition?

Looks like you have ignored completely the real point of trouble—the driver. E. W. CUMMINGS, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Whose Back Porch?



EDITOR: I have read E. C. K. Read's Last Night on *What* Back Porch? (Aug. 16th) and I can answer the question—*our* back porch! How did the artist manage to make such a lifelike sketch of it? The only thing he left out is the sill around the screened windows with its collection of milk and soft-drink bottles.

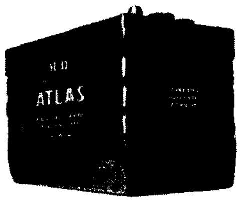
Really, our replica belongs to our son who lives in a GI home with a back-porch collection second to none. When he moves, he will probably take one of those new horrors with no handy catch-all at the back, and his daughters will have to let the boys do their courting in the darkened television room.

MRS. JOHN M. MARTIN, Jackson, Ohio

Correction

In Herbert Hoover's article The 1932 Campaign, published in the issue of Collier's dated May 24, 1952, it was stated that Walter W. Liggett was "murdered by fellow gangsters in Minneapolis." The implication that Mr. Liggett was a gangster is not correct. Collier's regrets the error.

Mr. Liggett, then editor of the Midwest American, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, was machine-gunned to death in front of his home, on December 9, 1935, the evening before a planned appearance in the Minnesota state legislature to press his previously printed charges of alleged connections between the underworld and officers of the state administration.

CHARGED WITH POWER  ...*for quick starts!*

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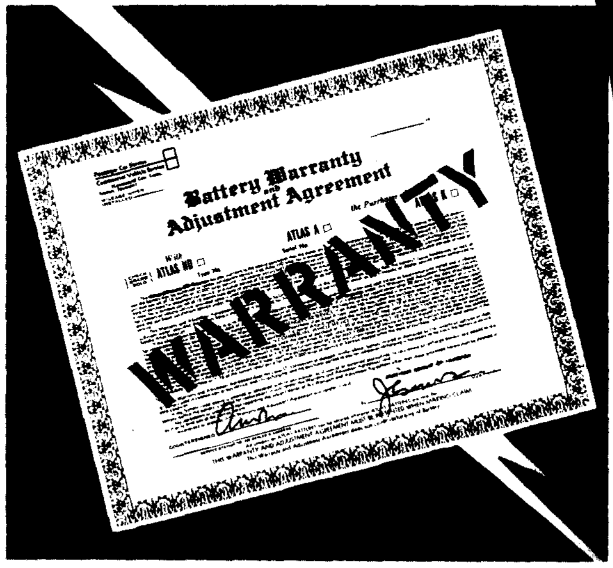

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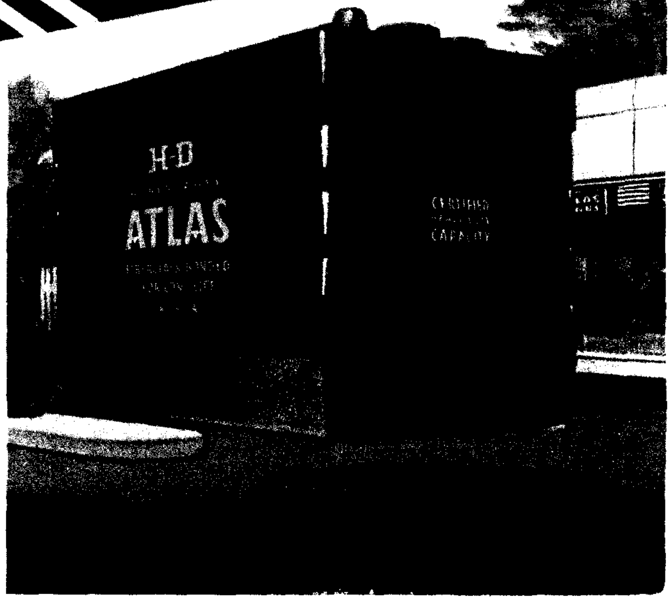

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Old 48 has not received due acclaim for ignoring the flying-saucer epidemic. Haven't mentioned the subject. Just for that we tell you that there was a flying-saucer party near Salem, Oregon, in which a prize was offered the attender seeing the greatest number of them that evening. Prize: a bottle of sweet-potato brandy. Winner was taken home without the prize. Forgot it. In fact, doubt whether he needed it.

* * *

The Anti-Picnic League of America, having had a somewhat less than so-so success during the past summer, has received a much-needed shot in the arm from Mr. Ross Young af Marion, Iowa. As the name indicates, the APL's aim is to discourage picnics. It was organized in 1901 by the late Dr. Allan Y. Holtzappel of Chestertown, Maryland, after the doctor dislocated his shoulder while scratching his back during a Sunday-school picnic. Ants. Mr. Young, associate editor of the Marion Sentinel, is a strong candidate for president of the Anti-Picnic League of America and will doubtless be elected at the organization's convention to be held in a small smoke-filled tavern in Des Moines in December. Mr. Young is not only unalterably opposed to picnics but thinks that "discomfort, like charity, should be confined to the home." If a picnic is unavoidable, he adds, it should be held on the back porch or, at the outside, in the back yard. His campaign slogan is brisk: "Arise, ye picnic hams. Strike off your shackles."

DOWN WITH PICNICS

* * *

Among the somewhat unlikely but widely advertised evils which has not so far robbed Mr. T. Pedrick Huttum, of Mexico, Missouri, of slumber is the doom that's supposed to be menacing the two-party system. Mr. Huttum would be pleased to hear no more about it. "I understand it has spread to France where the howlers are warning that their 22-party system is in a bad way. Even in Russia there's talk. The one-party system is said to be dickering with a firm of termite exterminators."

* * *

Things are really getting tough all over. In Ada, Ohio, the Reverend D. E. Pummell, pastor of the Riley Creek Baptist Church, has opened a barbershop in his parsonage. Also the superintendent of schools in Virginia City, Nevada, worked for a while in the Delta saloon as a roulette croupier in his spare time. In the same town the sheriff of a nearby county labors as a bartender while not engaged in serving up law and order. There's no telling where this trend will lead to. We've heard that a Washington night spot has offered a nice piece of change to a singing Congressman—if he's re-elected.

* * *

Little did this Milwaukee gentleman know, but there were a few moments after his arrival home during which his chances of living five minutes longer were slim. It had been raining—hard. The basement was awash. Ants in vast numbers fleeing the flood had invaded the kitchen. Battling them, this gentleman's wife had moved the stove. The gas pipe connection snapped. Although all three children were sick, she hustled them out into the storm and to a neighbor's. Above their wails she managed to telephone the gas company. Gas company said they'd have a man around as soon as possible, but was rather vague. Back home again, dragging the wailing and ailing kids with her. And just then her husband came home from work, as cheerful as a polished apple. "Hello, darling," cried he. "I'm home. Anything unusual happen today?"

* * *

Well, if you want to run for Congress, hurry up and get it out of your system. Be glad you're not running in 1975 when, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, our population will be 40,000,000 greater—a total of about 190,000,000. Moreover, in 1975 the number of voters sixty-five years old and more may be double what it is today, or 24,000,000. As a congressman in 1975, you'd be asked to find pensions for them. And don't think 24,000,000 voters will take no for an answer.

* * *

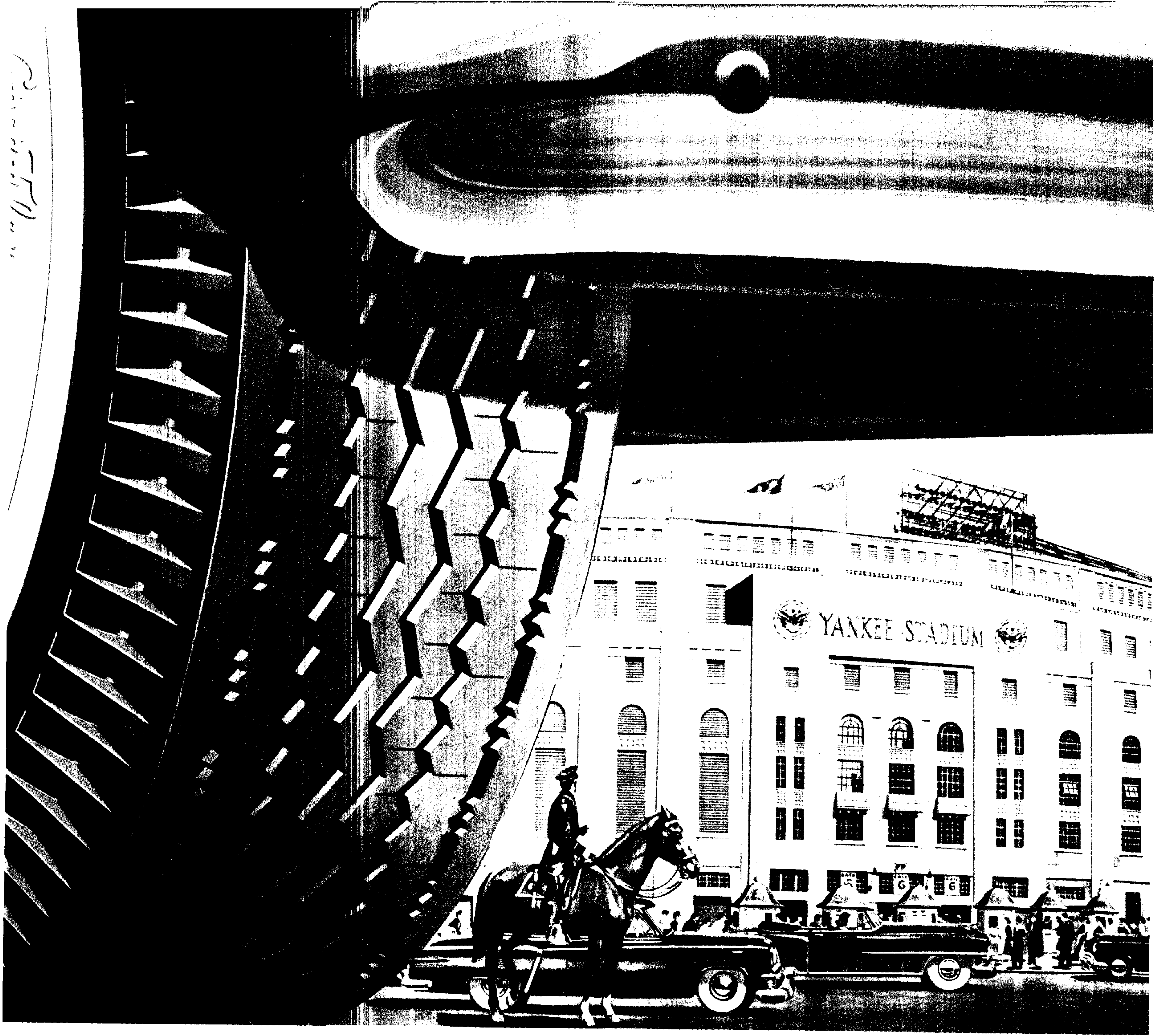
According to the McLean County News, Calhoun, Kentucky, a Mr. Bill Jenkins says it's a shame the government wastes all that money splitting atoms. Mr. Jenkins says it would be quicker, too, if the government just wrapped them up, marked the package FRAGILE and mailed it to Calhoun. He says that the post office there would take care of everything.

STAMPS
FRAGILE

IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

When the sheriff appeared at this fellow's house in Casper, Wyoming, he told this fellow's wife that he was sorry but he'd come to serve papers on her husband for ignoring a call to jury duty. She said it was okay, and did they pay mileage to the courthouse. Sheriff said they sure did. "That's fine," said she, "because he's in Korea." ▲▲▲



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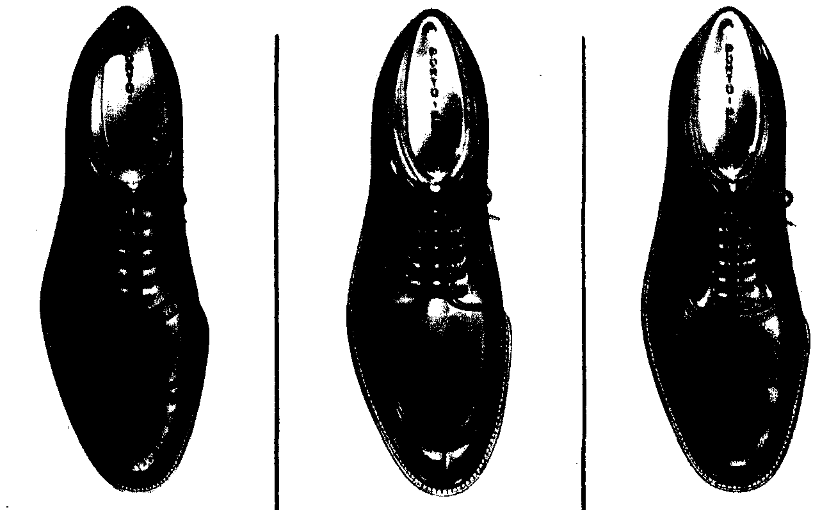

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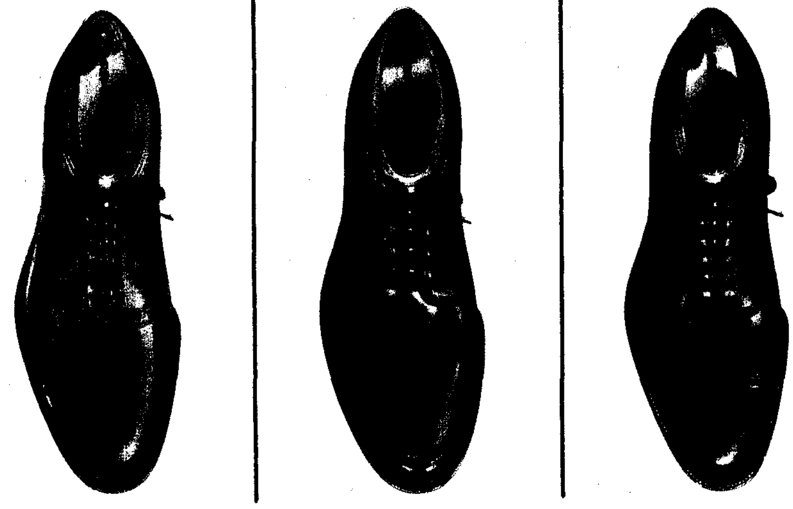

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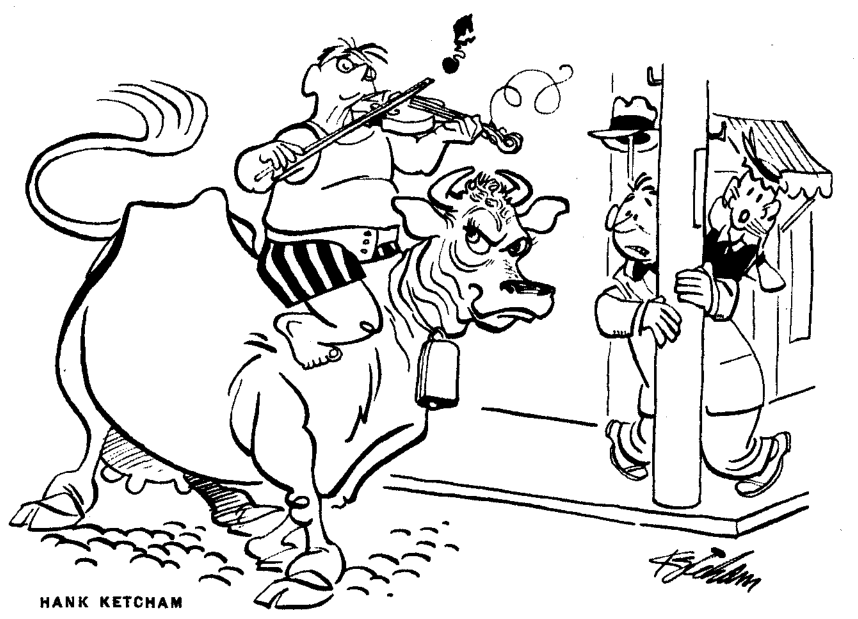

HANK KETCHAM

When it comes to making election bets, I wonder . . .

Am I Overextended?

By PARKE CUMMINGS

I THOUGHT I'd made some mighty shrewd election bets, but after a recent chat with Al Connors I'm not so sure.

Al is an ex-bookie and a general all-around genius when it comes to figuring odds, having handicapped horses for years and devoted considerable thought and energy to the probabilities in dice, roulette and poker.

When I happened to encounter him, Al asked me what I was chuckling about.

"I just made a bet with Charlie Harrington on how Vermont will go," I told him. "If it's in the Republican column, I have to go without shaving for a month. But if it goes Democratic, Charlie has to ride a cow down Main Street from Maple Avenue to Riverview Drive."

Al looked at me sharply. "You feeling all right?" he inquired.

"Sure," I said. "Why?"

"That's a sucker bet if I ever saw one," he said. "The chances are prohibitive against Vermont going Democratic, and you've given Charlie all the best of it." He produced a pencil and paper and did some figuring. "You should have got him to agree to ride that cow at least a half mile more—and in his underwear. At the very least, that is. I wouldn't call the odds really attractive unless you stipulated that he had to play a violin at the same time."

"Maybe you're right," I admitted, crestfallen, "but how about this bet on the Montana senatorial contest? If Bill Lucas—that's the guy I bet with—is wrong he has to stand on the town hall steps and recite Gunga Din backwards. If I'm wrong, I have to take his dog to the best restaurant in town and buy it a steak dinner."

Al shook his head. "You've gone overboard again," he said firmly. "I've studied the Montana situation pretty thoroughly, and what you've done is roughly equivalent to betting three to one you can throw a 10 the hard way. The very most you should have agreed to do was give his dog a bath under a fire hydrant.

"Now, how are you fixed on bets with dolls? I mean how many kisses do you stand to collect if the people vote the way you expect them to?"

"Being married and the father of two children—"

"I suppose so," Al cut in. "Too bad, though. As a matter of fact I was thinking of getting engaged, but I've postponed it until after the election. I stand to collect kisses from at least a dozen gorgeous creatures. Even if a couple of them welsh, I'll still be way ahead."

"But if you should guess wrong?" I pointed out.

"Don't worry," he said. "I can pay off easily. The worst I have to do is give one of them a wheelbarrow ride for three blocks."

"That reminds me," I said. "I've got quite a few wheelbarrow-ride bets down myself."

"Receiving or giving?"

"Giving," I said. "Let's have that paper and pencil." I did some figuring and finally announced: "It comes to just under a total of 27 miles."

Al shook his head. "That's all very well for younger men, but at your age it's ridiculous. I know at least two guys who ruined their backs for life after that upset Truman pulled back in '48. When a man gets past forty, he shouldn't commit himself beyond wearing crazy costumes or walking around with sandwich boards saying I BET ON WHOSIS. I'd say that, all in all, you'll get the worst of it practically every time. The plain and simple truth of the matter is, you stand to lose your shirt."

I'm afraid Al doesn't know the half of it. I stand to lose *three* shirts. The one I've bet on the Congressional elections, the one I've agreed to eat with French dressing if I dope the New York upstate vote wrong, and the one in which I've promised to jump into a vat of creosote if California doesn't go the way I think it will. ▲▲▲

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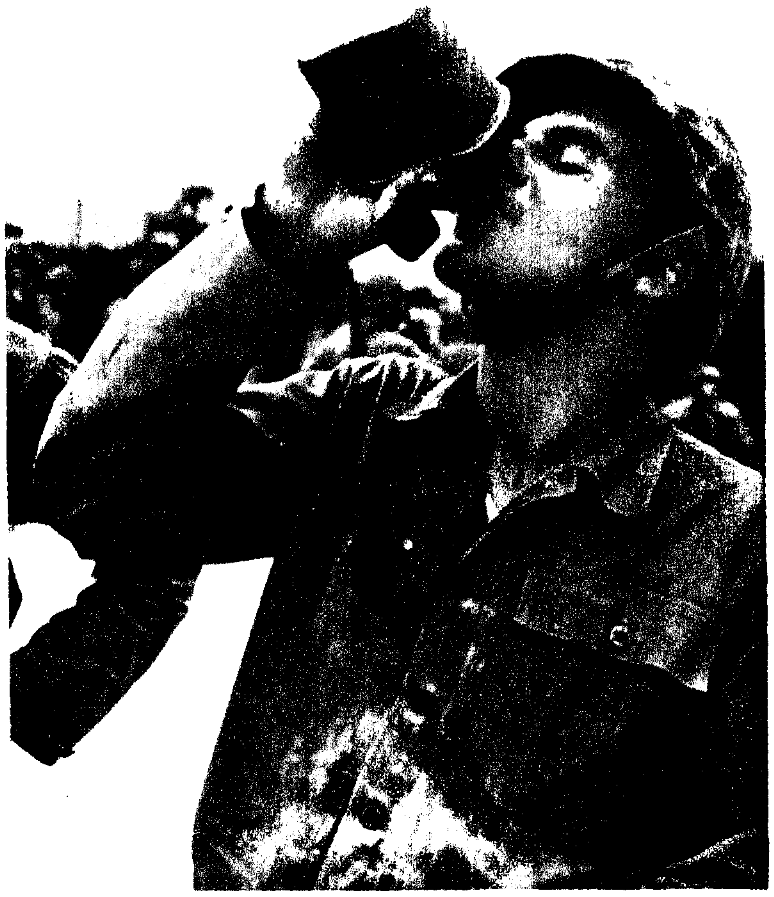
LEATHERNECK STEVENSON

Adlai Stevenson III, Democratic Presidential candidate's oldest son, *chews over field problem with buddy in Officer Candidate class*



Young Adlai joined Marine Corps immediately after graduating from Harvard. When he's served hitch, he hopes to study law

Like all servicemen, **candidate's boy finds his best** reward is mail. He hears from family **regularly, but there's no "best** girl" in his life yet

ADLAI EWING STEVENSON III is twenty-one years old, shy, soft-voiced and polite as a schoolmaster on parents' day. Nevertheless, when he was graduated from Harvard last spring, he enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps's tough, no-holds-barred Officer Candidate class at Quantico, Virginia. After 10 driving weeks at boot camp, he hoped to be commissioned on September 20th as a second lieutenant and to go quietly on to five months of intensive officer training. But spang in the middle of the 10-week primer in military brawn, brains and guts, leatherneck Stevenson became the Son of a Presidential Candidate. Scores of reporters, suddenly interested in everything about the family of the governor of Illinois, descended upon him and, while the youngster worried that he was losing precious study time, vigorously pumped him for the few details of his young life: born on October 10, 1930; went to prep school at Milton Academy, near Boston; worked a summer on the Springfield (Illinois) Register; stamped envelopes during his father's 1948 gubernatorial campaign and majored in government at Harvard. In addition, young Adlai conscientiously reported that he's a football fan, and likes to go fishing and hunting ("mostly rabbits") with his brothers Borden (twenty) and John Fell (sixteen). His major ambition: to enter politics. What did he think of his father's sudden, surprising rise to the political zenith? The youngster consistently flashed his boyish grin and told everybody the same thing: "Let's wait until November." If the candidate's shy offspring had anything else to say, he was, as Collier's photographs indicate, telling it only to the Marines. ▲▲▲

Looking tough as a Marine recruiting poster, Stevenson charges during bayonet practice. As a Harvard freshman he served with Naval ROTC

◀ **In line-up with his classmates, young Adlai is just another man serving his country. Buddies who ribbed "glamor boy" now take him for granted**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ERNST HAAS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HAROLD LOW

Radcliffe's cherry red and white is modeled by junior Linette Peter on dormitory steps

On spacious Wellesley campus Pat Hunt, 20, models hat designed in school colors

Senior Kiki Burger wears hat done in Smith College colors at Rahar's, a popular student date spot. Mural depicts Smith graduation

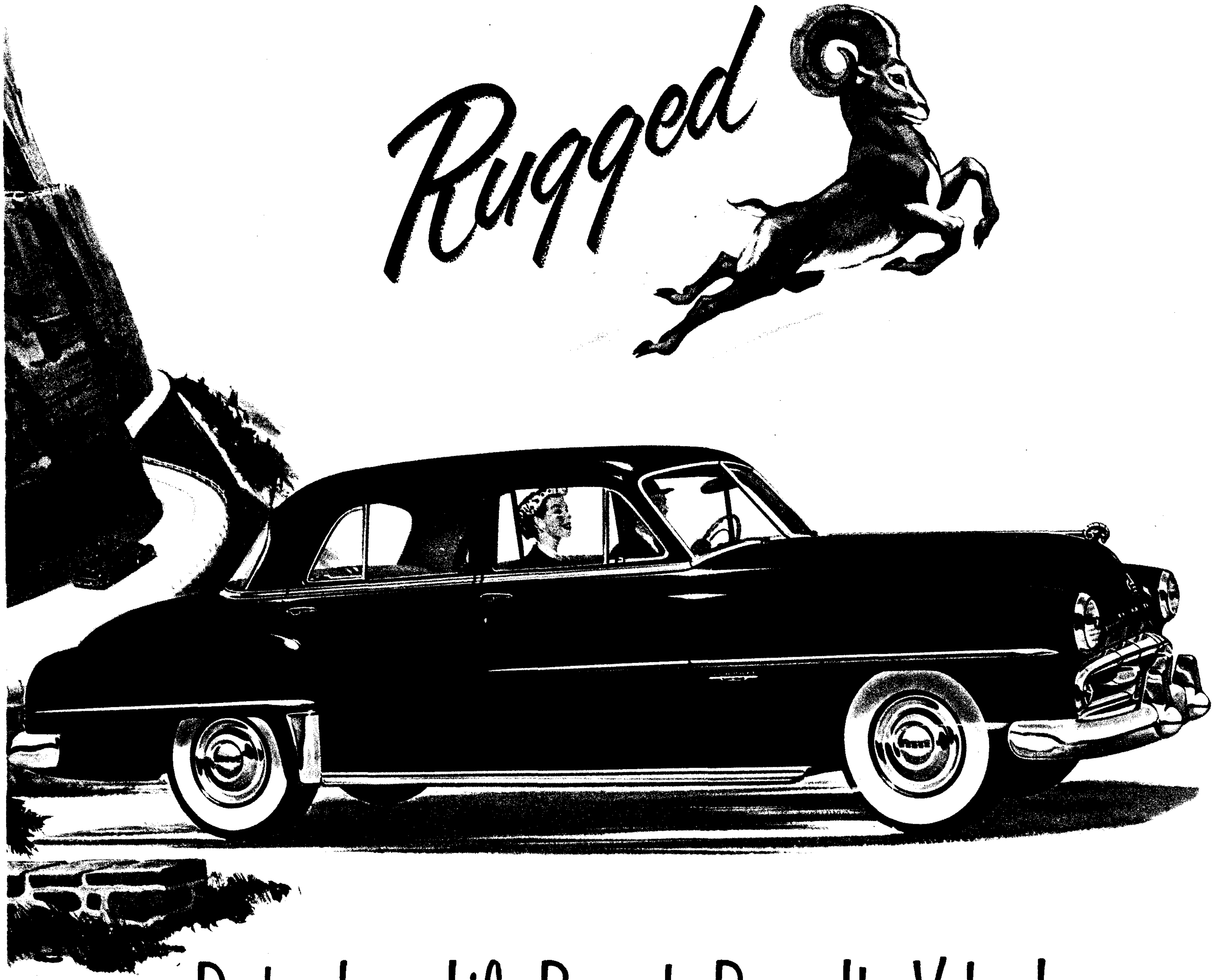
ORDINARILY, the American college girl doesn't much cotton to chapeaux. Head bared to the wind, she is a pleasant sight to most people—but anathema to hat designers, who thereby see thousands of good heads going to waste.

An enterprising New York designer recently undertook to crash the student market by appealing to the girls' college spirit. Aranka of Park Avenue designed a series of hats in the school colors of five top women's colleges. She kept the styles small and snug, attempting to fashion them in the nonchalant spirit of the modern collegiate.

The students Collier's chose to model these perky numbers were won over by their colors, which struck a sentimental campus chord, and their simplicity. With something amounting almost to enthusiasm, they managed to look as much at home as any college girl can ever look—in a hat.

In Mount Holyoke blue, Jan Krusen, 19, checks homework with a classmate

Student Jewel Carmen wears hat in green, white of Sarah Lawrence College



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REMINGTON 60

Collier's, September 27, 1952

The Republican South

By SAMUEL GRAFTON

The G.O.P. has stirred a tempest in usually Democratic Dixie. In an area where Republicanism has meant possible social and political exile, thousands are joining to make it a two-party South

WHO are the Southern Republicans? What are they like? What does it mean, in personal and social terms, to be a Republican, in the deep and deeply Democratic South?

I toured 10 Southern centers to answer these questions; not to make a detailed political analysis, or predict who would carry what, but to see this new movement on its home ground, to get the "feel" of it, to talk with men and women who had made a profound political change in their lives in an area where that's not easy.

I have put down what I saw of the face of the Republican South as it showed itself to me, city by city, in scores of talks in dozens of places. I can say, in general, that the movement seemed especially strong in Texas, Louisiana and Georgia, but is growing everywhere. I can say it more often than not has a somewhat naïve, somewhat awkward but attractive unofficial character, bubbling up from the people to the surprise of older adherents of the party. But for the particulars come along and see for yourself.

Amarillo, Texas

Amarillo's wide streets have somehow kept a Western look, in spite of modern store buildings turning blind walls to the sidewalks. Oil-drilling equipment agencies and cattle company offices are as common as cigar stores elsewhere. The town is friendly; an Amarilloan's idea of how to direct you to the bank is to walk you five blocks down the street, take you inside, and introduce you to the cashier.

Here on the Western fringe of the Democratic party's Solid South I spoke with Miss Ruthelle Bacon, local Republican leader. She was one of the delegates denied a seat at the Chicago convention, though she was Republican chairman of the 18th Texas Congressional district. The bitter angers of the Chicago fight still smoldered in her office.

"The Democrats stole it," she declared flatly. "They invaded our precinct conventions and put over an Eisenhower slate. I've been in Republican politics here 32 years. I know Republicans. These were Democrats. They had no right to dictate our nomination."

Jay Taylor is a leading Texas oil man and cattle rancher. I don't know how many head he runs, because in Texas you never ask a man that; the question, it turns out, is as rude as it would be to ask a New Yorker how much money he has in the bank. Mr. Taylor is an avowed Democrat for Eisenhower. I asked him if it were true that Democrats had invaded the Republican precinct conventions. He laughed. "It's more complicated than that," he said. "There's a real shift to the two-party setup. Republicans are moving down from the North, and young people here are thinking that way."

In their living room Mrs. Taylor, sitting beside her husband, quietly remarked that for this election, at any rate, she now considered herself a Republican. All the furniture remained upright.

Two years ago, Ben Guill of this district became the first Republican to go to Congress from Texas in 22 years; he won a special election against ten Democrats. In the regular election (when his term expired), against one Democrat, he lost, but at that he took more than 47 per cent of the vote.

"You ought to talk to the young people," said Taylor.

Last May there were bizarre scenes in Amarillo as the "new Republicans" invaded the G.O.P. precinct conventions on a hot, fateful afternoon. In one precinct convention, held in a back yard, more than 40 "new Republicans" joined the four or five regulars who usually held these exercises all by themselves. One of the regulars filibustered by reading aloud from the Bible; a newcomer filibustered back by standing beside him and reading from Robert's Rules of Order.

After nearly an hour of this, in the broiling sun, a handful of regulars retreated into the house and conducted a convention in a bedroom upstairs, naming Taft delegates. The newcomers held their own convention in the back yard, naming an Eisenhower slate. It was the shadow of these bitter precinct fights that the nation saw when rival slates of Texas and Louisiana delegates fought for seats at the Republican convention in Chicago.

I looked up one of the young "new Republicans," M. T. Johnson, Jr., twenty-nine-year-old Annapolis graduate, veteran of five years with the Atlantic Fleet, now manager of the Amarillo Livestock Auction Company, one of the largest cattle-auction houses in the world. A lot of young people had joined in the fight to make Texas a two-party state, he said.

"Why?" I asked.

He is a quiet Texan, and he took his time about answering.

"They don't know exactly what they want," he said finally, "but they don't like what they've got. They want clean government, and they want to be on their own. They're unhappy about taking handouts, and they don't like machine politics. They're about as mad at the local Republican machine as they are at the Democrats. Why, a number of them were for Taft, but when they saw the kicking around the new Republican voters got from the local Taft people, they swung over to Eisenhower."

He began to talk about the difficulties of becoming a Republican in this territory. First off, you lose your vote on local officials. In the Solid South, where the Democrats always win, the only meaningful election for local officials is the Democratic primary. A declared Republican is barred from that, and loses all voice on city, county and state officers.

And in the South, where everybody knows everybody, one is tied to the Democratic candidates, or to their kinsfolk or their friends, in a hundred different ways. To go Republican often is to step out of the whole local complex, as by an act of self-exile. Northerners, who consider Southerners merely stubborn for clinging to the Democratic party, do not understand how, in a one-party system, the dominant party weaves itself into the very fabric of life, so that in some communities to step out of it is almost like moving out of town.

"But we have a nucleus," Johnson insisted, smiling. "We'll stick. We're phoning around, keeping things going, having a high old time, educating one another."

He and his friends have formed a new group, the "Majority Rule Republicans," whose purpose is to gain control of the party for the rank and file.

Another Majority Rule Republican is Mrs. Katherine Seewald, the attractive young wife of a natural-gas executive. Her unpretentious, pretty home, northwest of Amarillo, is on 100 acres, which in this part of Texas is virtually a suburban lot. With the League of Women Voters calling for increased political partici-

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

The Republicans have picked up all through the South. But while the two-party idea i

pation, young Mrs. Seewald looked around for signs of Republican activity in her sparse, rural precinct. She could find very little, so, this year, she held the precinct convention in her own house, carefully posting notices and complying with all legal requirements. Four people came, and a formal convention was held. She found herself in conflict with the regular state Republican organization and, before she knew it, was a witness at the credentials-committee hearings of the Chicago convention.

Starting in this isolated house in the middle of an empty plain, she found herself in the center of national events. "For me," she said, "the issue wasn't Taft or Eisenhower, but the two-party system." The regular Republicans have recognized her now, and named her chairman of her precinct. Four or five years ago, she said, a young attorney or businessman who turned Republican might have suffered, but that has changed in the last year. "It's always easier for cattle and oil people," she smiled. "They sell to customers far away. But even they haven't been conspicuously Republican. It's never been fashionable."

Fort Worth, Texas

When a new political movement comes along, people arise who can command it. If there is a miracle to democracy, that's probably it. In trim, clean-swept Fort Worth, it was a woman who turned out to be adequate to the moment when the moment arrived. She is Mrs. Jack Brownfield, wife of a physician. Young, pretty enough to be in the movies, she is now famous among Texas Republicans as the lady who "took the organization to the cleaners in Fort Worth." She put over an Eisenhower delegation against the wishes of the old Henry Zweifel state apparatus, and since Fort Worth is Zweifel's home town, it took some doing. "My Democratic grandfather would turn over in his grave if he knew what I was doing," she told me.

Dallas, Texas

I caught attorney Alvin Lane, one of the top Texas For-Eisenhower-Before-Chicago Republicans, in his office in the Republic Bank Building. "Are you going to run Republican candidates for state and local office?" I asked. "Are you that close to the two-party system?"

That's the big question, of course. All over Texas I'd found Republican hesitancy on the point. To run local slates is to make the final break with the one-party setup. But it isn't as easy as it looks. Where do you get the candidates? In a one-party state, the people who have been climbing the ladder of public office, making reputations for them selves, are all in the dominant party.

For a new party to contend with them means bringing out private citizens to run against public figures. It takes years to develop a stable of candidates.

Lane had a formula: "Our main objective is to win for Eisenhower. Where a local candidate will strengthen Eisenhower's hand, we'll run him. Otherwise, not."

If Texas isn't a two-party state as yet, Attorney Lane's office is a two-party office.

Lane's law partner, Wallace Savage, former mayor of Dallas, is county chairman of the Democratic party. It seemed strange, and a sign of how new the two-party setup is in Texas, that a top Republican and a top Democrat should be law partners.

Neither man saw it that way. Agreeing fundamentally on economic views, they held the basic question to be one of means. I walked 15 feet from the office of the leading Republican to talk with the leading Democrat.

"It's like this," said Savage. "Alvin's on the board of stewards of the First Methodist Church, and I'm on the vestry of an Episcopal church. We don't quarrel about that, either."

From Savage I heard the first outright defense of the South's one-party system.

"It's popular to kowtow to the two-party idea," he said, "but it has its disadvantages. We Democrats don't all think alike. We have serious disagreements, and we campaign in our primaries from March to July. If we had a two-party system we'd have to go on and campaign from July to November, too. Why, a man running for a two-year term would spend almost half his term campaigning. We avoid that. And Dallas has the city-manager system and as honest officials as you'll find anywhere."

Houston, Texas

Houston's attachment to Eisenhower is so deep it deserves special recognition as a political phenomenon. Call it the Houston Affinity for Eisenhower. It spreads through all classes. When Eisenhower spoke at the annual chamber of commerce dinner here in 1949, it was found necessary to move the event, usually a quiet affair at the Rice Hotel, to larger space. Requests for reservations poured in to such an extent that the evening ended up as a speech before a capacity audience of 15,000 persons at the Sam Houston Coliseum. The dinner was forgotten.

The Republican precinct convention rumpuses, which were standard in Texas this year, reached extraordinary heights in Houston. At one precinct convention, to which five voters came in 1948, 648 showed up screaming for Ike.

Houston, as everybody knows, is a boom city. The boom, in oil, chemicals, shipping and farm products, plays a part in the political picture. Top leaders in all these fields are on fire for Eisenhower. They feel that Houston has grown big enough to deserve a seat at the national council table. They don't feel Houston will get it unless the Republicans win nationally, with a candidate who also carries Texas. Eisenhower, in addition to his other qualities, seems to meet these requirements. For one thing, he was born in Texas, and Texas' desire to see a native son in the White House amounts almost to lust.

"Texas must have a voice in national affairs," said Houston's Jack Porter, independent oil producer, who is Texas' new national Republican committeeman. "You've got groups all over the country calling the national tune. Texas has 8,000,000 people, it's becoming highly industrialized, and as a two-party state its voice will really be heard. Up to now the Democrats have taken us for granted and the Republicans have ignored us."

So I put the big question: "Are the Republicans going to run candidates on the local level?"

He had his own formula. Texas has recently instituted cross filing, which allows a candidate to run on more than one ticket.

"We'll support good Democrats under the Republican banner," said Porter, "and we'll run our own men, too. It takes time to grow. But things have started moving now, at the precinct level."

New Orleans, Louisiana

The mood seems to change as you cross the Texas border. There is plenty of Eisenhower sentiment in Louisiana. But there isn't quite the same feeling that the two-party system is imminently on the way.

The party went through the same turmoil in precinct conventions (here they are called mass meetings) as in Texas, and an impressive leader has emerged, John Minor Wisdom, New Orleans lawyer. But the party had dropped to so low an ebb in recent years—there are fewer than 3,000 registered Republicans in the state, as against 1,400,000 Democrats—that there is a shortage of personnel with which to work.

There is a certain softening toward the G.O.P. Harold B. Judell, a municipal bond attorney who does much of his work with completely Democratic towns, finds no disadvantage in the fact that he is a Republican and was a delegate at Chicago. He feels the national administration to be so unpopular here that a leading Democratic official could come out for Eisenhower and not lose face in the party. "He might even gain strength."

New Orleans is booming, like Houston, and the shock of industrial growth is producing inevitable changes. "New Orleans isn't really a Southern city any more," said one gentleman of the town. "It's an industrial city and a sophisticated international seaport, like San Francisco or New York. Political change is inevitable."

I stood on the veranda of a fine house in Harvey, Louisiana, across the river from New Orleans. The house is owned by Cornelius Rathborne, a Democrat; his wife, Nancy, is a Republican. Behind the house there might normally have flourished magnolias or oleanders; there was, instead, a great new complex of lumberyards, oil and natural-gas equipment warehouses, steel company buildings, barrel mills, all of which have, within the last two years, crowded up almost to the walls of this fine Southern house itself. Here one could physically see the new South elbowing

TRI-PHOTO

Fort Worth**—Mrs. Jack Brownfield, a doctor's wife, fought for Ike before the G.O.P. convention. "My Democratic grandfather," she confesses, "would turn over in his grave"**

SQUIRE HASKINS

Dallas**—Law partners Wallace Savage (l.) and Alvin Lane hold ornaments showing growing strength of two-party system. Lane is a Republican; Savage a top Democrat**

gaining everywhere, it runs west of the Mississippi and only walks on the other side

the old. "Political changes are coming," said Mrs. Rathborne. In that setting, it didn't seem unlikely.

Montgomery, Alabama

A state employee stood on the sidewalk with me, outside Montgomery's Whitley Hotel. In the Alabama night, he wrestled with a moral problem.

"I may not vote at all!" he said suddenly. "I just may not vote!" he said. "I can't stand those Northern Democrats and I'll just stay home Election Day." He drew a deep breath. "I may even vote for Eisenhower!" He wasn't speaking lightly. Every plane and tendon in his face showed him to be in the grip of a problem that was tearing at him, hurting him, as he felt the ripping of lifelong allegiances.

These aren't fallen-away Democrats, such as one finds in Texas and parts of Louisiana; these are angry Democrats. They talk about the two-party system, but one feels they look upon it as a threat to use against Northern Democrats, rather than as a thing ardently desired in itself.

The Eisenhower movement in central and southern Alabama is big, with many newspapers speaking up for him. "I've never seen anything like it in Alabama," said one newspaperman. When I asked where I could find a pro-Eisenhower merchant to speak with, I was told, with a laugh, "Just go into any store."

But there is no question that the Stevenson-Sparkman ticket has hit hard. Senator Sparkman has managed to keep himself in office here, in spite of his administration ties. Antiadministration figures accuse him bitterly of winning with the votes of "the blue-check people" (the local term for those on relief) and of federal officeholders. But he does stay in. Like all states which hope wistfully that they will achieve the two-party system by some miracle at the top, during a Presidential election, Alabama would seem doomed to disappointment this year. The only road to the two-party system is by organization at the precinct level. It may be Texas' historical function to prove that to the South.

Atlanta, Georgia

In Atlanta, I was presented with a new approach to the building of a two-party South. A three-dollar cab ride out Peachtree Road provided me with a half-hour talk with Dr. Philip Weltner, president of Oglethorpe University.

W. D. MURDY

***Houston*—Jack Porter, the new national Republican committeeman from state, says Texas' adopting method to let candidates run on more than one ticket will help party**

"It's inevitable," he said, "that the Negro will eventually be accorded his full political rights. This will help bring about a two-party system." In Dr. Weltner's view, you get the two-party system when you've earned it, when you deserve it, not because you kind of want it.

"I'm a State righter," he said, "but I want my state to do the right thing. The South will never have its full weight in national councils until we find ways and means of disarming the Northern politicians and critics. The FEPC is something of a sham—a shibboleth. It's the business of our schools and colleges to prepare young people to treat their fellow human beings on a level with themselves. It's a moral not a political issue." He smiled. "The people are ahead of the politicians on this issue. The politicians represent the past-thinking element. When the Negro is free, we'll have two parties. The historic function of the Southern Democracy was to keep him unfree."

When Texas, Louisiana and Georgia made their great fights to seat Eisenhower delegations at Chicago, the South watched and listened. The result was a strange kind of political feed-back effect. The South began to feel there was a principle involved, and became interested in its own Republican parties and rather proud of the show they were putting on. Elbert P. Tuttle, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee in Georgia, told me in his office high in an Atlanta building that the TV convention spectacle made Southerners realize there is an earnest effort under way to get the Republican party established in the South.

Tuttle feels that the party is a great deal more acceptable in Atlanta than it was, and is growing, solidly if not spectacularly, in some industrial areas, partly because of a Northern influx. "People are beginning to see that the future means more than the traditions of the past." He was thinking in terms of a long pull, rather than sudden miracles.

Charlotte, North Carolina

In Charlotte, I picked up another reason why portions of the South may be heading Republicanward:

"We've had the University of North Carolina, oldest state university in the country, working away for many years at Chapel Hill," said a Charlotte executive. "It's a liberal-minded, open-minded kind of place, and it's been sending its doctors, lawyers, newspapermen, merchants and preachers into every corner of the state. It makes a difference. Maybe you can't quite put your finger on it, but in North Carolina it's ungentlemanly to campaign on the Negro question, and we have a more independent feeling about voting."

North Carolina may elect a Republican congressman this year, Charles Raper Jonas, of Lincolnton. Even this break with tradition is somewhat traditional, since Jonas' father, Charles A., was a distinguished Republican congressman a number of years ago, and his district, the 10th, includes traditionally Republican areas in the northwestern, mountain part of the state. But if Jonas beats the incumbent, Hamilton C. Jones, as seems possible, he will be the first Republican member of Congress from the state since his father.

The Republican party here is an open affair, not a private club as in some parts of the South. Its registration is small, but its vote in Presidential elections is large. It doesn't take much of a battle with one's soul to vote Republican in North Carolina, at least nationally. Newspapers throughout the state are strong for Eisenhower.

But the Stevenson-Sparkman ticket has been well received. Stevenson has kinsfolk here—always an important point in the South—and his forebears come from the western part of the Piedmont. Most state officials have accepted the ticket. There will be fallen-away Democrats, who will vote Republican, but there will not be as many angry Democrats as was expected.

Richmond, Virginia

The first Republican city councilman since 1922 was elected recently in Roanoke. But one factor which perhaps makes life hard for Virginia Republicans is that the ruling Democratic party is so conservative. During Senator Byrd's recent primary campaign the taunt was flung at him that he had a more consistent Republican voting record than Taft. Byrd won anyway. Some Virginia conservatives feel that Byrd is so conspicuous and able a spokesman for their cause on the national scene that no party shift against him, certainly, is indicated.

However, the Republicans feel optimistic. They make much of the important fact that they score above one third the vote in Presidential elections. "The Republican effort in Virginia," said Ted Dalton, national Republican committeeman and state senator, in Radford, "will be comparable to the Democratic effort." Radford, like Galax, the town in which the new Republican state chairman, S. Floyd Landreth, lives, is in the traditionally Republican southwestern portion of the state. It adjoins the similarly Republican northwestern part of North Carolina. The Republicans intend to run Congressional candidates in about five of the state's 10 districts.

Farther east, here in Richmond, there is hot newspaper support for Eisenhower and considerable interest in building the two-party system.

But on voting nationally there isn't the same holdback. There is tremendous Eisenhower sentiment. Some of this may be expected to stick as permanent Republican growth.

One has a feeling in Virginia—as all through the South—that Eisenhower's lack of formal connection with the Republican party before this year has helped make it possible for the South to take him up in so big a way. This is a delicate shading which means much in a region straining against old party alignments.

★ ★ ★

By one of those frantic coincidences, Republican Vice-Presidential candidate Richard Nixon sat down beside me in the plane home. Quite naturally, he wanted to know what I'd seen. I summed up: there is a real two-party movement on, west of the Mississippi. It is more Southwestern than Southern. East of the river the Republicans may pick up cities, areas, even states, but the change is taking place more on the national than the local level. The two-party idea is gaining everywhere, but it runs on one side of the river and walks on the other. ▲▲▲

JOHN ZIMMERMAN

***Atlanta*—President Philip Weltner of Oglethorpe University thinks that the South will have to earn two-party system; to do so must give the Negro his full political rights**

DEATH *in the* *Fourth Dimension*

There had been a murder, and the victim had been buried in a grave, and there was a witness to the crime—the Inspector's own son. But the murdered man still lived

By CHARLES B. CHILD

ON a day that had ended prematurely for the city of Baghdad in the bloody twilight of a dust storm, a boy burst into a neat house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings and announced, "Father, my father, I have seen a murdered corpse!"

"You have doubtless seen many corpses," Chafik J. Chafik said. "Your good mother unwisely permits you to go to the cinema."

Then the little man squared his thin shoulders, remembering the parental duty which had brought him home from the homicide bureau, and commenced, "Faisal, I am told you take to school imaginary tales of my exploits as a policeman."

The innocence of the boy's wide-set eyes made him look like a fawn, and Inspector Chafik had to resist an impulse to take him in his arms. My son, he thought. Not flesh of my flesh, nor my wife's, a waif found in the bazaars of Baghdad, but still our son.

Chafik went on, "I never fought and subdued three armed men of alarming proportions. Nor did I encounter a society of assassins whose main activity was to gather at midnight and swear oaths on a bloody dagger. Yet these things you have related. Both are untrue."

"Father! Listen!" the boy said urgently. "The murder was at the Bayt Kamil Hadi, and I saw them bury the man and—"

"Eh? What?" exclaimed Chafik.

"Father, you know the house. There is a garden behind a big wall and I heard a woman scream and I climbed a tree and looked and she was there, the lady of the house, El Sitt Rejina, and one of her brothers held her—the bearded one, Jamil—and the drunk one, Ibrahim, had a spade and there was the dead one on the ground. I know he was dead because his head was twisted—so—" Faisal put his head on one side.

"God the Merciful!" exclaimed Inspector Chafik's wife, who had just come into the room. "A boy—to see such horror—"

She was a woman whose sweetness leavened her husband's grim profession.

The Inspector had to force himself to his duty. "Be silent, Leila. Let the witness complete his lies."

"Stories, yes, not necessarily lies. Have understanding, my man! Children live in a world of make-believe."

"Yes, of trolls and jinn. But he sees crooks and corpses!" the Inspector said indignantly.

Tears gathered in Faisal's eyes, and he cried, "I did so see what I said I saw! And I know the dead one—Zaki Attala—"

Chafik rarely had to consult a citizen's dossier. He referred to the filing cabinet of his memory and quoted, "Attala, Zaki. Related to Rejina and her brothers. A third cousin. Age, twenty-six. *Married. Recently here from Basra. Suspected of irregularities*—"

Faisal interrupted eagerly, "The old woman, his cousin, is rich, and all Baghdad knows Zaki was going to get a divorce and marry her."

"Enough!" shouted Chafik.

He, too, had heard the scandal, for the gossips of Baghdad never tired of discussing Rejina and her brothers. They were the children of a rich merchant who had expressed his displeasure with the sons by willing his estate to the daughter. And so, for twenty years, this matriarch had ruled with her father's rod. She had never married, nor permitted her brothers to marry.

"But, my father," Faisal insisted, "I am sure it was because she might have married this Zaki that her brothers killed him." The boy read disbelief in Chafik's swarthy face and stamped his foot. "They did kill him! And they saw me and if you don't put them in prison they will come and kill me, too, and you'll be sorry!"

The mother silenced the boy and turned to her husband. "He doesn't mean to be naughty," she pleaded.

Chafik pronounced judgment: "The seat of our son's naughtiness is the mind. It would be unjust to apply the rod to his other seat, which is innocent. Therefore, I have decided to use psychology and confront him with his nebulous evidence. Wife, get me my shoes."

Leila hid a smile as she hurried to obey. The little man took Faisal in a policeman's grip and went out into the storm.

AT THE door of the Bayt Kamil Hadi, Chafik rang again and again. Finally the gray-bearded Jamil Hadi came and asked indignantly, "Do you *think us all dead?*"

Chafik remembered he had a delicate mission, and his salaam was profound as he introduced himself. "I come not as a policeman, but as a father."

He was not sure, but thought Jamil Hadi was relieved. Chafik went on to relate Faisal's tale of a nightmare and was careful not to name names.

The other brother had come to the door. This one, Ibrahim, had the face of an alcoholic. At first he was inattentive; then he pressed the palms of his hands together and exclaimed, "The boy said it happened here? Oh, Compassionate One! If our sister should hear!"

He drew close to Jamil, and the two middle-aged men stood in a conspiracy of fear, peering back into the courtyard of the old house.

The Bayt Kamil Hadi had two stories, and the rooms were built around a central courtyard. On the water side was a broad terrace, and on the land side the wall of the house was extended to enclose a garden of shade trees and neglected flower beds.

Inspector Chafik tightened an arm around his son and joined the conspiracy of the brothers. "She rests?" he asked.

Jamil put a finger to his lips. "It would be a kindness not to disturb our sister. But if you must—"

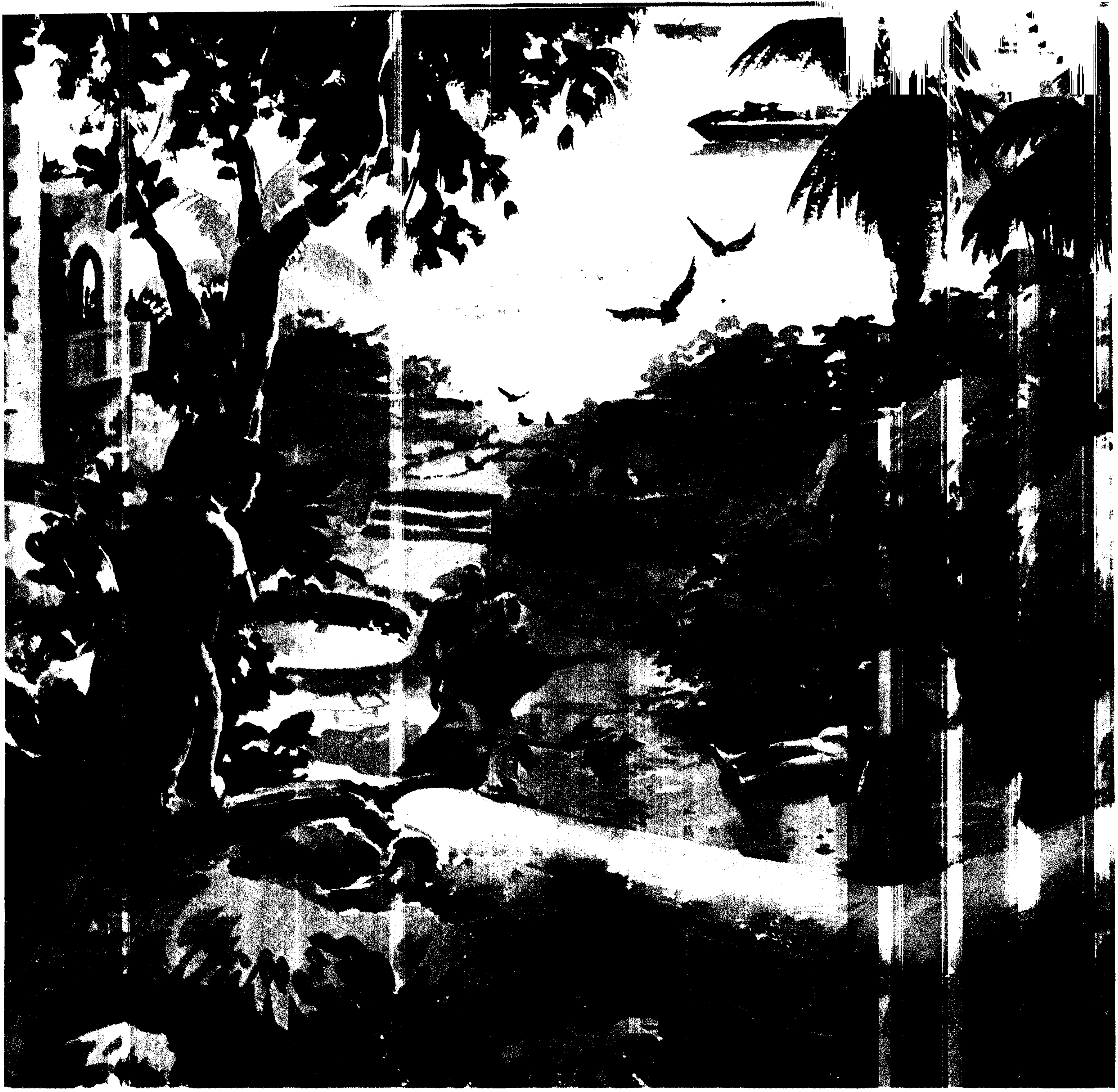
"I am not here as a policeman," Chafik reminded him. "Where is Zaki Attala? He was my son's vision of a corpse."

It shocked him that Ibrahim should laugh. The man clapped a hand to his mouth, then said, "Pardon—I lack manners—"

Jamil said, "Now this is ridiculous!"

He left his brother to guard the door and went away. Baghdad gossips said Rejina did not tolerate servants, and it seemed to be true. Presently he came back with a young man, at whose appear-

"Father," Faisal said urgently, "you know the



house. There is a garden behind a wall. I heard a woman scream and I climbed a tree and looked and she was there, and there was the dead one on the ground"

ance Faisal cried out and buried his face in his father's coat.

"The same man," Faisal said in a muffled voice. "He was dead. They were burying him."

"Enough!" commanded Chafik. The gentleness of his hands as they caressed the trembling boy atoned for the harsh voice.

He turned to Zaki. The man was very handsome, very conceited. Reckless, too, thought the Inspector, noting the swagger.

Zaki said mockingly, "Take a dead man's word for it, it's all true about paradise. Black-eyed houris, flowing wine—"

Chafik remembered his position and checked a retort. Humbly he asked permission to take Faisal into the garden. "I must convince him there is no grave," he explained.

They went through a cloister, then turned into the garden path. Faisal snatched his hand from his father's and ran ahead. "Here! Here they buried him!" He stamped on a spot beneath a fig tree crucified against the garden wall.

The sandy ground had been long unspaded.

"He has visions," Ibrahim said. "I, too, sometimes have them." He put a hand to his mouth to stop a giggle.

The Inspector struggled with his pride, and, at the house door again, he humbled himself. "Be merciful and forgive," he begged. "My son does not really tell lies. It is his imagination. He—"

Zaki was amused and Ibrahim laughed nervously, but Jamil said unpleasantly, "I advise you take a stick to that boy."

He slammed the door. Chafik stared at it, his face choleric. Then he vented his anger on the violence of the dust storm.

He wrapped his coat around his son and they started along the riverbank. But after a few paces, the Inspector whipped around, assailed by fear. In the brief life of a brilliant lightning flash, he saw a man sheltering in a grove of date palms opposite the doorway of the Bayt Kamil Hadi.

The image was fixed as on a photographic plate: portrait of an ordinary, middle-aged man, with a fringe of beard. Yet not ordinary; the fury of the storm was in his face.

Chafik commanded Faisal, "Stay!" and went running.

He found nobody, and, returning to his son, he shook his head and said, "Imagination. Yet I'd swear I saw—"

They went on and at last reached the house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings.

"Well," Chafik said

(Continued on page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

SCIENCE May Give You

A mechanical substitute heart already has been used to pump blood while the human heart was being operated on. Now, medical men believe an extra organ someday can be grafted into your abdomen so your old heart can take it a little easier. There are exciting developments in this field of surgery. Here is where we stand today

By JOHN LEAR

ONCE people believed that when a person's heart stopped beating, the person was dead. That idea is rapidly growing old-fashioned. Eugene Puntean, sixty-five, was brought back to life after his heart had been still for eight minutes during a lung operation in a Chicago hospital. Melvin Hewitt, twenty-eight, of El Monte, California, died when he struck his head in a fall; but 10 minutes later his heart was pumping as steadily as ever. And a sixty-three-year-old patient of Dr. Max G. Carter at Boston City Hospital survived a heart stoppage that lasted 25 minutes.

Freaks? Not at all. A statistician who looked only into published medical records—most doctors don't bother to publish their cases—found that in recent years practicing physicians have described 322 patients whose hearts were encouraged to go back to work after they had quit. Of that group one hundred and ten patients returned to life and vigor. Of 47 whose resuscitation was begun within five minutes after the pulse disappeared, all but seven renewed their briefly interrupted existence.

The number of these revivals has increased proportionately with growth of scientific knowledge of the heart's mechanism. But they are not everyday occurrences. Yet they happen so often that one New York heart specialist, Dr. Albert S. Hyman, has suggested that soon every doctor will carry in his little black emergency bag (1) a hypodermic needle loaded with a drug to stop the spasmodic twitchings that sometimes follow cessation of the regular heartbeat and (2) a small electrical instrument, called a pacemaker, to shock the heart muscle into resumption of its normal rhythmic contractions.

Dr. Hyman believes it is practical to restart even those hearts that have stopped under the stress of heart attacks. He bases his opinion on the knowledge that such attacks are due to blockage of arteries through which the heart feeds itself, and that nature automatically detours blood from these closed passages over alternate routes when it has enough time to act.

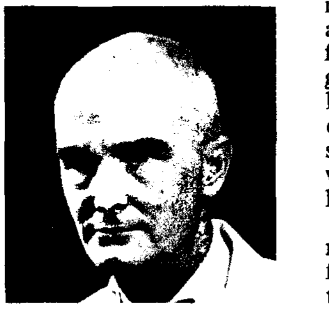
Other surgeons are not yet convinced of the prospects of successfully restoring life where the heartbeat ceases because of heart disease. But in other causes of death—electrocution, drowning, violent collision, loss of blood and kindred shock—doctors generally recognize that any heart that has stopped can be put back into action if life is still worth that particular individual's living.

"There is no emergency about getting the heart beating again," Dr. Claude S. Beck of Western Reserve University emphasized in a 1950 symposium on resuscitation at the National Institutes of Health in Washington, D.C. "Under proper conditions it is readily and easily accomplished." The problem is not the heart, he explained, but the brain.

If the brain is deprived of oxygen for more than five minutes—in many people the safe limit is three minutes—it suffers permanent breakdown. Oxygen reaches the brain through the blood, and a steady flow of blood to the brain can be maintained by means of a stalled heart if the heart is squeezed repeatedly by hand. Since surgery must precede this manual pumping, it is practiced most often in operating rooms but is possible elsewhere. And as long as it is done, restoration of the regular heartbeat "can be accomplished *anytime*," according to Dr. Beck. (The italics are his.) "There is no hurry."

An erroneous popular impression that the human heart is a fragile organ has risen from recent reiteration of the long neglected fact that half of all deaths in the United States today are caused by heart ailments of one type or another (there are at least 22 different types). Perhaps the time has come to correct the record by calling these ailments by some other name. For 9 out of 10 of the deaths we are talking about are not due essentially to the heart but to the arteries. To put it simply: the trouble isn't in the pump, it's in the pipes.

The heart itself, although only as big as a blacksmith's fist, pumps 70 to 80 beats a minute through every hour of every day and night of its owner's life. It drives about five quarts of blood in an endless stream through 62,000 miles of blood vessels: enough to go around the earth two and a half times. If the energy it spends in a normal lifetime could be concentrated into one burst of power at a fixed spot, it would lift the battleship Missouri 14 feet straight up out of the water.



Dr. J. H. Gibbon, Jr.

Nature designed this marvel of hydraulic engineering as simply as a lady's knitted handbag, with an outer lining and four inner pockets. Sheer muscle, the heart is woven of millions of microscopic strands of rubberlike thread—all sheer muscle. At every interstice of these miniscule fibers is a deposit of ATP, the will-o'-the-wisp-like substance which biochemists have come to regard as the ultimate spark of life. Phosphorus in the ATP strikes invisible fire, and the energy thus released contracts the rubberish threads in unison, pushing oxygen-enriched blood from the lungs out through the body to feed the cells and to bring back wastes for the kidneys and lungs to expel.

The sturdiness of a pump that pounds away, day and night, without rest, for as long as 100 years and more, must be obvious to anyone who thinks about it. Most of us just don't think about it. But even those whose job is to ponder this everyday wonder have only recently begun to realize the full extent of the heart's ruggedness.

At the 1951 Clinical Congress of the American College of Surgeons in San Francisco, for instance, three scientific researchers from the Chicago Medical School confessed themselves "startled" by the behavior of the heart of a dead dog. They had removed the organ from the animal, had washed it under an ordinary water faucet, and had let it lie in a pan of salt water on a laboratory table for 45 minutes before grafting it onto the blood vessels of a living anesthetized dog. As soon as blood began to flow into it, the heart resumed beating as though it had never left the first body in which it had been.

Nothing quite so remarkable as that has happened in human medicine. However, manipulations that are practiced on human hearts without removing them or even interrupting their beat can still be classified as breath-taking.

Twenty years ago, any invasion of the interior of a living heart was considered an invitation to tragedy. Today diagnosticians of heart ills think nothing of poking a rubber tube into a patient's arm vein and onward into any or all of the four heart chambers, to withdraw blood samples. The heart may flutter momentarily when the tube touches one of the walls, but that's all.

There is a "talcum powder operation," in which the sac enclosing the heart muscle is opened and fine grains of silica are dusted into it to stimulate the flow of blood and thus relieve angina pain. Bedridden patients have left their wheel chairs after this operation and later telephoned the surgeon to complain: "I've been walking all day and my feet are killing me."

In treating the aftermath of rheumatic fever, it is not unusual for a surgeon to cut an incision in the heart, lace it like a shoe and push the index finger of his scalpel hand through the opening with a razor blade to clear clogged valves.

Early last May, the chief cardiac surgeon of St. Vincent's Hospital in Cleveland, Dr. Earle B. Kay, sewed up a hole the size of a half dollar inside the heart of a forty-seven-year-old housewife, Mrs. Angela Valore. His hand was actually in the heart for three quarters of an hour. Ten days later, his patient was able to attend a clinic and hear a description of her operation.

Success of such repair jobs, coupled with growing experience in restarting hearts that have stopped, has encouraged experimenters to consider stopping the heart deliberately, if necessary, to make extensive overhauls. Before this can be attempted safely, a substitute pump must be ready to take over the heart's work. And, because of the elaborate blood hookup between the heart and the lungs, the substitute must not only pump but breathe, too.

The first man who dared to suggest that such a machine might sustain life was Dr. John H. Gibbon, Jr. As a fellow of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, he repeatedly witnessed the suffering of patients whose failing hearts had doomed them to inner drowning from water in the lungs. In 1931, he undertook his first experiments with a simple breathing tank to substitute for the lungs of animals. For 10 years he labored with a degree of concentration that made him known in the medical profession as "that fellow who thinks he's making a mechanical lung."

World War II interrupted Gibbon's work. And when his share of the fighting was finished, he found that his brain child had been adopted by experimenters in France, Holland, Italy and Sweden as well as in the United States.

While he was still painstakingly perfecting what

a SECOND HEART

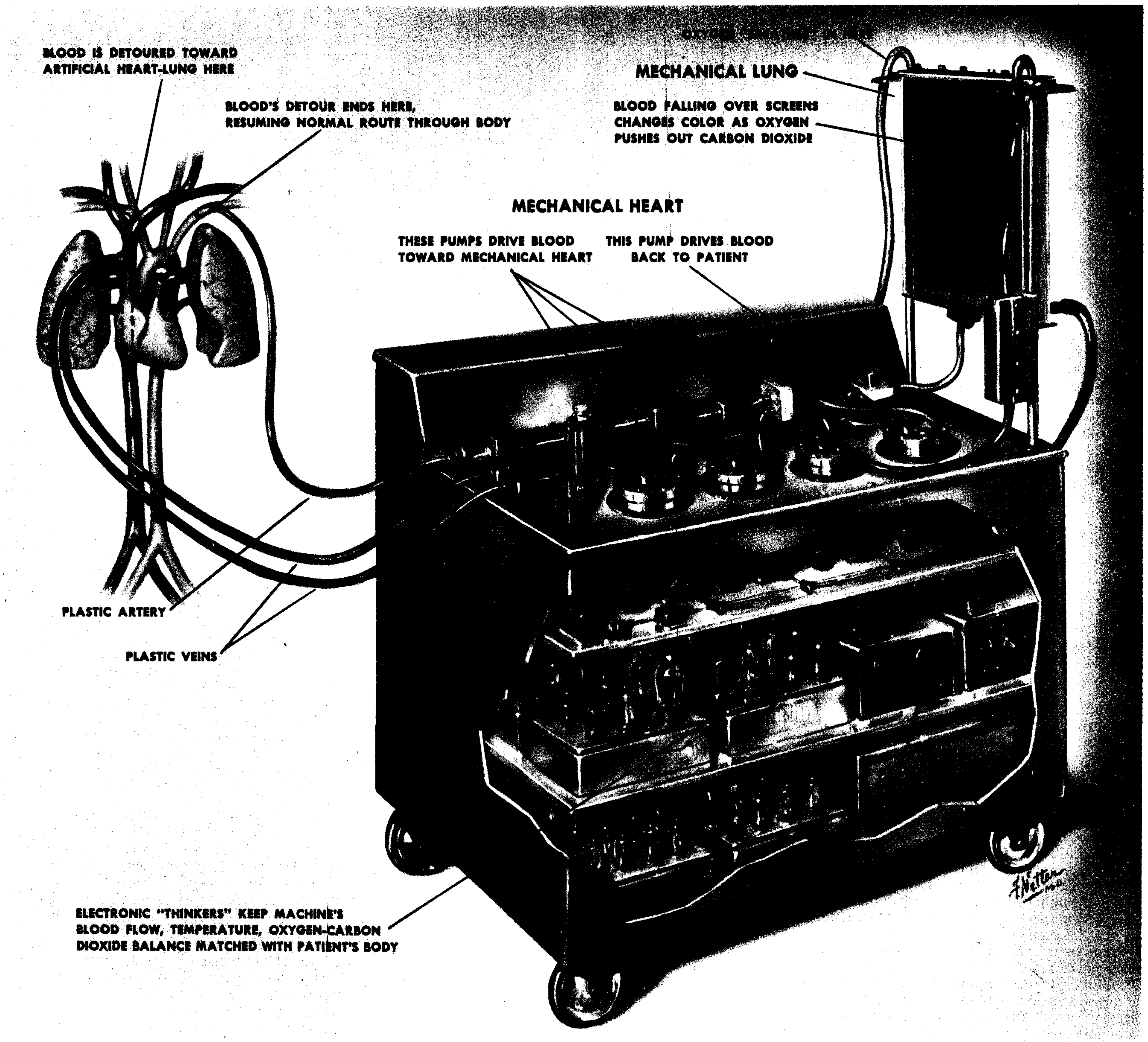
by that time had grown to be an automatic lung and heart combined, another American, Dr. Clarence Dennis—then at the University of Minnesota, now at New York State University Medical School—in May of 1951 announced the first use of a man-made heart-lung on a human being. The patient was a six-year-old girl with a hole in the wall separating her right and left heart chambers.

Opening the girl's chest, Dr. Dennis blocked off circulation of blood to her heart and lungs and directed it instead through a plastic bubble pump into a steel chamber where rotating disks exchanged its carbon dioxide for oxygen. The substitution was maintained for 40 minutes, during which time the hole in the girl's heart wall was closed successfully. But the patient's waning strength was not enough to withstand the weakening effect of citrate (mixed with the blood in the machine to prevent clotting) on her heartbeat, and she died.

Dr. Gibbon went right on with his animal experiments, steadily improving his original device. And in May, 1952, a second rival heart-lung maker reported a human case, to the American Association for Thoracic Surgery in Dallas, Texas.

There was no hope of saving this patient's life. The best that could be expected was to ease his pain. He was a professional fireman, and his lungs were scarred, apparently by fumes. The lesions drastically limited the amount of oxygen he could inhale, and his heart was wearing itself out rushing blood through his body faster than usual to make up the shortage.

The machine that was moved in as a substitute for the fireman's wasted organs was put together by Dr. Leland C. Clark, Jr., of the Fels Research


BLOOD IS DETOURED TOWARD ARTIFICIAL HEART-LUNG HERE
BLOOD'S DETOUR ENDS HERE, RESUMING NORMAL ROUTE THROUGH BODY
OXYGEN [illegible] IN HERE
MECHANICAL LUNG
BLOOD FALLING OVER SCREENS CHANGES COLOR AS OXYGEN PUSHES OUT CARBON DIOXIDE
MECHANICAL HEART
THESE PUMPS DRIVE BLOOD TOWARD MECHANICAL HEART
THIS PUMP DRIVES BLOOD BACK TO PATIENT
PLASTIC ARTERY
PLASTIC VEINS
ELECTRONIC "THINKERS" KEEP MACHINE'S BLOOD FLOW, TEMPERATURE, OXYGEN-CARBON DIOXIDE BALANCE MATCHED WITH PATIENT'S BODY
F. Netter M.D.

Blood is detoured around the human heart and lung through this mechanical substitute, which pumps and breathes while they rest

A machine big as a piano is needed to do the work nature performs in your chest

Institute at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio. It looked like a couple of cocktail shakers riding piggyback. Made entirely of glass, at a cost of $60, it mixed blood and oxygen as simply as whisky and soda.

The blood entered the glass cups through a tube inserted in a vein of one of the patient's legs. After it was mixed with the oxygen, it returned to the body through a tube that led into an artery of one of the patient's arms.

In the hour and a quarter that the glass gadget pumped and breathed, the man's color changed from an asphyxiated blue to a blooming pink After the machine was disconnected, he slept soundly for the first time in many weeks. The lung condition was incurable, however, and the fireman later died when his own exhausted heart stopped.

No longer looked upon as a screwball, Dr. Gibbon stuck to his animal experiments. Around the globe, makers of half a hundred modifications of his original gadget waited for his cautious annual pronouncements. A steadily deepening reputation brought him the professorship of surgery at Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia, and there he undertook the first limited application of his lifework to human treatment.

For his first patient, Dr. Gibbon employed only the pump that emulated the heart. Through a plastic artery, in the manner a tooth-paste tube might be squeezed between the rolls of a laundry wringer, this pump drove the blood slowly out of the patient's body. The artery by-passed one side of the heart only, allowing the other heart chamber and the lungs to continue their normal work.

Operating for Tumor Inside Heart

The patient was Peter Durning, forty-one, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He was dying. There was one small chance of saving him if the doctors were correct in assuming that a tumor inside his heart was the cause of his illness. To make the most of that chance, it was necessary to open Durning's chest and detour the blood around the right side of the heart, where the tumor was believed to be.

Durning lived through the hour-and-20-minute period while the rollers and the plastic tube were pulsing for him—and for two hours after his own heart was entirely reconnected with his blood stream. But the tumor the doctors expected to find was not there. A lesion of the heart wall was the real difficulty. And there was no known way to repair it.

All three of the heart-lung experiments mentioned here are rated as medical successes in spite of the deaths of the patients. For the effects of heart and lung action were achieved over periods of time sufficiently long for surgery to be performed. And the Journal of the American Medical Association has published a report of a fourth case in which, so far as is known, the patient still lives.

Responsible for this last experiment was Dr. A. M. Dogliotti, professor of surgery at the University of Turin, Italy. He told the International Society of Surgeons that in August, 1951, he employed a heart-lung machine on a fifty-year-old patient whose heart action was being impeded by a tumor. The tumor was removed and the patient was alive and well when last heard from.

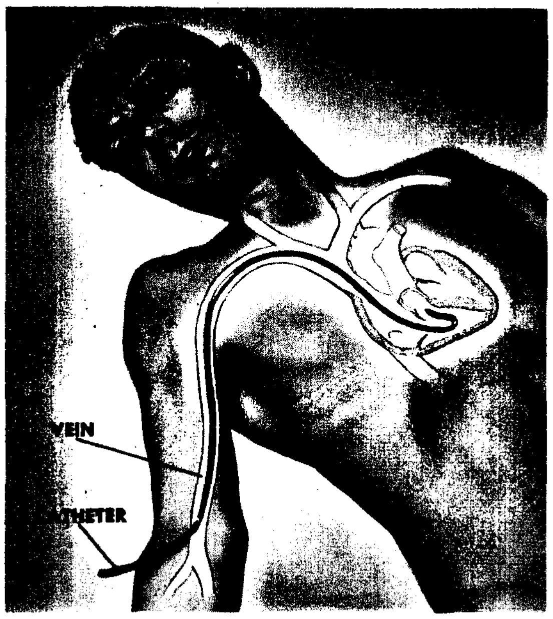
Because of differing standards of surgery at home and abroad, foreign case reports seldom command the confidence that similar accounts would be accorded here. But when the Italian case is considered in the light of its close American parallels, ultimate acceptance of the artificial heart-lung as a surgical instrument seems inevitable.

Predictions are hazardous in this scientific never-never land, but the accumulating record of Dr. Gibbon's work suggests the foolproof machine he has sought to create may be at hand. The prize piece of apparatus in his laboratory today is a shimmery metal box the approximate size and shape of a spinet piano.

This inanimate monster has functioned as both heart and lungs for a long series of animals whose chests have been opened and whose hearts have been operated upon—and 90 per cent of those animals have survived. Heart specialists will be surprised if news of human experiments with this electrically powered life force is very far away.

The cavernous innards of the instrument—hundreds of human hearts and lungs could be stored in it—are literally filled with Doctor Gibbon's precautions. Five-foot strings of vacuum tubes are stacked yard-high to do the electronic thinking that must substitute for natural processes of the human body. They automatically maintain constant temperature at the individual patient's level, balance the flow of oxygen and carbon dioxide, and regulate the blood itself so that the body always holds exactly the same supply.

The actual mechanical workings of the heart-lung occupy relatively little space and are all in plain sight of the surgeons who mastermind the job. On top of the metal ledge that corresponds to the keyboard of the spinet piano shape are four circular devices closely resembling burners on a modern electric stove. Each of these has a single coil of plastic tubing, strung in an arc around a movable metal roller. Together, they simulate the heart.



Once thought dangerous, exploring the heart chambers by moving tube is now common

Blood from the patient's veins passes through the first three coils, in succession, squeezed along by the revolving rollers. Then it falls into a thin plastic sandwich about the size of a man's chest. Within the sandwich, which stands on end, six finely crinkled stainless-steel wire screens hang close together. Spreading out into a fine film as it falls, the blood flows down these screens, rippled by the crinkles just enough to absorb oxygen that breezes gently across the box from a narrow steel flute in one corner. The oxygen drives out carbon dioxide, and as the blood descends on the screens it changes color, from purple to red. Thus the plastic sandwich does the work of the human lung, pouring the purified blood out into the fourth plastic coil, where the last revolving roller of the "heart" squeezes the precious liquid back into the patient's arteries.

Isn't there some doubt about the feasibility of human blood carrying on its natural functions properly while outside the body? No. That doubt was resolved beyond question by the performance of the artificial kidney.

It was not so very long ago that this device—in which the blood is directed away from an ailing kidney and routed through anywhere from 23 to 115 feet of cellophane tubing immersed in a salt solution which washes out urea and other poisons through osmosis, and then returned to the body—was a risky experiment. Today it is commonplace.

Not only may you someday live for a time with a man-made heart, but if experiments described to the American College of Surgeons last year are carried to their logical conclusion, you may have an extra heart grafted into your abdomen so that the old heart can take it a little easier.

There is very little likelihood, however, that your body ever will be relined with a new set of arteries when the old ones get clogged. You will be able to get spare patches here and there. Indeed, these are now available at an artery and vein bank in New York Hospital, New York City. But hidden defects are possible in them sometimes, as was demonstrated in Philadelphia last July.

Segment of Aorta Transplanted

That case reached the newspapers in July, when a segment of the aorta—the inch-thick pipe that leads out of the heart to carry blood to the body—was removed from the corpse of a nineteen-year-old boy, kept in a refrigerator for 10 days and then transplanted into the heart of forty-six-year-old John Chatman. The purpose was to replace Chatman's own aorta, which was threatening to burst and kill him. The next month, as Chatman was preparing to leave the hospital for home, the spare aorta sprang a fatal split.

Moral: take care of the arteries you've got. Or it won't make any difference how easy it may become to keep your heart going.

The deeper science digs into the causes of high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries—which together account for 90 per cent of all deaths due to so-called heart disease—the more evidence it unearths that these two afflictions are by-products of our hurried modern living.

Animals don't have high blood pressure. It is exceedingly difficult to induce it in them experimentally. The role of nervous tension in creating it is obvious from the fact that (1) severance of trunk nerves in the back relieves about one third of all patients, (2) diets which give temporary relief to other patients are invariably most effective when they are administered with evangelistic fervor and (3) it is often associated with obesity, a common manifestation of emotional hunger. The best prescription against it is the one word: relax.

Exactly how high blood pressure helps to harden the arteries is not yet understood. But there is no longer any serious doubt that it is somehow related to the nervous strain of keeping up with the Joneses, socially or professionally, or even simply Mr. Jones keeping up with Mrs. Jones or vice-versa.

The emotions are linked to the hormones, the hormones affect metabolism, and it is a metabolic aberration that deposits cholesterol under the innermost lining of the arteries. There this waxy yellow substance protrudes and breaks off clots and finally causes death by flooding control centers in the brain or blocking the feed lines through which the heart keeps itself in constant repair.

The deadly process of cholesterol depositing cannot be governed by diet except in rare cases. The body needs cholesterol for many vital functions; and when the supply is not maintained in food, the stuff is manufactured internally to meet demands. There is no reason to stop eating eggs, butter, cheese and other cholesterol-rich items unless your physician prescribes that course specifically for you.

Generally speaking, the only diet that will do you lasting good is one that limits your food intake in all courses on the menu. If your weight is higher than it was when you were twenty-five years old, lose two or three pounds a week if you can until you hit that twenty-five-year ideal. After that, take as much time out as you can to enjoy life, don't on any account carry chips around on your shoulder, and stop racing to get nowhere. Then, if ever, you'll be in shape to reach one hundred.

If, by chance, you suffer a heart attack in spite of following these few simple rules, the odds are still in your favor. A first seizure is not usually fatal or crippling. Nature goes to work at once setting up her emergency shuntpipes to deliver your blood where it's most required. In a few weeks, you're practically good as new. ▲▲▲

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King of the Football Forest

By BILL FAY

Biggie Munn, coach of Michigan State's powerhouse eleven, learned early: A tree that bends with the wind snaps back later. Gales were blowing when Biggie took over at East Lansing. But now look

THE debut of Clarence L. (Biggie) Munn as head coach of the Michigan State College football team—rated this year among the nation's best—could scarcely be described as auspicious. In the opening game of the 1947 season, Biggie's Spartans played the University of Michigan Wolverines; the final score was Michigan, 55, Michigan State, 0.

To Biggie, there were circumstances even more disconcerting than the score. The first of these was that he had worked as line coach at Michigan for eight years before going to Michigan State via Syracuse University. Thus, the senior bullies in Michigan's devastating forward wall had learned the finer points of prostrating the opposition from Biggie himself. Naturally, these muscular and aggressive young men were anxious to show Biggie how well they had absorbed his primitive doctrines.

Shortly after the third touchdown, a large Michigan guard named Joe Soboleski executed a block with such vigor that a Michigan State line-backer was propelled through the air and deposited, limply, at Munn's feet. Cupping his hands, Soboleski called out to Munn, "How'm I doin', Coach?"

After the fifth touchdown, another large Michigan lineman, passing the Michigan State bench, hollered to the ex-Syracuse mentor: "Anybody know when the next bus leaves for Syracuse?"

Finally, as Munn led his lacerated Spartans off the field, the Michigan band burst forth with a spirited rendition of Old MacDonald Had a Farm—an indelicate allusion to the fact that Michigan State was founded as Michigan Agricultural College and is widely known in Ann Arbor as "that cow college in East Lansing."

During the Spartans' bleak 65-mile bus ride home, George Alderton, sports editor of the Lansing State Journal, offered Munn his sympathy. "George," responded Biggie, "there's one thing I found out when I was a farm kid in Minnesota. After every big storm we found plenty of broken oak limbs lying around but never any branches from the fir trees. One day my mother said, 'Son, oak trees are big and strong but they stand up stiff and straight. When the wind blows, they crack. But fir trees sway with the storm—and snap back afterward. Just remember: if you want to be king of the forest, you can't be too proud to bend with the wind.' "

Bending with the wind, Biggie weathered the rest of that season. It took a couple more years for the storm to abate, and then Munn swung back—hard. During the last two seasons, the Spartans have won 17 games and lost only 1. Undefeated in 9 games last year, by the season's end they were rated the nation's top team by most critics.

Just how much change time has wrought can be judged by the progressive scores of the Michigan series since that awful 55-0 loss in 1947. In 1948, Michigan State was defeated again, but by the more respectable score of 13-7. In 1949, the Spartans lost once more, but by an even narrower margin, 7-3. In 1950, they won, 14-7. And last year they smashed the Wolverines by a score of 25-0.

This year, the Spartans are expected to make another strong bid for the national championship. Munn, one of football's most expert talent hunters, has assembled another powerhouse eleven to send against such formidable foes as Michigan, Oregon State, Texas Aggies, Syracuse, Penn State, Purdue, Indiana, Notre Dame and Marquette.

It is doubtful that any other collegiate team can match Munn's collection of ball carriers, including Captain Don McAuliffe, Vince Pisano, Dick Panin, LeRoy Bolden, Wayne Benson, Evan Slonac and Billy Wells. Biggie also has two fine passers, Tom Yewcic and the appropriately named Willie Thrower, as well as three excellent end receivers, Paul Dekker, Doug Bobo and Ellis Duckett.

Replacements for Graduation Losses

Although Munn mourns the loss through graduation of half a dozen valuable linemen, including Collier's All-America tackle Don Coleman, he has such competent replacements as Frank Kush, Gordon Serr, Bob Breniff, Jack Morgan and Joe Klein. Recently, a rival scout commented:

"Mr. Munn is an extremely thorough fellow. I would be quite surprised if while he was rounding up pile-driving runners, whippet-fast ends and ham-handed passers, he forgot to provide himself with a supply of linemen. That," the scout sadly concluded, "is not the way such a thorough fellow as Mr. Munn would operate."

The way Munn operates sometimes surprises even his own players. For example, the work schedule prescribed for the week before the climactic Notre Dame game last year did not list one minute of scrimmage. Instead, Biggie restricted his players' exertions to light calisthenics, chalk talks and play-polishing signal drills.

Two days before the game, guard Frank Kapral stopped by Munn's office. "Coach," Kapral complained, "I'm worried about my timing. Couldn't we have a short scrimmage today, or at least work out against the dummies?"

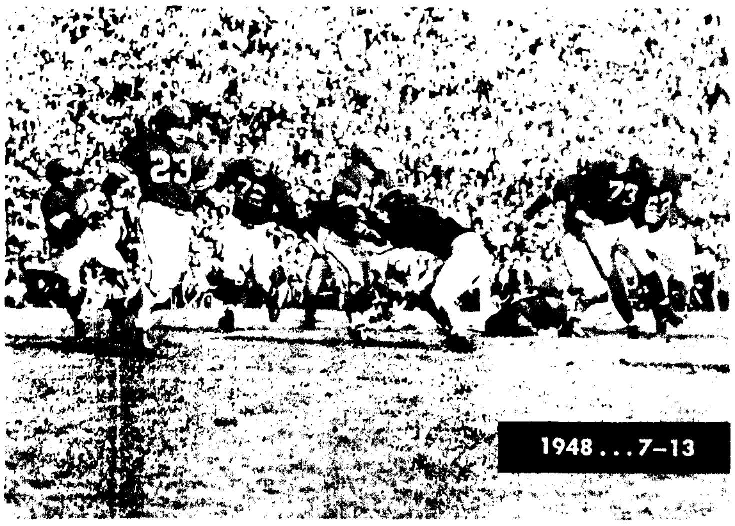
"Now, Frank," Munn replied soothingly, "just take it easy. You can scrimmage Saturday."

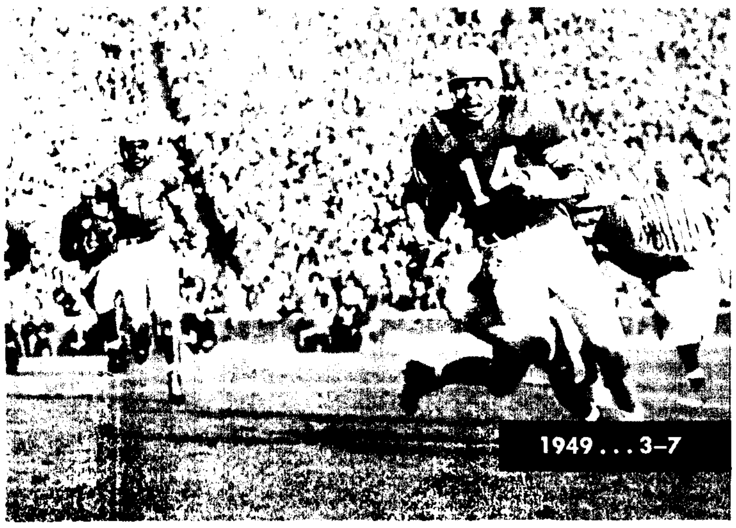
On the first scrimmage play against Notre Dame, Kapral and his thoroughly rested associates in the Michigan State line exploded their pent-up energy by opening a vast hole through which fullback Dick Panin burst for an 88-yard touchdown run.

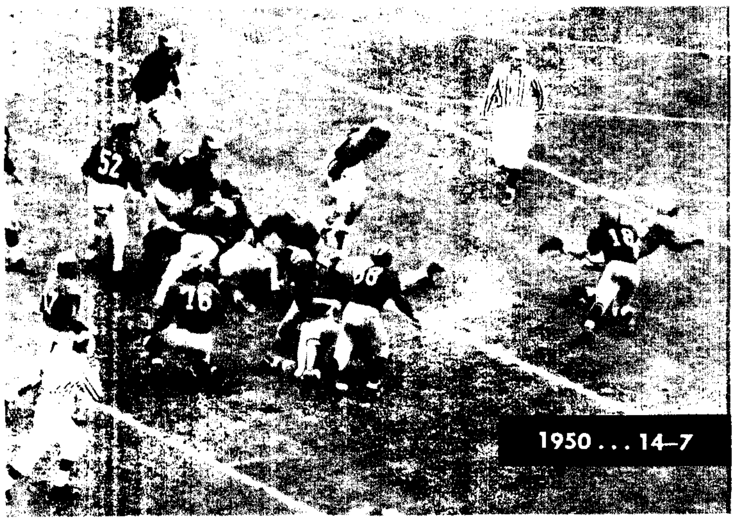
This maneuver, which stunned and demoralized Notre Dame, vividly demonstrated Munn's cardinal coaching tenet: *Sacrifice everything for freshness.*

"Football," says Munn, "should be fun, not drudgery. Practice sessions should be short—never more than 90 minutes—and contact work should be limited to one brisk scrimmage a week;

1947 . . . 0–55


1948 . . . 7–13


1949 . . . 3–7


1950 . . . 14–7

1951 . . . 25–0

In Munn's first year at Michigan State, team was smeared by rival Michigan. Spartans did better in '48 and '49, turned the tide in '50 and shellacked the Wolverines in 1951 contest

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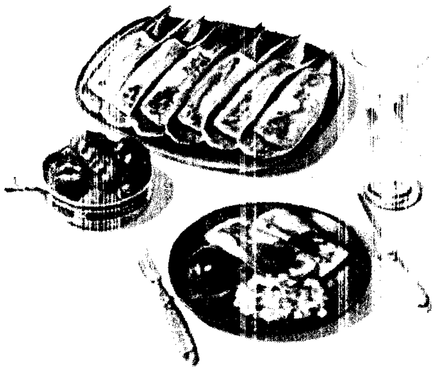

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"Football should be fun," says Biggie. He limits practice sessions to an hour and a half a day, scrimmages to one a week—and dispenses with scrimmage entirely if team's keyed up

Michigan State coaching staff looks over some pregame films in Munn's home. Left to right, end-coach Earle Edwards, backfield-coach Steve Sebo, Biggie, line-coach Duffy Daugherty

This year Munn's seeking the top national ranking

and when your players are really keyed up, you can even omit the scrimmage."

Under the most tense game conditions, Munn will sacrifice even the services of veteran first-team players for freshness. Last October, with Ohio State leading 20-10 early in the fourth quarter, Munn replaced three experienced but tiring ball carriers—juniors McAuliffe, Panin and Pisano—with a trio of untested, frisky youngsters, sophomores Evan Slonac and Billy Wells and freshman LeRoy Bolden. Senior quarterback Al Dorow promptly hit Bolden with two passes totaling 41 yards, to start a touchdown drive covering 74 yards.

Strategy of the Winning Touchdown

Then, with only three minutes left and Michigan State still trailing, 17-20, the Spartans had fourth down and five yards to go on the Ohio State 28. With the outcome of the game riding on the next play, Munn replaced Bolden with another sophomore, Tom Yewcic. The Spartans thereupon executed a complicated buck-lateral-forward, built around Yewcic, for the winning touchdown. The play went like this:

Fullback Slonac, faking a plunge at center, slipped the ball to quarterback Dorow, who tossed a pitchout to halfback Yewcic. Yewcic raced wide toward the right side line, braked abruptly, and arched a long pass diagonally across field to Dorow—who caught the ball along the left side line and ran into the end zone. "Yewcic," Munn recalls, "was just about the freshest man we had on the bench. That was the first time he'd gotten into a game on offense and, of course, it was the first pass he ever threw in a college game."

Besides making a fetish of freshness, Munn emphasizes two other gridiron doctrines which would be considered rank heresy by many coaches. First, instead of teaching his players one offensive system, Biggie favors a bewildering variety of plays run from all sorts of formations, including the single wing, double wing, split T, wing T, straight T, and the deep double wing.

Munn denies that his variegated offensive patterns are complicated. "During one game," he argues, "we may run from 5 or 6 different formations, but they add up to a total of only 66 basic plays. Why, so far as I know, we're the only major college team which doesn't require—or permit—its players to record their assignments in a notebook for study purposes. Our boys learn their 66 basic plays by walking through them on the practice field. Anybody who can't remember 66 plays is too dumb to play football."

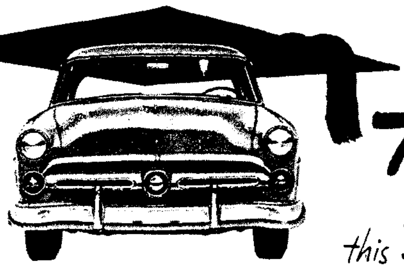
The strategy behind Munn's multiple formations is simple. "If we can attack six different ways," he says, "the opposition must prepare six different defenses. If they spend that much time working on defense, they won't have too much time left over to work out offensive wrinkles against us."

Biggie's other coaching unorthodoxy is that, in selecting line-blockers for these varied formations, he looks for speed and mobility rather than bulk. "Your linemen," he explains, "must be able to move fast enough to stay out in front of the ball carrier. That means your best blockers won't weigh much more than 200, and they can be even lighter."

Last year, the playing weights of Munn's four key line-blockers were: Don Coleman, 180; Frank Kapral, 195; Marv McFadden, 205; and Dean Garner, 190. This fall, the men being groomed to replace these departed blockers weigh: Kush, 180; Serr, 195; Breniff, 195; and Klein, 205.

Any thorough analysis of Munn's coaching techniques eventually boils down to the fact that Biggie has the knack of teaching the football fundamentals which he mastered as a player. There have been few more versatile gridiron performers than Biggie Munn, whose work at guard for the University of Minnesota in 1931 earned first-team rating on Collier's All-America.

Munn was listed as a guard. But—against Northwestern in his senior year, he stood nine yards behind the goal line and booted a 66-yard



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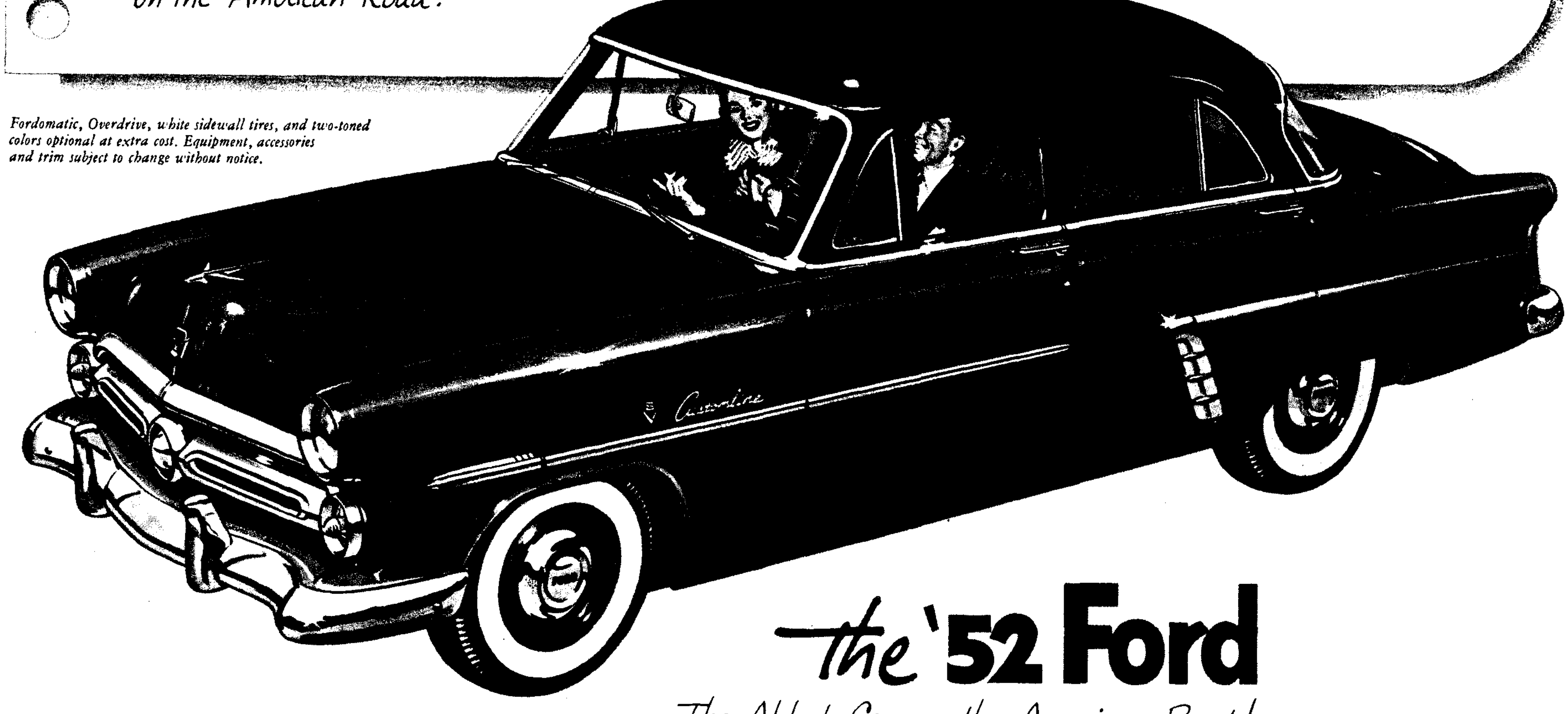

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The Ablest Car on the American Road!

Unorthodoxy and versatility are the keys to Biggie's success

spiral which rolled out of bounds on the Wildcats' 44.

Against Wisconsin, he punted 11 times for a 35-yard average, upended Badger ball carriers for a total loss of 27 yards on nine behind-the-line tackles, intercepted two passes, recovered a Minnesota fumble, and carried a lateral 18 yards for a touchdown.

And against Ohio State (his final game), Biggie moved into the Minnesota backfield and carried the ball 13 times for an average gain of 4¾ yards.

Munn's phenomenal performance as a Minnesota senior topped off a fabulous athletic career which began when he was in North High School in Minneapolis. At the age of fifteen, although he was holding down three jobs and had practically no time for practice, he joined the school track team. He went to his first track meet after having worked until three o'clock the previous morning. He slept en route, curled up in the back of his coach's car, and, on awakening, found himself entered in six events.

Drowsy but unperturbed, Biggie threw a javelin 174 feet 8 inches, tossed a 12-pound shot 47 feet 2 inches, ran 100 yards in 10 seconds, broad-jumped 20 feet 6 inches, whirled a discus 128 feet 4 inches, and ran anchor leg in the mile relay. These exertions netted three firsts (in the javelin, shot and relay), six medals, one gold watch and his first headline in the Minneapolis sports pages. While he was at North, Biggie scored 104¼ points in five meets for a Minneapolis high-school record which still stands.

In college, Biggie continued to put the shot prodigious distances. In 1931, he won first place at the Penn Relays with a heave of 48 feet 7⅝ inches. This achievement, like Biggie's other athletic accomplishments, combined remarkable muscular co-ordination and intelligent, long-range planning. For several years before those Penn Relays, during each practice period Biggie had put his shot exactly 25 times and carefully recorded the length of each effort in a notebook. Then, plotting these results on a graph, he determined that he consistently registered his longest throws on his 13th, 14th and 15th attempts. "After that," Biggie says, "I always took 12 practice throws before a meet. Then I'd step up and really let go. I usually hit my peak on the first throw, and that put the pressure on the other guys."

Today, at forty-four, Biggie is a handsome 220-pounder who still enjoys the active life. He can reputedly outfish, outhunt, outportage (with a 100-pound canoe) and outcamp any of the approximately 800 members of the American Football Coaches Association.

He also is a camera fanatic, possessing what his wife, Vera, has described as "two mink coats' worth" of photographic equipment. In the course of 14 trips into the Canadian north woods and two protracted visits in Hawaii, Biggie has accumulated an amazing quantity of 16-millimeter color films which run the gamut from a 38-pound lake trout to a 105-pound Waikiki hula artist.

Naturally, all these films of nature at its finest make for entertaining winter evenings when Biggie Munn hits the fried-chicken-mashed-potatoes-and-peas circuit. There is no more popular after-dinner speaker in all Michigan.

Aside from aesthetic considerations, Munn's investments in outdoor expeditions and film equipment have paid handsome football dividends. During Biggie's extensive lecture tours, considerable valuable football talent has followed after him, in Pied Piper fashion, and finally settled in East Lansing. Two thirds of the 72 men on Biggie's 1951 squad were Michigan residents.

Despite Munn's success in improving both the quality and quantity of Michigan State's football personnel, he seems distressed at what may happen when the Spartans join the Western Conference in '53. "Honestly," Biggie declared recently, "we can't expect to compete on even terms with Big Ten powers like Michigan, Illinois and Ohio State, or big independents like Notre Dame.

"What really worries me is that Frank Leahy or Bennie Oosterbaan might get the erroneous idea that we think we can beat them consistently. If Notre Dame or Michigan ever starts concentrating on us . . ." The prospect was so terrifying that Biggie could not describe it.

The fact is, Munn is such a naturally enthusiastic fellow that he forgets he really hasn't got a chance to win. What's more, his enthusiasm is apt to spread to his players, who then luck out another victory, like beating Notre Dame, 35-0 last year. "In that contest," Leahy remembers, "Mr. Munn's lads trapped us, blocked us in, blocked us out, tackled devastatingly, passed with pinpoint accuracy and ran like so many bulldozers.

"In addition," Leahy adds, paying tribute to Munn's celebrated thoroughness, "Biggie had us outnumbered in trainers, two to one, and his team physician was much heavier than ours." ▲▲▲

Biggie and Spartan backs. L. to r., Tom Yewcic, Billy Wells, Evan Slonac, Munn, Capt. Don McAuliffe. Along with speedy backs, Biggie likes linemen who can "move fast enough to stay out in front of the ball carrier"

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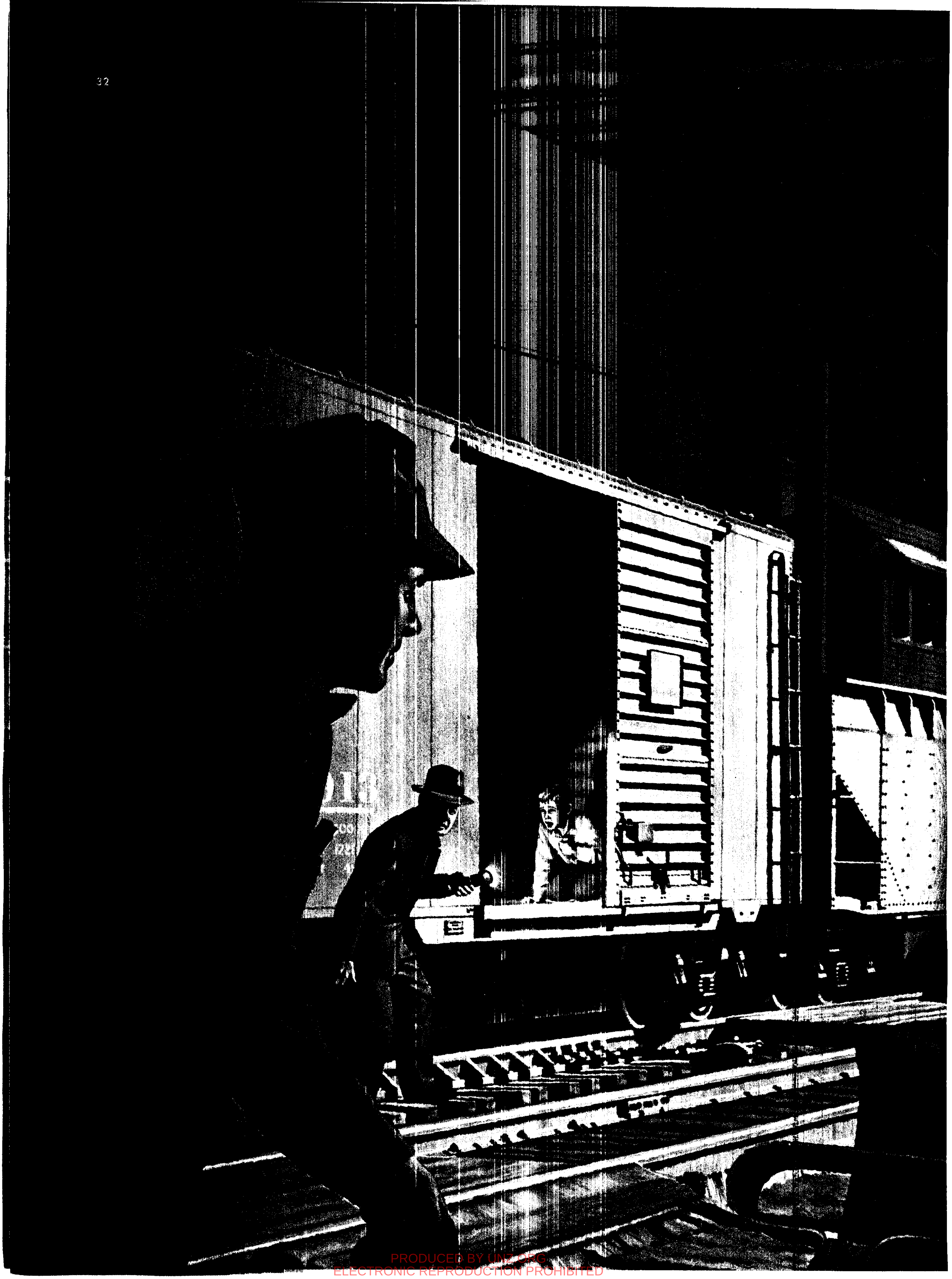
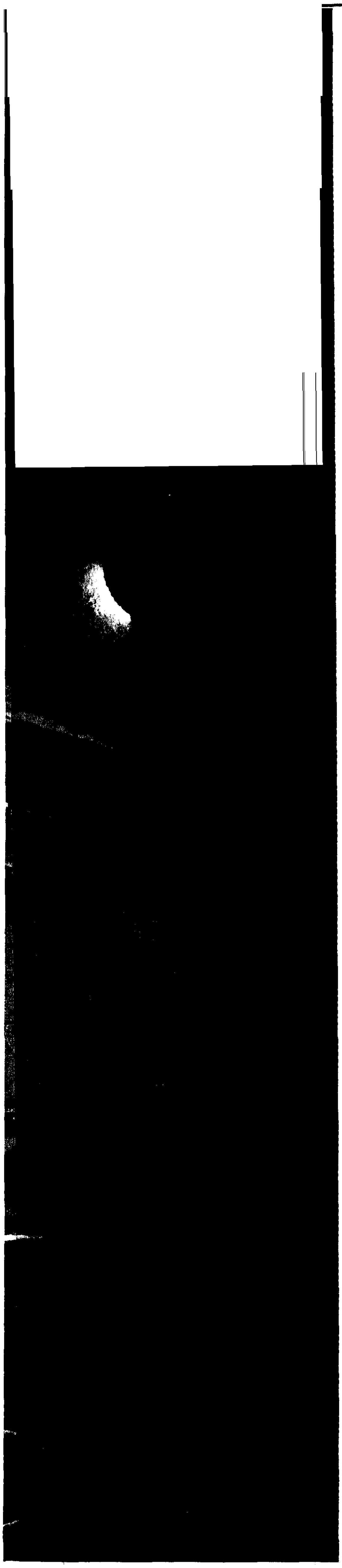




The DEER HUNTER

By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

It was hard learning to be parents, for they'd had no time to plan and couldn't start from scratch, as most parents do

HANK and Millie were in their early forties and seventeen years married when they became parents. They were a settled, contented, established couple, with their own accepted place in Whitefish, a town of five thousand inhabitants in northwestern Montana.

Hank worked on the Great Northern Railroad; he belonged to the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, the Odd Fellows, and the Moose. Millie belonged to the B.R.T. auxiliary, the Rebekahs, and the lady Moose, as well as a small bridge club and a church organization.

They were pretty well set in their ways. For instance, Millie never went to any doings if Hank was in from a run, because it was her conviction that she ought to be around to make his home comfortable for him when he was anywhere near it. She had dropped out of one bridge club because some of the girls disagreed with this thesis and were annoyed when they had to get a substitute for her.

Hank did not boast about Millie, because he knew boasting would be tactless. He took her for granted, and she took it for granted that she was no better than he was—if the call boy came at two in the morning, Millie figured there was no reason why she shouldn't get up to give Hank a good breakfast.

They became parents unexpectedly. The boy they got was fourteen years old, and he was given to them casually, the way cats and dogs are given. They accepted him on a temporary basis, until his real home could be found, as they had, during the years, taken in three or four cats and a couple of puppies. It was hard for them to learn how to be parents, because they hadn't been warned so they could make plans, and they didn't have a chance to start from scratch, as parents usually do.

Hank was a freight brakeman for Great Northern. He found the boy huddled up asleep in an empty boxcar on an east-bound freight.

One of his duties was to put tramps off the train, but railroading isn't all done by the book—which may be the reason railroad men are a group apart from other workmen.

The boxcar door was partly open; that was how Hank happened to shine his electric lantern into it when they stopped at a siding. The light didn't wake the sleeper, and Hank saw that he was only a youngster, all alone.

Some problems, if you let them alone, will go away so you don't have to worry. Hank went on inspecting, looking for hotboxes, and when they pulled out he swung up to the caboose where he belonged. Sitting high in the cupola, he went on watching through the night, as the train wheeled around mountain curves; and he didn't mention the boy in the boxcar.

Officially, he didn't find the boy at all. A special agent—railroad dick, that is—found him when the freight pulled into the yards early the next morning, and Hank happened to be walking along beside the track at the time.

The special agent, whose name was Holmes, was a man who preferred to go by the book. But he couldn't recall anything in it that specifically covered the case of a scared, cold, pinch-faced boy of fourteen who blinked at him in the lantern light and looked as if he expected to be shot. Hank and Holmes stood shoulder to shoulder, scowling at the boy with the air of men who know their duty and intend to do it. The air is even more impressive when it is assumed by men who are not sure what their duty is and suspect they wouldn't care to do it anyway.

He couldn't recall anything in the book that covered the case of a scared boy who blinked at him and looked as if he expected to be shot

Holmes shot one question after another at the boy. Holmes was an experienced questioner, used to dealing with hobos. The boy didn't answer. He cowered inside the boxcar until Holmes yanked him out. Then he stood straight, blinking, and it was hard to tell whether he was shivering with cold or trembling with fear like a caught bird.

Finally Holmes looked sideway at Hank and said, sighing, "I've got five kids."

Hank gave the answer that was wanted: "Well, I'll take him, and you can figure out something later. Listen, boy, we'd kind of like to know where you came from." He spoke with discouragement, not expecting an answer.

So the boy gave him one: "Seattle."

"Bum all the way, did you?"

The boy said, "Yes," with a hint of pride in his voice.

Hank sighed, "Well, let's go."

They walked the half mile home without saying anything.

MILLIE acted like a broody hen that has hatched one chick ahead of time. She clucked, but she asked no foolish questions, not wanting to embarrass the boy. "You'll want to wash up. Hank, hon, you get him a towel. Open the spare-room door and turn the stove up so it'll warm up in there. And use the pink soap, both of you."

Hank herded the kid to the bathroom, being very jovial in an effort to put him at ease. "I get to use the company soap on your account," he said, grinning.

But it didn't loosen the boy up any. He washed furiously, even behind his ears, and hung the towel up so neat you'd never know it had been used—which was something Millie never could persuade Hank to do.

By the time breakfast was ready, they were acting as if the kid had been invited and was thrice welcome because they had been afraid he wouldn't get there. Both of them felt they should be extra nice to him because they didn't expect him to stay.

Millie went on clucking. "His feet are soaked, Hank. Get him my felt slippers, and see he takes those shoes and wet socks off."

When she had them both to bed, she phoned some of her friends, because unusual things were rare in her life and Hank's. Then she began to worry about what Hank would do with him.

Three of the neighbor women came in later, when their calculations told them Hank and the boy would probably be up. One brought back a quart of milk, and one returned some magazines, and the third had a plate of warm cookies. They were all on legitimate errands. But after the first one, Hank grumbled about snoopers and took the boy upstairs to show him

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

his fishing tackle and duck gun and deer rifles.

That was how Hank and Millie got the boy. Learning how to live with him was harder. Of course they kept him. He had no place to go where anybody wanted him.

His name was Rodney Burnside. His father had died two years ago and his mother two weeks ago, and then he'd lit out for St. Paul, where he had some relatives. All his mother had left him was the tearful advice not to bother anybody any more than he could help.

Hank and Millie spent two hours figuring out a telegram to the relatives in St. Paul, with much pencil-chewing and crossing out. They were not used to having anything to say that couldn't wait for the fast mail. Hank sent the telegram, but nobody ever answered it.

Hank and Millie couldn't come right out and say, "Stay with us, Roddy. We want you," for that would have been the same as saying, "Nobody else wants you; you have no place else to go."

THE special agent came over a couple of times, and once Hank got summoned to the division superintendent's office, because the railroad was involved. The Old Man growled and asked a lot of questions, and ended up by saying that there wasn't much to be done with the boy except to get the state authorities to take him if Hank and Millie wanted to put him out. The Old Man kept the wires hot to St. Paul for several days, but nobody found any trace of Roddy's relatives.

So Roddy Burnside stayed, like the stray dog and cat they had, but he wasn't able to fit into the household the way they did. The cat, an insolent orange tom, had not expressed appreciation since the first time Millie had fed him. The dog, a white cur with black spots, was overappreciative of everything. Both of them felt they had a perfect right to be there. But Roddy knew he didn't. He tried to make himself invisible.

Just about everything he did was disconcerting. At first he would fidget and gulp before he asked permission to do something perfectly ordinary, like going to bed. (Millie was afraid to tell him it was bedtime, because he might think she was trying to get him out of the way.) She chuckled and said, "Land, boy, you do whatever you've a mind to." So when he did go to bed without asking permission—sliding into the spare room when her back was turned—she thought he had run off and was worried sick until she found him.

The first Sunday Roddy was with them, Millie took him to Sunday school, introducing him to the teacher as "Roddy Burnside—he's visiting us for a while." Then she went to the adult Bible class, but she didn't get much out of the lesson, because she was wondering if a dime was enough for Roddy to put in the collection and fretting about his clothes. He had lost his extra ones somewhere in his lone journeying.

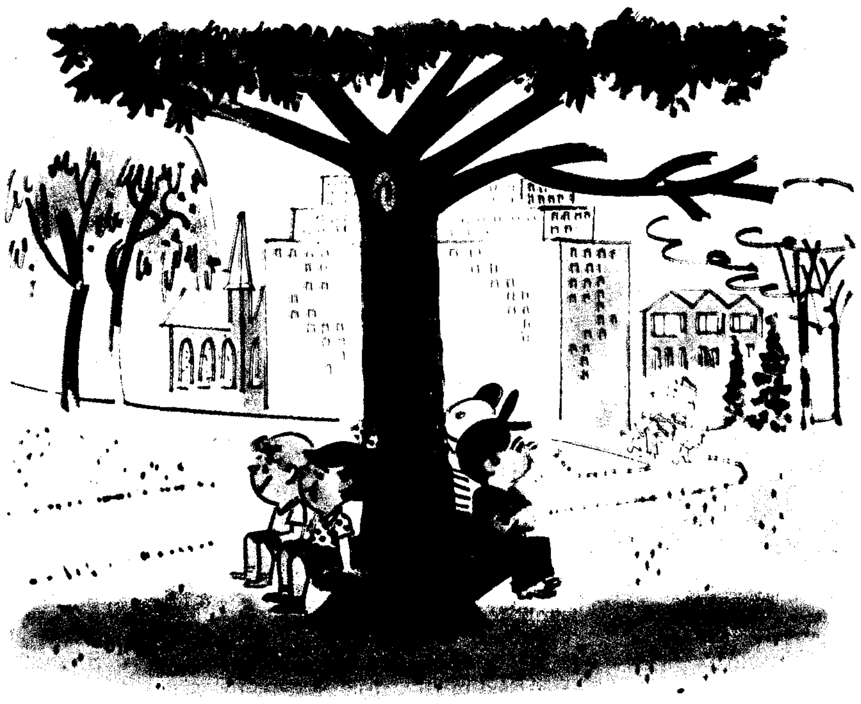
There was a late snow that Sunday—the last of the season, it turned out—that provided a ready-made excuse to get the boy out of the house when Hank got in from his run so they could have a private talk.

She longed to say, with the serene sternness of experienced mothers, "Now, I want you to shovel the driveway, and don't let me hear a lot of poor excuses." But she didn't dare, of course. She said, "If you'd want to shovel the driveway, I'd appreciate it. No, no, not now; when you finish your dinner. My goodness."

After Roddy was safely outside, she looked piteously at Hank and asked, "Hon, what are we going to do? Oh, dear, now I've sent him out to get his feet wet!"

"Take him to Penney's and get him some duds, I guess," Hank advised.

SISTER



COLLIER'S "I think they're inching around" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Millie sighed. "I never bought clothes for a boy in my life. I wish you would."

Hank took the boy shopping and had a wonderful time. He seldom did any shopping, except for Millie's Christmas present, and that was an annual agony he would never have got through except that Millie always took pains to tell the neighbors what she wanted. Even Roddy's refusal to make a choice about his clothes when he was asked, didn't spoil the expedition for Hank. The boy kept saying, "Gee, I don't need all that."

Hank was offended after several repetitions. He finally growled, "Listen, I may be bent but I ain't broke. You got to go to school, you know."

The boy didn't argue about that. Hank had thought he would; Hank had never cared for school himself.

Before they went home, Hank took the boy to the Hobby Spot and said, "Ice cream, kid? Anything up to two bits." But all Roddy would have was a nickel Coke. He wouldn't even pick out a comic book.

Millie was fixing up about school while they were shopping. To protect Roddy from humiliating questions, she went alone to see the school authorities, feeling very conspicuous. She worked herself up to an awful pitch by having imaginary arguments with the principal before she even got there. To her surprise, he was not overwhelmed at the idea of letting a pupil enter near the end of a term.

WHEN Millie took the boy up there next morning, she felt as if she had thrown him to the wolves. She told a neighbor so when she got home, and the neighbor laughed. "I've seen three off to school and always felt the same way," she said.

"But they were little," Millie reminded her, "and kind of trusting. They expect it to be nice. Roddy is a big boy, and all I hope is he isn't as scared as I am."

When he came home for noon dinner and said he was in second year high school, he wasn't puffed up about it, but Millie was.

So everything was fine, but Millie didn't feel easy with the boy, and neither did Hank. Roddy was too biddable. "He does what I tell him the very first time," Millie complained. "That's not the way a child ought to be. My goodness, hon, he hangs around asking for something to do, like he had to earn the right to be here!"

Hank laughed at her. "You worry too much, girl."

"It's not funny," she insisted. "He don't even complain about peeling potatoes. And when I holler for him, he comes right away."

"Where from? Where's he go that you have to holler?"

"The Haines boys come after him. He goes there when they ask him."

"Well, that's good, ain't it? He's made friends already. Why don't they come over here?"

Millie sighed. "I don't know. I told him, but they only came once."

She really did know, but she couldn't tell Hank. It was too humiliating a thing to confess.

She had seen the boys sprawled on the grass in the yard, with the dog wagging around them, and had hurried to make lemonade and put cookies on a plate. She worried about whether to take the stuff out herself or let Roddy do it, and finally she called him in and said, "I thought you might want to take a little treat out to your friends."

He stared at the tray and glanced up at her, startled. He said, "Well, gosh, thanks a lot." But he carried the tray out very slowly.

After the boys had licked up every crumb, Roddy washed the glasses and plate and put them away.

But Millie knew she had done wrong. She had made too much fuss and had embarrassed him and scared off the other boys besides. She had proved she lacked the sure, maternal touch. I should have hollered at them to come in if they wanted cookies, she grieved, and then scolded them for tracking up the floor.

The weeks went by, but Roddy didn't change enough for comfort. He always made his bed and did his homework. He went on errands and, as summer came on, mowed the lawn faithfully.

Millie and Hank got used to his not talking much. He just wasn't much of a talker, even with friends his own age. He was attentive and co-operative, but he never did have much to say.

During summer vacation, Roddy earned four bits now and then by mowing a lawn for somebody who was able-bodied and could afford to pay. For people who were neither, Millie told him, he should do it free. He didn't argue, and when Millie found out that a skinflint woman down the street was imposing on him, she stopped that in a hurry.

"You must be getting rich," Hank told the boy, grinning. "What you going to do with all your money?"

"Thought I'd buy a twenty-two if it's okay with you," Roddy answered. "They got one at Knott's."

"Sure it's okay," Hank agreed. "Take a lot of saving, I guess."

"This summer I borrow the other kids' guns," Roddy said, not complaining.

Hank and Millie fretted about his having to wait to get his own gun, and Millie said why not lend him the rest of the money, but Hank said no. It wouldn't be right to make the boy feel indebted. They'd better just wait until he'd earned it all himself.

Hank bought three boxes of cartridges and then said he'd found them in the basement, so Roddy at least had his own ammunition to use in other boys' rifles when they hunted gophers out by Cow Creek.

That was a good summer. Snow comes early and stays late in the northern Rockies; there isn't much summer, and people make the most of it. Hank took the boy fishing several times. The three of them drove up through Glacier National Park with a big picnic lunch to eat in the cool forest. They went on some shorter trips to nearby places.

The boy was a good listener, especially when Hank talked about hunting. The hide of a black bear Hank had once shot was on the spare-room floor, and Hank told the boy twenty times, if he told him once, exactly how he shot it.

"I see him looking at me over a log," Hank would say, "and then he dropped out of sight, and I says, 'Now where's Mr. Bear gone to?' "

Roddy never wearied of the bear story. He was like a child ten years younger hearing about Chicken Little or Red Riding Hood.

HANK didn't lay off for a real vacation; they'd had heavy expenses that winter, and he felt he couldn't afford it. They faced the fact that having a growing boy around did cost something. Without really planning so far ahead, Millie and Hank had an idea that Roddy might want to go to college. When they drove a hundred and fifty miles down to Missoula, so Hank could get fitted for bifocals, they took a good look at the State University from the outside.

By fall, they were pretty well settled as a family. Hank and Millie had got used to the idea that Roddy wasn't much of a talker, and once in a while he left something lying around where it didn't belong—his wet swimming trunks on the porch, or the lawn mower in the front yard. Millie clucked happily at these signs of human frailty and, when Roddy was safely out of the way, picked up after him.

"Some day," she told Hank happily, "I'll even get up courage to tell him to do it himself. I just don't want to scare him."

"It's as if we were all kind of balancing," Hank said. "One of these days we'll roll into place like marbles in a pinball machine."

But they hadn't got there yet when Hank had his accident. What made it so bad was that he wasn't at work when he had it, so he couldn't get compensation. He broke his arm, and it was his own fool fault, he admitted; he should have had Millie or the boy steady the ladder while he got down from patching the roof.

While he was loafing around the house with his right arm in a sling, and no pay coming in, friends came over to commiserate with him—and to kid him a little, suggesting that Millie had finally taken after him with a rolling pin.

Hank told about his accident so often

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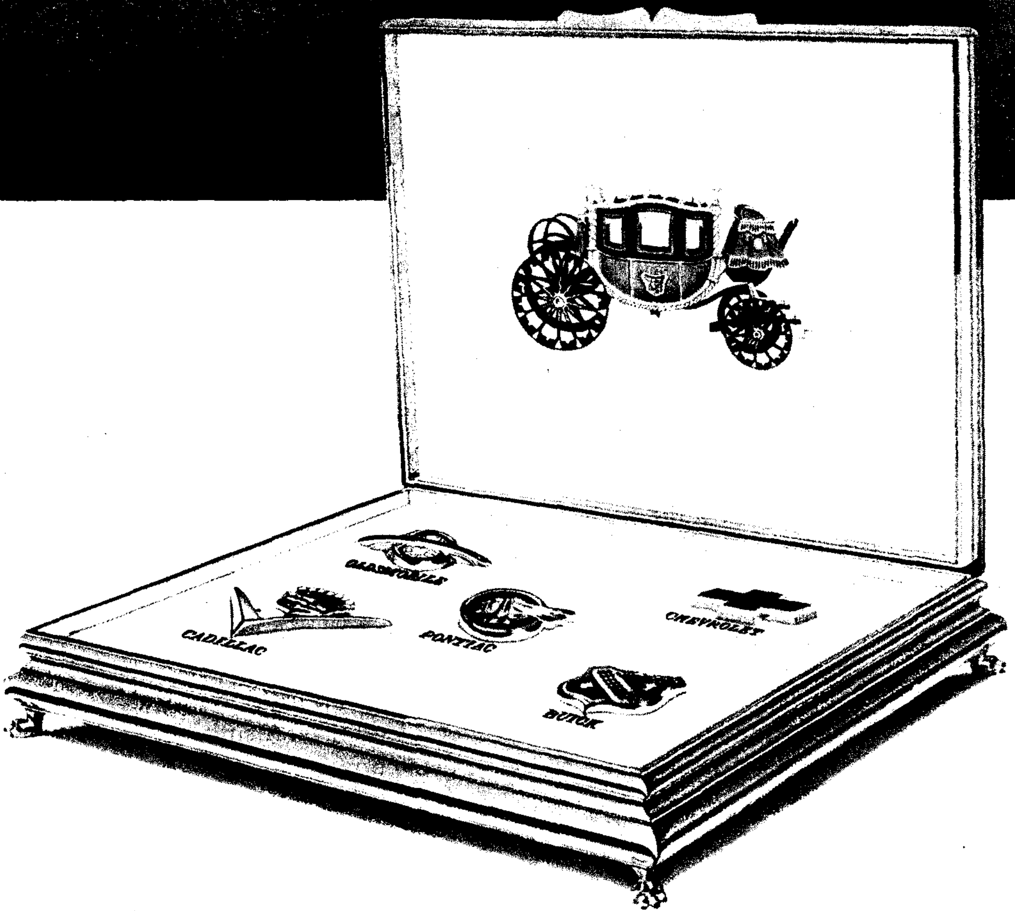

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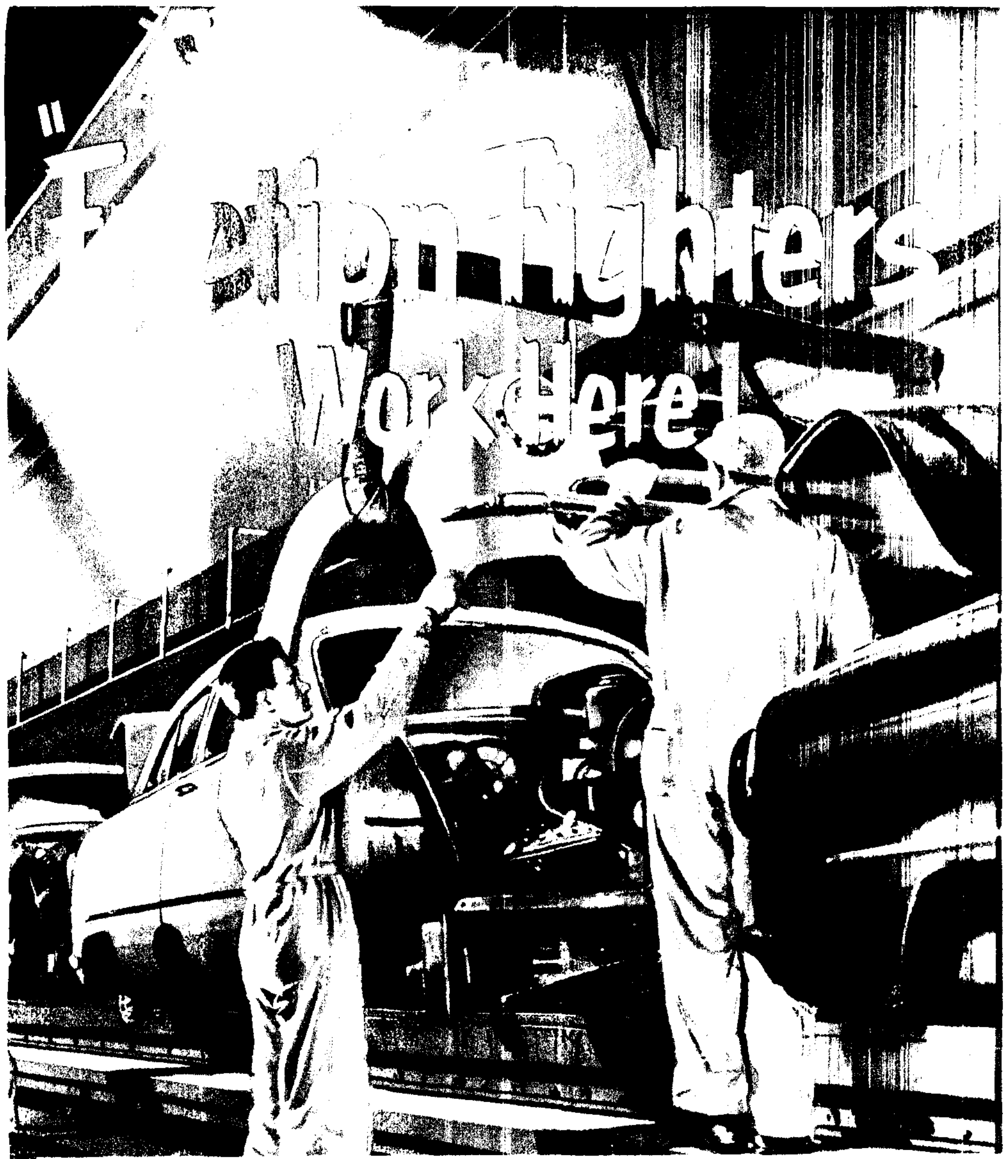
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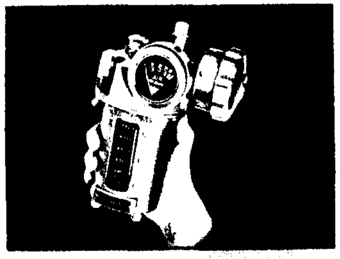

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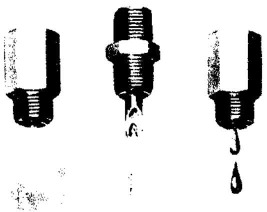

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that he practiced it into a kind of recitation. Roddy heard it, too, many times. There was talk about money, of course, because in a railroad town everybody knows how well everybody else is doing and how much is lost when a man takes an involuntary layoff. Hank and Millie, with no kids and living economically, had been putting money away for several years, as was well known to everybody except Roddy. So there was no real need to worry, and Hank's friends were only kidding, and letting him know they understood his problems, when they told him, "Well, you won't starve for a while yet, anyhow." And he was giving the expected answer when he said, "Not till next week. If you hear anybody robbing your hen house, don't shoot."

RODDY was not accustomed to the untalked-about security that Hank and Millie had. To him, money was something you worried yourself sick about not having, not something you put quietly away, little by little, in good times to use later for something you wanted or suddenly had to have. His real folks had thrown it around when they had it.

Millie cut down expenses in ways that she knew well. She turned off lights to save on the electric bill, stopped buying coffee cream, covered honest patches on elbows and knees with other honest patches, and got out her most economical recipes.

Hank, with nothing to do but loaf and think, sighed, "What gets me is I won't be able to go deer hunting. Having a locker full of venison is always pretty nice."

"You get tired of venison," Millie said for comfort.

The railroad has trouble in deer season. Men who can't lay off legitimately sometimes start reporting sick. Getting a deer not only cuts down the meat bills but is a pleasant adventure—something to talk about all winter.

Millie and Hank were pleased and startled when Roddy asked, for the first time, if he could stay overnight with a friend. They didn't know his friend Sam well—he lived on the other side of town—but they were delighted that Roddy felt easy enough with them to speak up.

"This kid's father molds his own bullets, see," Roddy explained, "and he's got a .32-caliber mold you can make slingshot bee bees with."

Hank nodded. "I might get an outfit like that," he said. "Load my own cartridges."

"For pity's sake don't burn yourself," Millie cautioned Roddy, making a mental note about looking into whatever you used to mold bullets with; it might be good for a Christmas present for Hank.

She sent Roddy off with his toothbrush in his pocket and a dollar for spending money.

He seemed upset about the dollar. He said, "Gosh, I won't have any place to spend it," but Millie said he might want to treat his friend Sam.

That was Friday night. Saturday morning they got a phone call.

Hank happened to answer the phone, and Millie knew from the tone of his voice that something awful had happened. "I'll be right there," he barked as he hung up. He turned to Millie, looking sick.

"They got the kid at the police station. Jack-lighting deer, the game warden says."

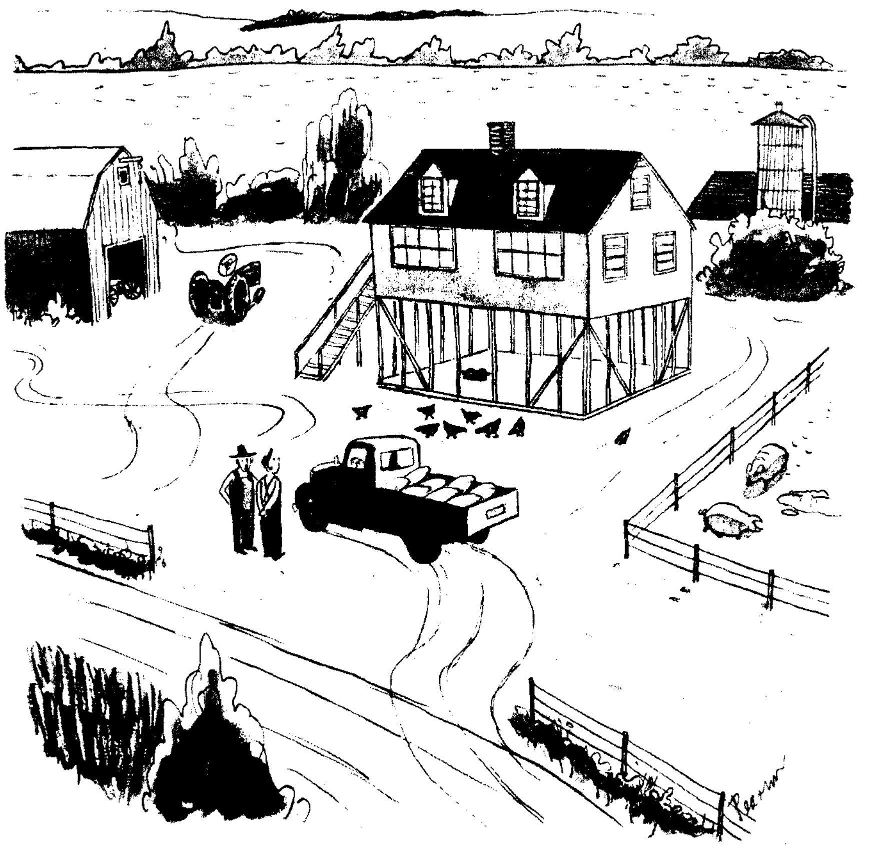
"I don't believe it," Millie declared stoutly. "Listen, they haven't got him in jail, have they?" She had an idea that getting into jail, even if you were innocent, left a visible and indelible stain.

"I'll soon find out," Hank promised grimly. "You drive me down. I'm going to see about this!"

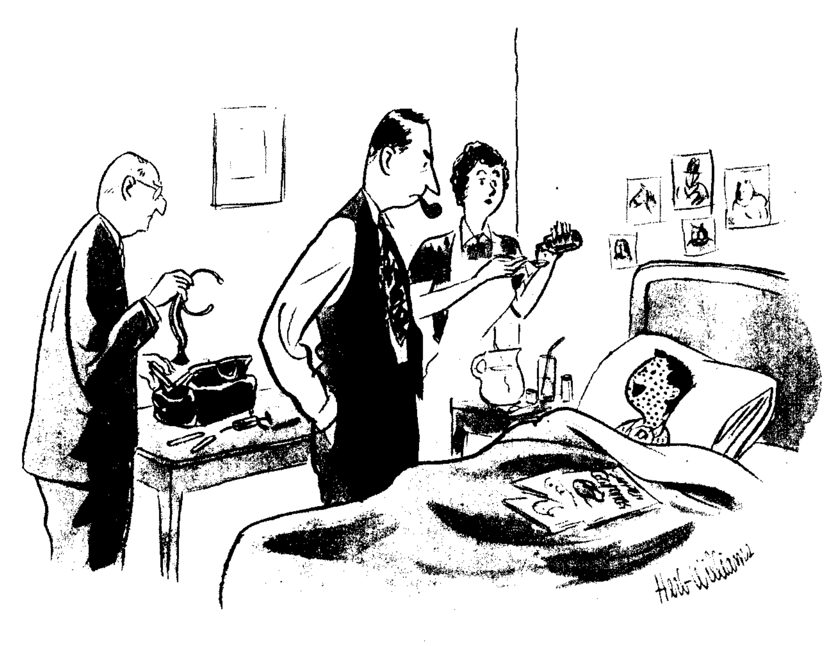
He wouldn't let her wait in front of the City Hall; he made her drive back home and said he'd call if he needed her to come with the car.

The game warden was all by himself in the police office. Hank marched in and barked, "Where's my kid?"

The game warden motioned toward a closed door. "In there, but not locked



COLLIER'S "If the government ever actually does anything about flood control then we'll finish off the first floor" CHARLES PEARSON



COLLIER'S "This is one time I got just as good marks as anybody else, huh, Pop?" HERB WILLIAMS

up. Just to impress him. He sure as hell was hunting with a jack light, and there was another kid, but that one got away."

"What rifle did he have?" Hank demanded. "None of mine. I looked."

"There on the table," the game warden said. "Must have stole it."

"Roddy never stole a gun or anything else," Hank told him, furious and sick with fear. "Could belong to the kid that got away, couldn't it? What do you have to give my kid the worst of it for?"

The game warden sighed. "Because he's the one we caught, I guess. Listen, a kid that big knows better than to hunt without a license—and illegally, with a light, besides. If he's brought up right, he knows better."

"I don't know what all Roddy knows," Hank said flatly. "But if he knowed it was illegal, he wouldn't have done it. As for bringing him up right, we ain't had him long enough to do much in that line. We only got him in April."

The game warden frowned. "You keep calling him your kid."

"Damn it, he is," Hank snapped, getting madder. "That is, he ain't got anybody but us." Then, losing control, he thumped on the table with his good fist and warned, "If you figure you're going to railroad a kid that don't have no way of defending himself, you got another think coming, because I'll take it to the highest court in the land, that's what I'll do!"

THAT sounded pretty fancy, he realized as soon as he'd said it. He must have read it somewhere. It impressed the game warden, or else he had never intended to make an example of Roddy.

"Listen, I'm going to let you have your kid. Take him home and give him a licking, that's all I ask. It would help if I knew who the kid who owned the gun was," he added.

"If my kid wouldn't tell you, damned if I will," Hank said, feeling a whole lot better. "Figure it out the hard way, tracing the gun."

The man stood up. "Well, go get him. The door's not locked. But do me a favor—whale the tar out of him as soon as you get home."

"Nobody tells me how to handle that kid," Hank informed him grandly, as he opened the door to the jail. "Come on," he said. "We're going home."

They went in a taxi, because he was in a hurry.

There was an old strap hanging in the garage. Hank held it in his good hand as he talked to Roddy, and for the first time he was sorry to be a man. The penalty was almost too heavy. "You knowed you was doing wrong, didn't you?"

Roddy nodded, not looking up from the floor.

"You never heard me talk about jacklighting, did you? Because I never done it. I was going to take you deer hunting if I hadn't broke my arm. You knew that."

The boy nodded again.

"A man just can't sit down and tell a kid all the things he mustn't do. There's too many of 'em. But this Sam must have let on that jack-lighting was something to keep quiet about."

Roddy admitted he had.

Hank heaved a big sigh. "Well, then. This is to remind you to tell me and Millie what you're planning after this. And it's because you got her all upset."

THE left-handed licking hurt Hank more than it did Roddy, because Hank had a broken arm and he felt the whole affair was somehow his own fault.

When they went in the house, Millie tried to pretend nothing had happened. "So you're back, are you? Go wash up and I'll get something on the table."

Roddy had no sooner sat down than he suddenly shoved his plate away and put his head down and cried.

Hank was too upset to say a word, though Millie gave him an imploring look. She put her arm around the boy and said, "Everybody gets a licking sometimes. Hank wouldn't ever do anything just to be mean."

Roddy said, between sobs, "I got arrested. Now you won't want me any more."

Hank bellowed, "You did not get arrested! Nobody said anything about getting arrested!"

Then he remembered a question he had not asked, because he had taken the answer for granted: "Listen, boy, tell us what you did it for."

"To get deer meat, because it costs to keep me."

Millie gasped, "You're worrying about that? But we've got savings. Oh, my goodness!"

To Hank's horror, she began to cry too, and ran into the living room.

Hank said sternly, "You made her cry, son. Now go in and tell her you're sorry." He put his palms over his eyes and felt like crying himself.

That was how Millie became a mother and Hank became a father, in worry and bewilderment and pain, with mistakes and punishment, and love that wiped out the wrong. After that, they were able to stop worrying about anything except the normal concerns that all parents have.

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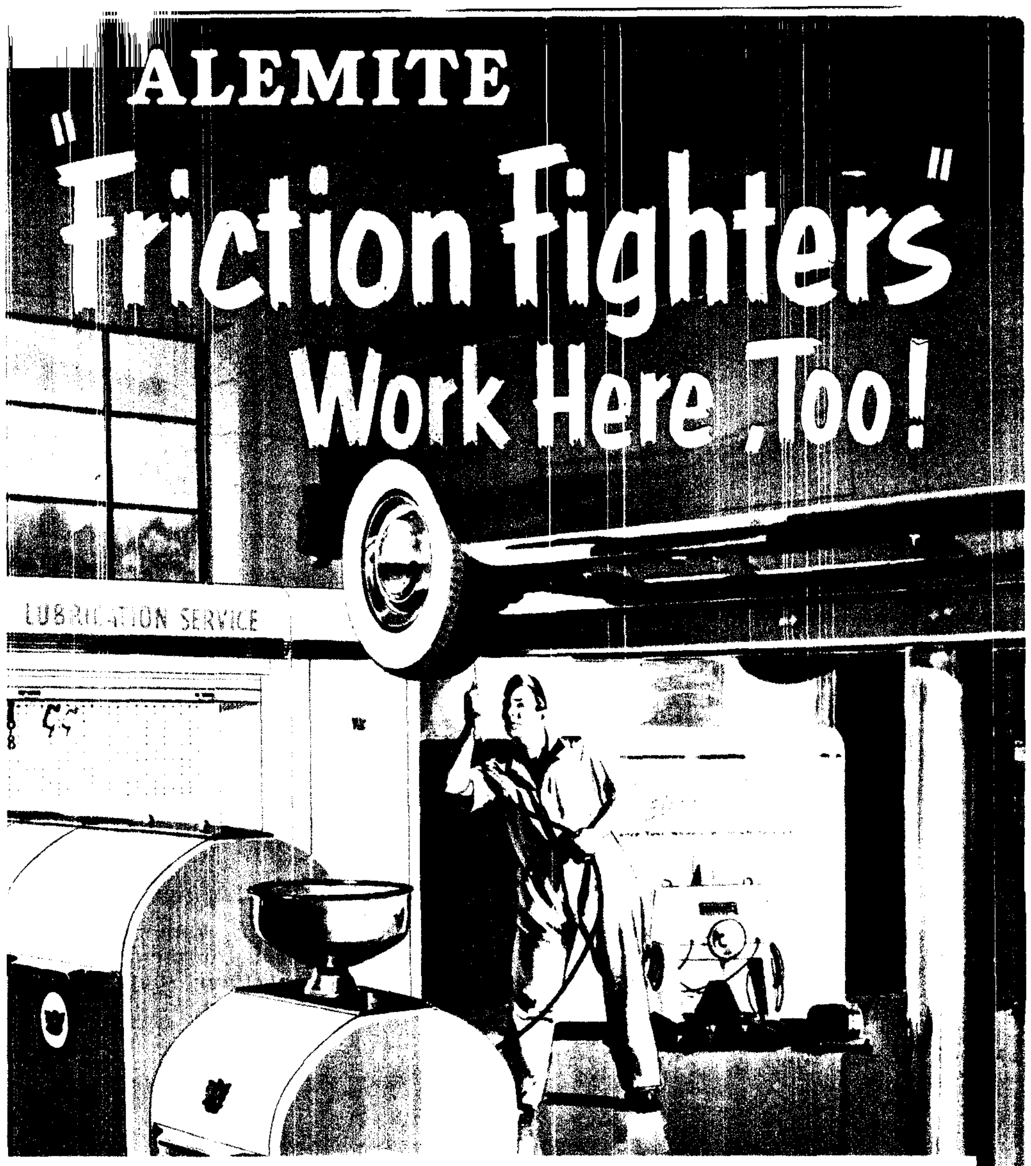

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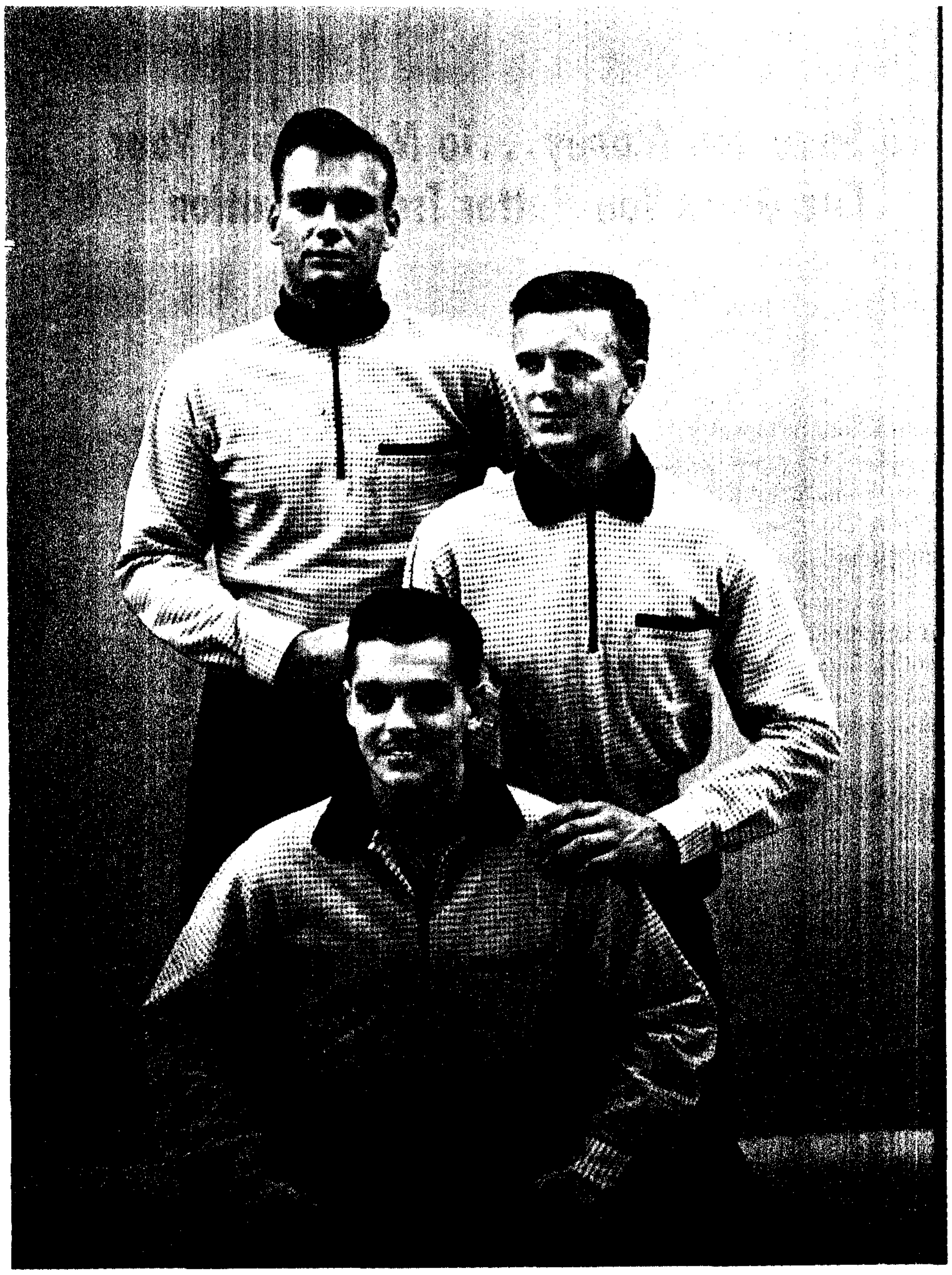

Height of slide fastener makes this into a three-way sport shirt, with open-neck (bottom), Gaucho collar (center), turtle-neck (top)

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By BERT BACHARACH

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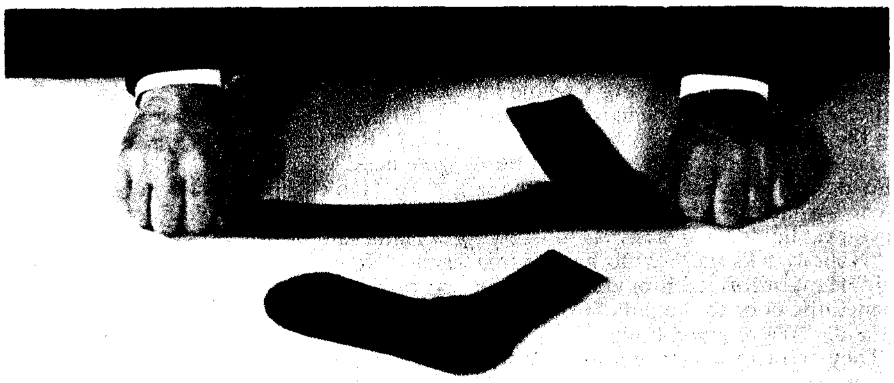

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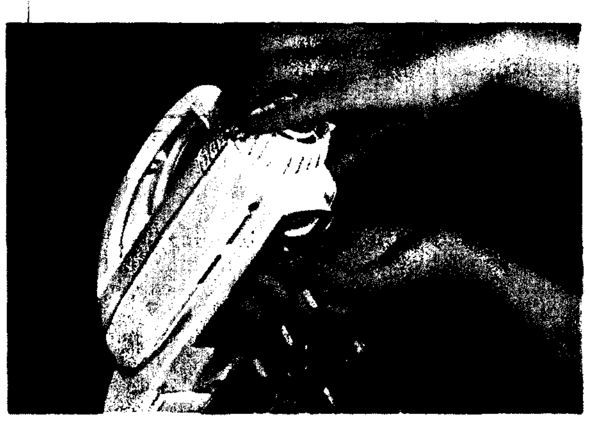

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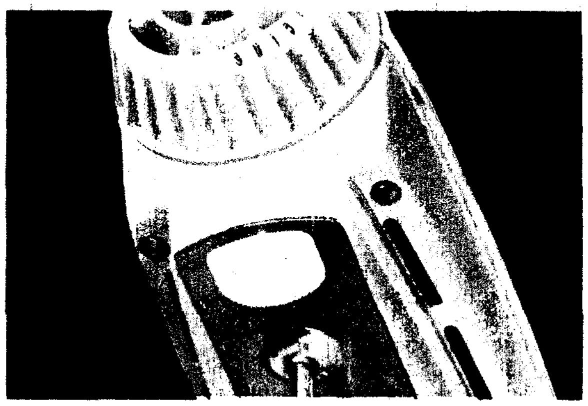

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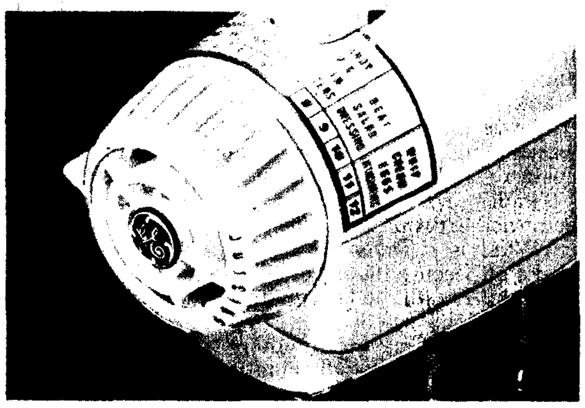

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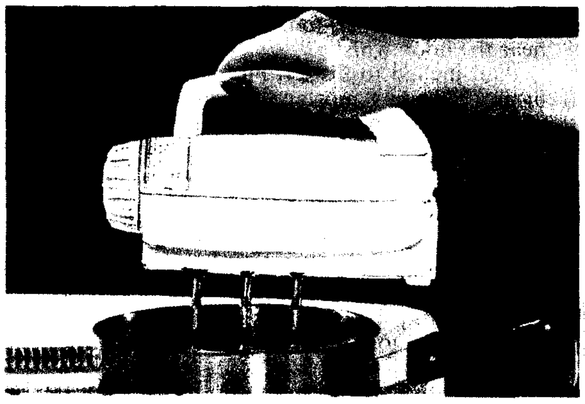

6. **Instantly portable!** Simply press release catch, and lift mixer off stand. Then you can take it anywhere . . . mix at the range while you cook.

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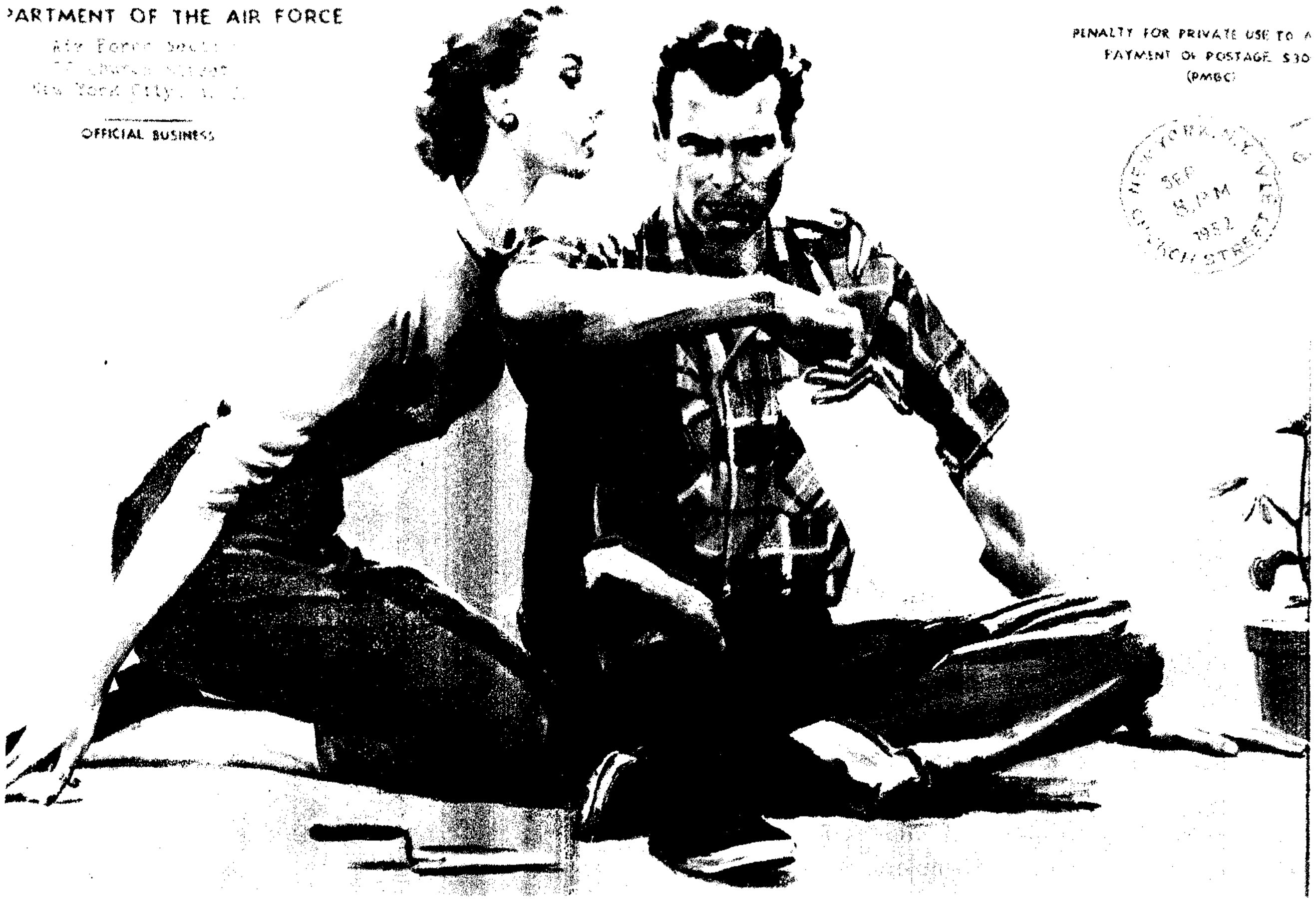


ROSWELL KELLER

He read aloud, softly, quickly. "Subject: Recall to active duty. Reporting date—"

Save Something for Tomorrow

By D. S. HALACY, JR.

HELEN pushed the Dutch door open with her knee, balancing the tray carefully as she went out into the patio-to-be. Paul, on his hands and knees in front of the growing brick wall, turned to look over his shoulder. Beads of sweat dripped from his tanned face, and he grinned.

"Pull up a flagstone and sit down," he said, nodding at the pile of stone that would be the patio floor.

"You have a seat, too," Helen said. "Didn't you hear the noon whistle?"

Paul inched to his left and reached for another brick. Scooping mortar, he said, "Can't quit yet; another dozen or so. Time, tide and mortar wait for no man." He set the brick in place firmly, eyed it critically, and tapped one end with the butt of the trowel.

Helen smiled fondly at her husband. Paul was so proud of their house. She was proud too—of the house and of Paul. She set the tray down on the wall and laughed.

"All right, but your pay stopped at twelve o'clock. I'll go get the mail while you finish up there."

She went around the house, pausing to look at the rosebushes for the third time that morning. She and Paul were two of a kind. Like kids with a new toy, almost. And yet, why not, she thought defensively. They had waited so long for their house; there had been times when she was afraid they would never do the things they had planned, afraid, even, that she would lose Paul.

In the front yard she waved to the girl working in her flower beds, two houses down. This was a nice neighborhood; they had been lucky to get the house here.

The top of the mailbox was propped open to accommodate a large folded Manila envelope that was wedged in with the smaller pieces. How do we get on so many mailing lists? she wondered.

She pulled the letters out, and the large envelope unfolded. Her knees nearly buckled when she saw the government frank. The letter was addressed to Capt. Paul L. Nichols, and gave the serial number. With a sick feeling, she stood holding the Air Force envelope.

"No!" She said the word, but no sound came. Turning slowly, she retraced her steps toward the back of the house, moving automatically now. Her mind was paralyzed by the thought of what was inside the envelope. This wasn't like the others, the harmless routine notices Paul had got before and duly filed away with his papers in the desk drawer.

She realized suddenly that they had known this was coming. They'd known it, and had been racing against it to finish the work around the house.

"Paul!" She said his name hoarsely, weakly and he turned, frowning up at her.

"What is it, honey? You're white as—" He broke off, seeing the envelope she held out. Sucking in his breath, he laid the trowel down.

WITHOUT saying anything, he took the envelope, his eyes flicking over the name and address before he turned it over and tore at the flap. She knelt beside him, and he read aloud, softly, quickly. "Subject: Recall to active duty. Reporting date—"

Helen shut her eyes and said it again: "No, no, no," until she could hear the words. And then she was holding onto him, her face buried against his chest, and the words tumbled out—words she had been holding back for fear this would happen.

"You can't go back," she sobbed. "Not again, Paul. This time, you—" She stopped. She looked up at him. "You're too old; you've done enough. Paul, there must be some way! Paul!" Her fingers bit into his arms.

He bent and kissed her lightly on the forehead. Pushing her back to arm's length, he shook his head slowly. "I wouldn't bet on it," he said. "I wouldn't bet on it." Very carefully, he put the orders back into the envelope.

"Don't bet on anything, honey," he went on bitterly. Looking over her head, his eyes were seeing what was behind them, trying to see what lay ahead. "We were kidding ourselves, Helen. You don't make plans any more. Patio!" He swore. "The hell with it all!"

She watched him, her eyes wet. He had known, too. And now it was finished, the fool's paradise blasted by a sheaf of mimeographed pages.

"We can sell the place," Paul said, laughing shortly. "Sell it at a good profit. We'll have ourselves a time while we can." He caught her by the shoulders. "Chin up, honey; it's all for the best. We were getting in an awful rut, and you know it. First thing you know I'd be wearing one of those silly chef's hats and grilling steaks to cinders." He snorted. "We've got a month; let's make the most of it. When's the last time we really did the town?"

He led her to the house, kicking the trowel aside. Helen looked back at the untouched beer and sandwiches, and the mortar in the wheelbarrow. She started to remind him about cleaning it before the cement hardened, but it suddenly seemed silly, and she cried instead.

IT DIDN'T seem silly the next day. Nothing seemed silly, especially not the Saturday traffic through which she fought her way home, the fruits of an afternoon's shopping laid carefully across the seat beside her. The dress was, beyond doubt, a lovely one. But it had cost too much money, money that had been allotted for bricks and tile and cement. And yet—Paul had been right, of course. At the little table in the night club, almost shouting over the noise of the band, he had said, "We've only got one month; we'll make it the grandest, most lavish month anybody ever had." Why plan for the future, when the future rushed toward them like a black wall, so wide there was no escaping it?

How long had it been since she'd had more than one hignball in an evening, since they had done anything more exciting than cross the street for canasta with the neighbors? They'd saved and planned instead. But saving and building were for always; when "always" was only a month, you began to think in terms of night clubs and expensive dresses.

She put the car in the garage and let herself into the house. "Paul," she called, "I'm back. You should see the dress!" There was no answer, and she remembered. He would be at the agents' about selling the house.

Taking the dress into the bedroom, she couldn't resist the temptation to put it on. She would be wearing it when Paul came in.

Standing before the mirror, holding the dress up across her shoulders, she found it curiously hard to see the dangerous neckline and the clever little pleats as clearly as she had in the shop. Perhaps it was the mist in her eyes that made her see instead the crisp new bills she had handed the salesgirl—the money that would have bought bricks enough to finish the patio, mortar to hold the bricks together for always. The mist was close to brimming over when she heard the banging noise out back. With the dress over her arm, she hurried to the back door, half frightened at the sound.

She stopped short at the door. It was Paul, with his cement-spattered blue jeans on, hammering away at the overturned wheelbarrow.

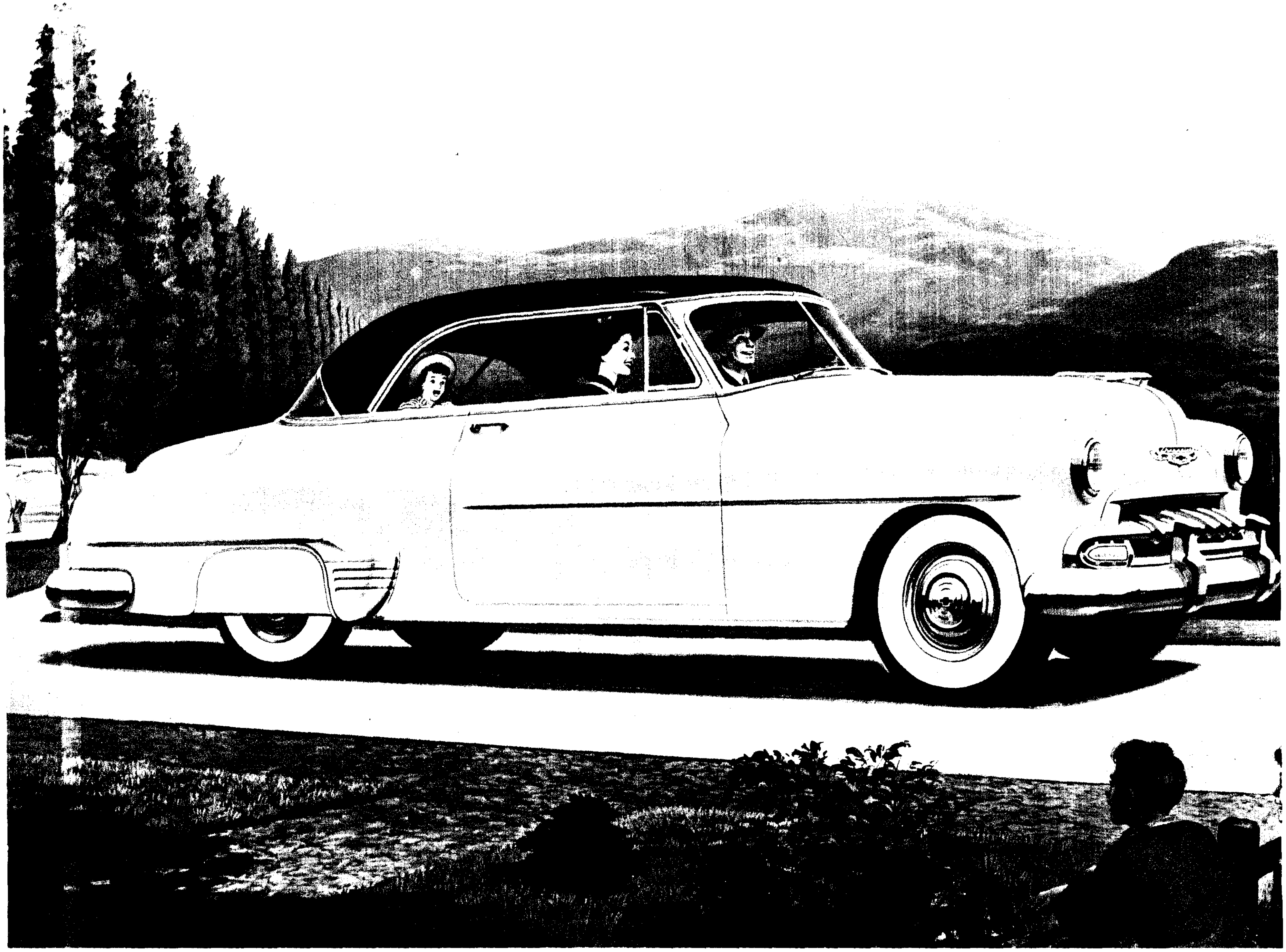
"Paul!" Her heart lifted suddenly as he dropped the hammer and looked up.

"Hi," he said sheepishly. "Didn't get to the agents' yet. This damned cement has set up. The way the stuff sticks, that wall'll last forever. Maybe—maybe we ought to think it over, about selling the house."

Her eyes brimmed over, but she was laughing, too. There *was* something that would last, in spite of it all. They weren't running away any more. Because Paul *would* be back.

"Could—could I lay bricks, too?" she asked. His smile was his answer, as he rose to take her in his arms. But she dodged away, careful to drape the new dress across the dry, bare wall before he caught her. It would go back to the shop—unworn, and unmussed, and the money would buy the bricks that would build the patio that would hold her impatient feet on the day when Paul, at last and forever, would come home again. ▲▲▲

Collier's SHORT SHORT



Lowest priced in its field—this beautiful new Chevrolet Bel Air lists for less than any comparable model in its field. *(Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)*

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For years, Body by Fisher has been recognized as *the standard of styling* wherever motor cars are known.

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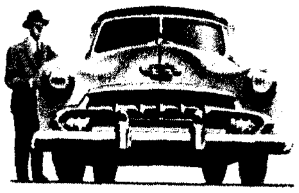
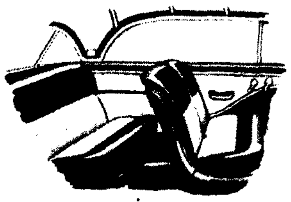


Styling that sets the standard



Spacious and splendid color-matched interiors

Colors are bright, lovely and long lasting . . . 26 single-tone and two-tone combinations in all.

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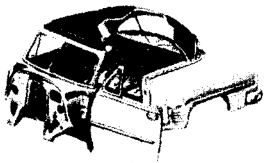
Safety *Plate* Glass in windshield and all windows gives you a clearer, sharper view of road and scenery . . . and E-Z-Eye *Plate* glass with the shaded windshield, optional at extra cost, cuts down glare and heat.

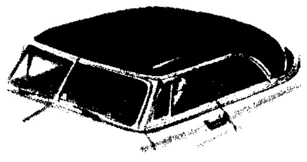
Moreover, Chevrolet's famous Body by Fisher *stays* beautiful and provides the maximum in comfort and in safety, mile after mile, year after year.

You'll find this same solid worth in *every* part of the Chevrolet car, from its velvet-smooth Centerpoise Power to its luxurious Knee-Action Ride, and from its Powerglide* automatic transmission to its extra-safe Jumbo-Drum Brakes, largest in its field.

Yes, you'll know that Chevrolet with *Body by Fisher* sets the standard of quality at low cost, once you have experienced the lasting satisfaction of Chevrolet ownership. Decide to talk it over with your Chevrolet dealer *soon!* Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



Steel-welded-to-steel Unisteel Construction



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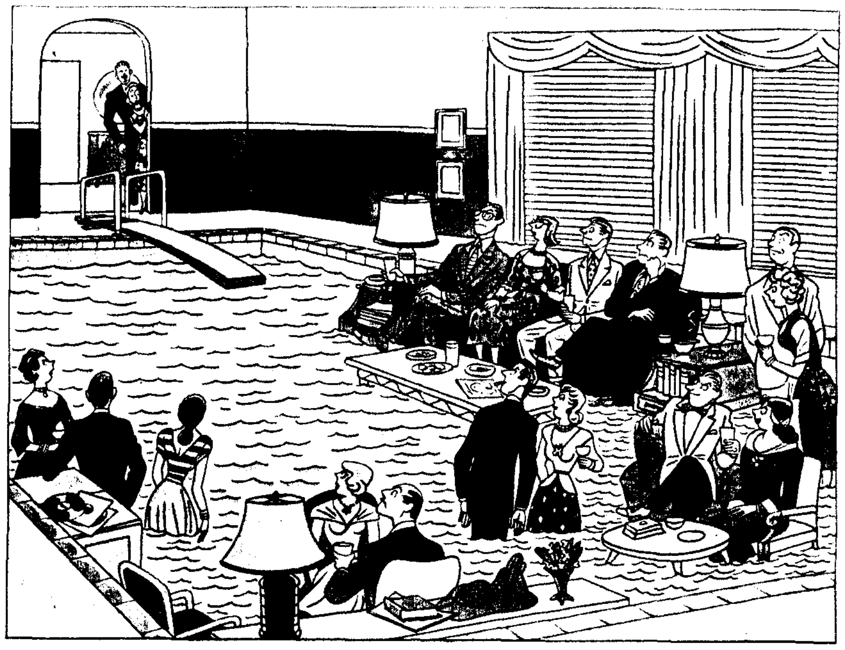
COME AS YOU ARE

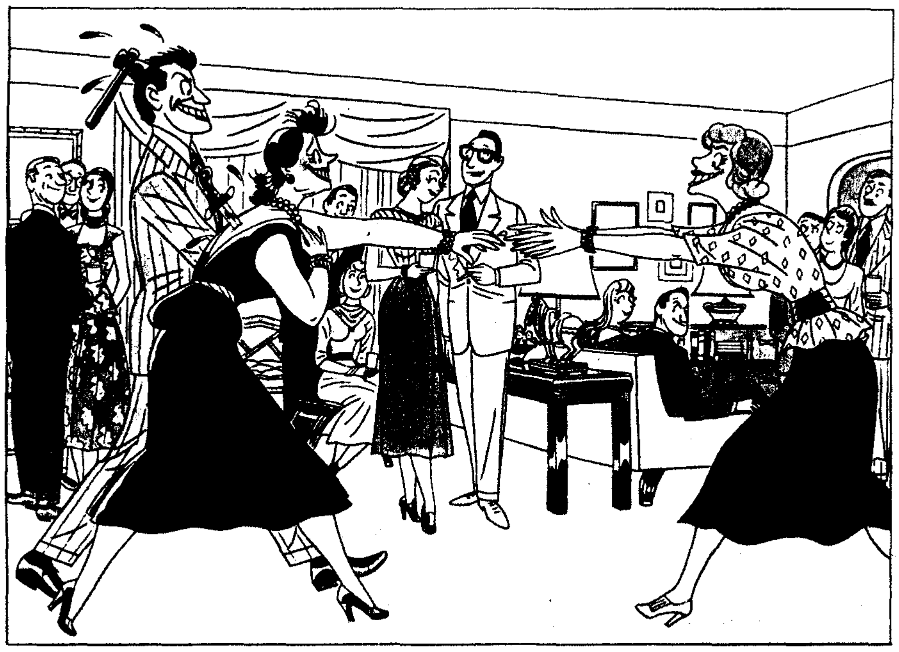
By ABNER DEAN

Ever wonder what you're missing when you pass up a party invitation? Well, you're missing plenty, as the artist shows in these cartoons from his new book. Simon & Schuster will publish it October 10th



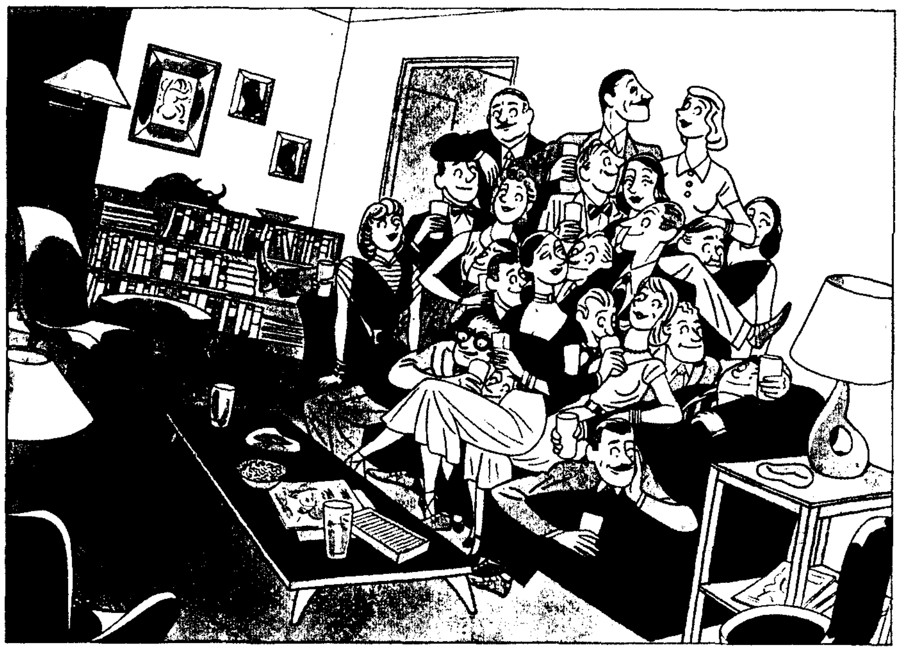
THE ROOMFUL OF STRANGERS

Lesson for amateurs: Close your eyes (sometimes you'll have to hold your nose too) and take the plunge. It's not cold



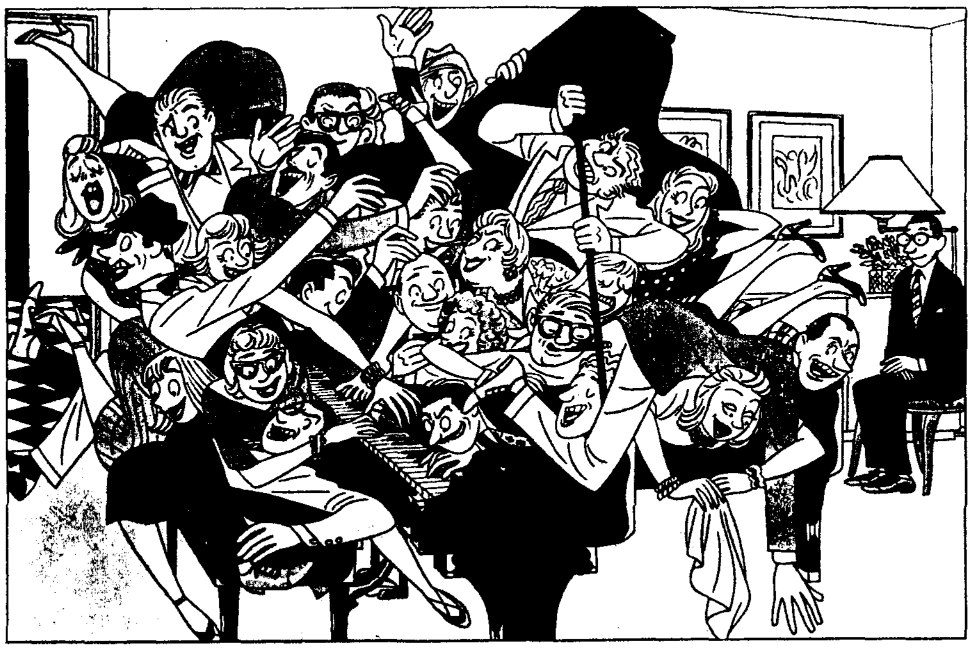
SO GLAD YOU COULD COME

"Were your ears burning? We've just been talking about you wonderful people." (They came to the party in self-defense)



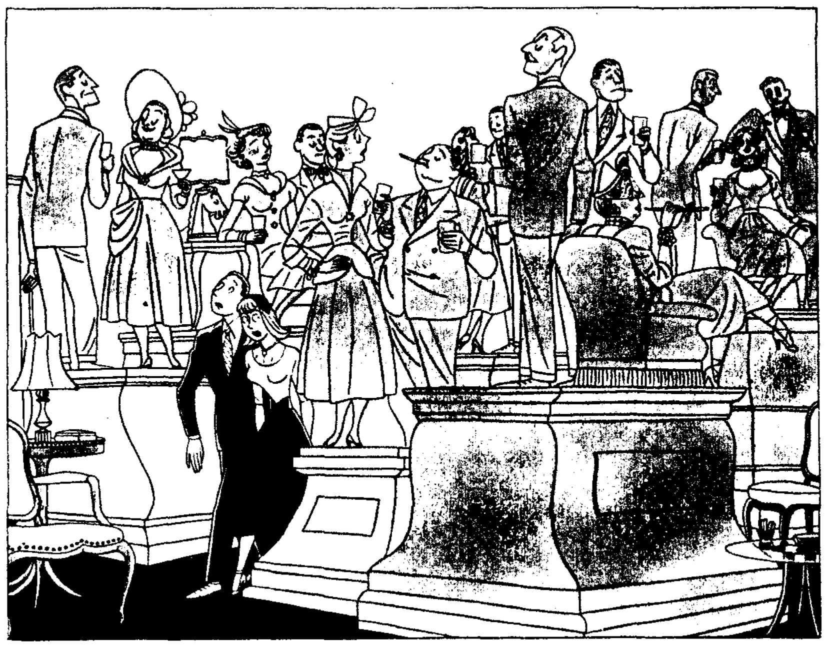
THE MYSTERIOUS MAGNETIC PULL

Some parties never start moving and it takes a hostess with a talent for traffic control to distribute a roomful of people



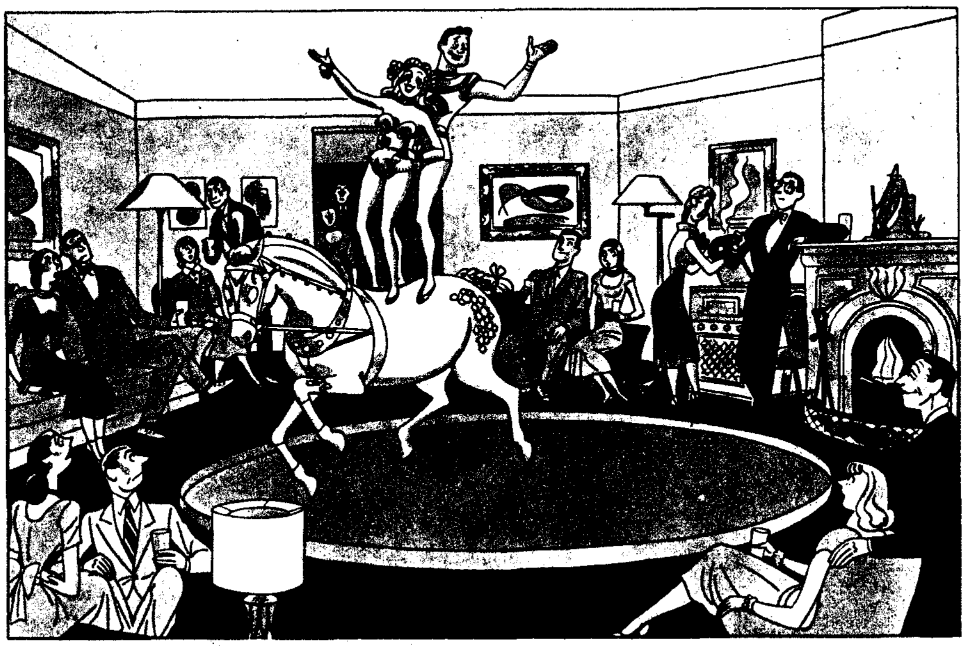
AN EVENING OF EGOMANIA

Everyone's on, and the night air is full of the scent of ham



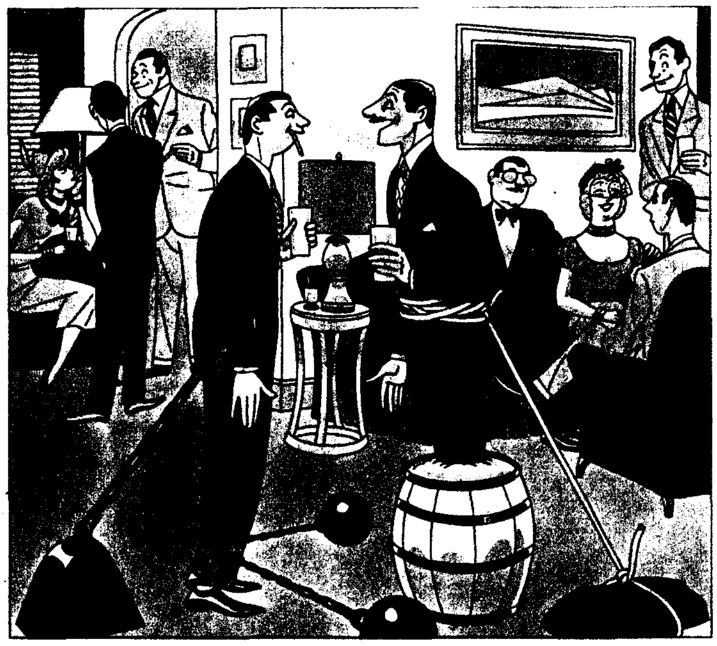
THE ROOMFUL OF IMPORTANT PEOPLE

No one knows it yet, but those pedestals are collapsible



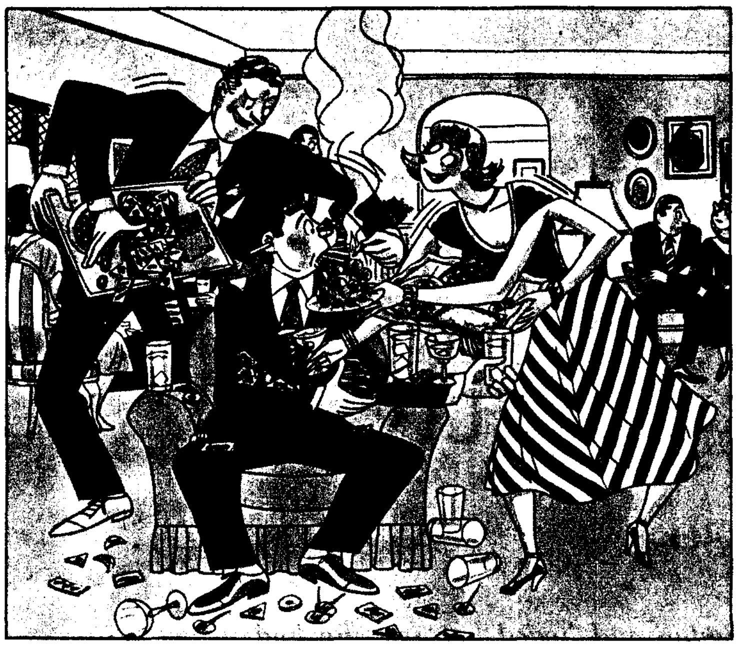
THE FASCINATING NEW COUPLE

Their act is very special until their tinsel wears off. It usually takes three parties before they take a bad tumble



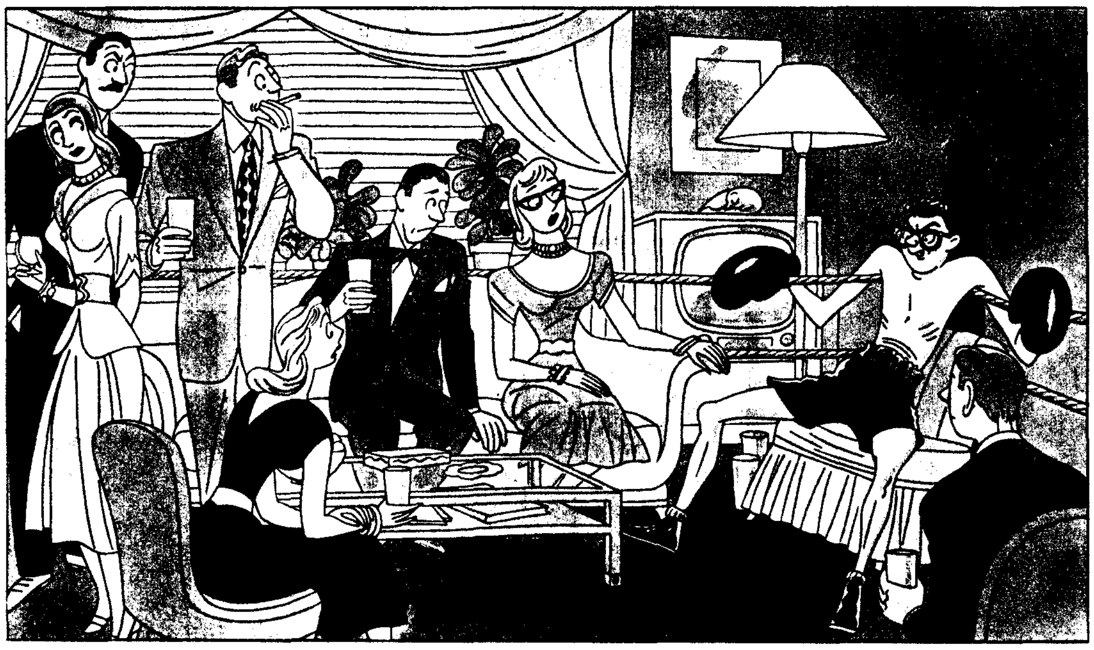
ACCIDENTAL REUNION

They draw a blank on long-forgotten salad days. Lunch or something . . . call you . . . in the book



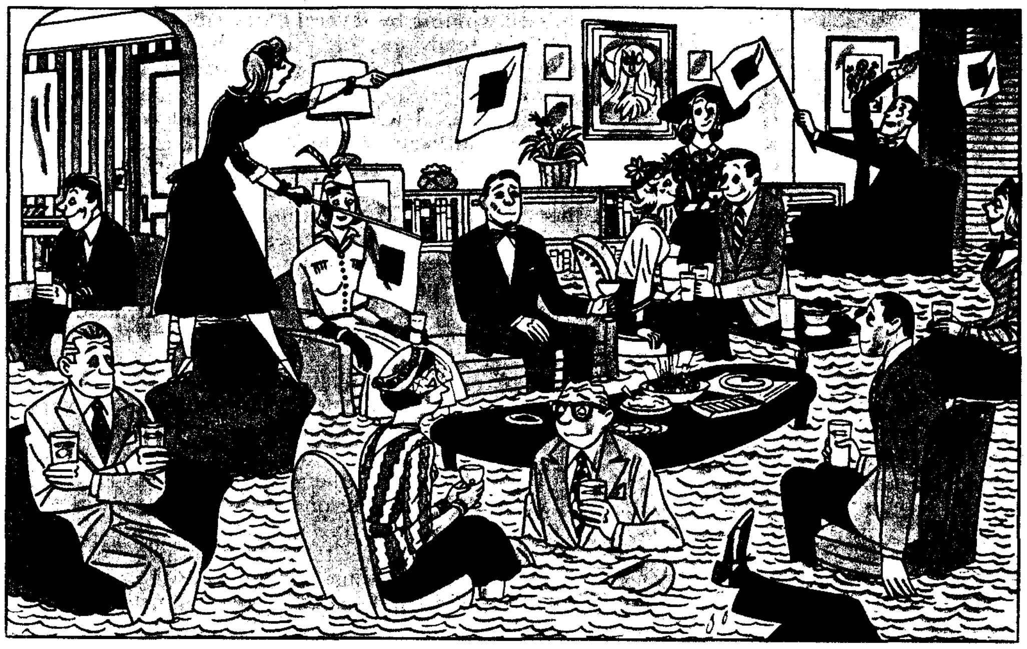
THE ABUNDANCE THAT IS DEDUCTIBLE

Eat, eat, eat . . . or they'll be living on appetizers for the next three days. You'll be living on bicarb



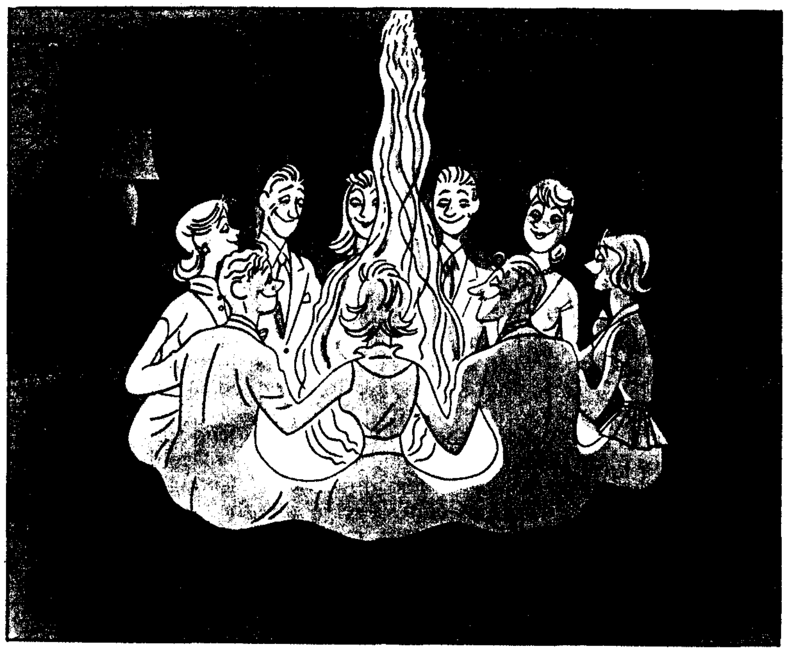
KID "PARTY-KILLER"

Note for hosts: A little man with a big opinion can ruin a party. His record: 283 parties KO'd. He's always out of his weight class



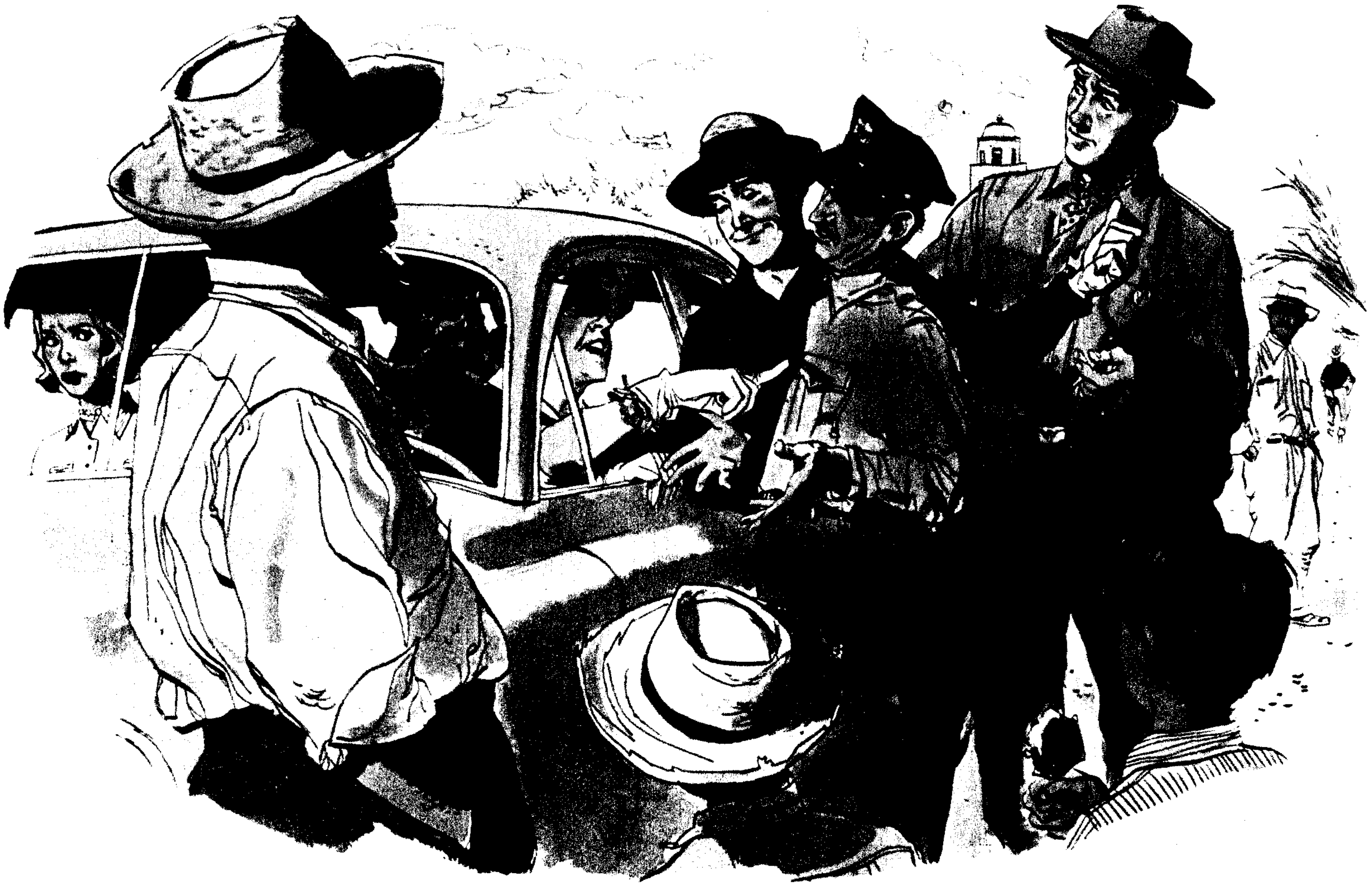
PRELUDE TO A HANG-OVER

Couples should agree on signals. "Let's get out of here, darling"



AFTER THE OTHERS HAVE LEFT

Late, intimate and cozy. How did we get so wonderful?



The two women had some kind of a grudge against Mexico, and they were taking it out on poor Juan Garza

Born to Pick Cotton

By DILLON ANDERSON

The minute I laid eyes on that handsome lady in the shiny sedan and heard her say she had to get to Mexico City in a hurry, I knew it was time for I and Claudie to be bonded Mexican guides

IN THE Bible, from the way it speaks of an ox in the ditch, the big deal is to get him out—even on a Sunday, and it wouldn't be any sin. But Claudie is like an ox in the ditch that would just as soon stay there, and I can prove it.

Take that time in Laredo, Texas, when, betwixt the two of us, I and Claudie had made forty dollars in one day. Election Day, it was, and we'd made the money driving a truck for Pancho Fox, a sort of political *jefe* down in the Texas border country. All we had to do was round up stray Mexican wetbacks and deliver them for two bits a head at the courthouse to be voted by Pancho Fox. And after the voters were turned loose, we'd take them back to where we'd found them for a nickel or a dime apiece—or for nothing at all if they were broke, since chances were they'd be ready then to make another trip to the courthouse to be voted again by Pancho Fox.

That night, across the Rio Grande in Nuevo Laredo, I and Claudie had dinners and plenty of cold Mexican beer to wash them down with. Enough, all told, to lift a tired man's eyes above the world of strict rules and hard work and up toward some of the finer things in life. But not Claudie; he hadn't even wanted to cross the Mexican border in the first place. He'd just wanted to get our old car fixed in Laredo and drive on down the Rio Grande to Brownsville, Texas, where the cotton-picking season was going full blast.

"It ain't over two hundred miles, Clint," he said. "Let's us go to Brownsville while we've got enough money to make it. I expect I must have been born to pick cotton."

"Listen, Claudie," I said, "how would you like to have twenty-five thousand pesos?"

"How much is that in money?" he wanted to know.

"Several thousand dollars, anyhow. For fifteen dollars," I explained, "I can buy a lottery ticket that we could win twenty-five thousand pesos with, and—"

"If you don't lose," Claudie butted in, always seeing the black side of things.

"And if I win," I went on, "I'll figure exactly how much it's worth in cash. If I don't win, it don't matter."

Instead of waiting for this to soak in on Claudie, I went on over to the bartender, paid my money, and got myself a lottery ticket for the next drawing. Then I found that the shriveled little Mexican at the table next to ours spoke pretty fair English, so I contacted him. He turned out to be Juan Garza, the customs man at Nuevo Laredo, and I bought him some beer, figuring a little pull with the Mexican government wouldn't do any harm to a careful American investor down there. When I make a move like that, you can see I don't leave anything undone.

Early in the morning a couple of days later, I and Claudie were standing by the butcher-shop billboard there in Nuevo Laredo when they posted up the winning lottery numbers, and Claudie seemed almost glad, I thought, when my number missed winning by several thousand.

"You really lost big," was what he said as he sniggered and shooed a green horsefly away from one ear.

"Claudie," I told him, "we've had two hopeful days. That beats picking cotton."

"Uh-huh," was all Claudie could think to say.

"You can have the losing lottery ticket to remember Mexico by," I told him.

He stuck it down in his jeans and said, "But now let's us go to Brownsville. I've still got enough money left for gas and oil."

"Later on, maybe," I answered. "But, first, I'm going by the customhouse and tell my friend Juan Garza good-by."

That turned out to be the best idea I'd had in days, since we found Juan had himself a problem on his hands he couldn't begin to handle without help.

I sized things up, the way I always do before I make a move. There on the street in front of the customhouse was a big yellow sedan with a New York license, and in the back seat two big, ugly bulldogs were barking and showing their teeth at Juan. In the front seat were two women that had some kind of a grudge against Mexico, and they were taking it out on poor Juan Garza in stout, blunt English—but one of them had a broken accent, at that. She was a young blonde with a high

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

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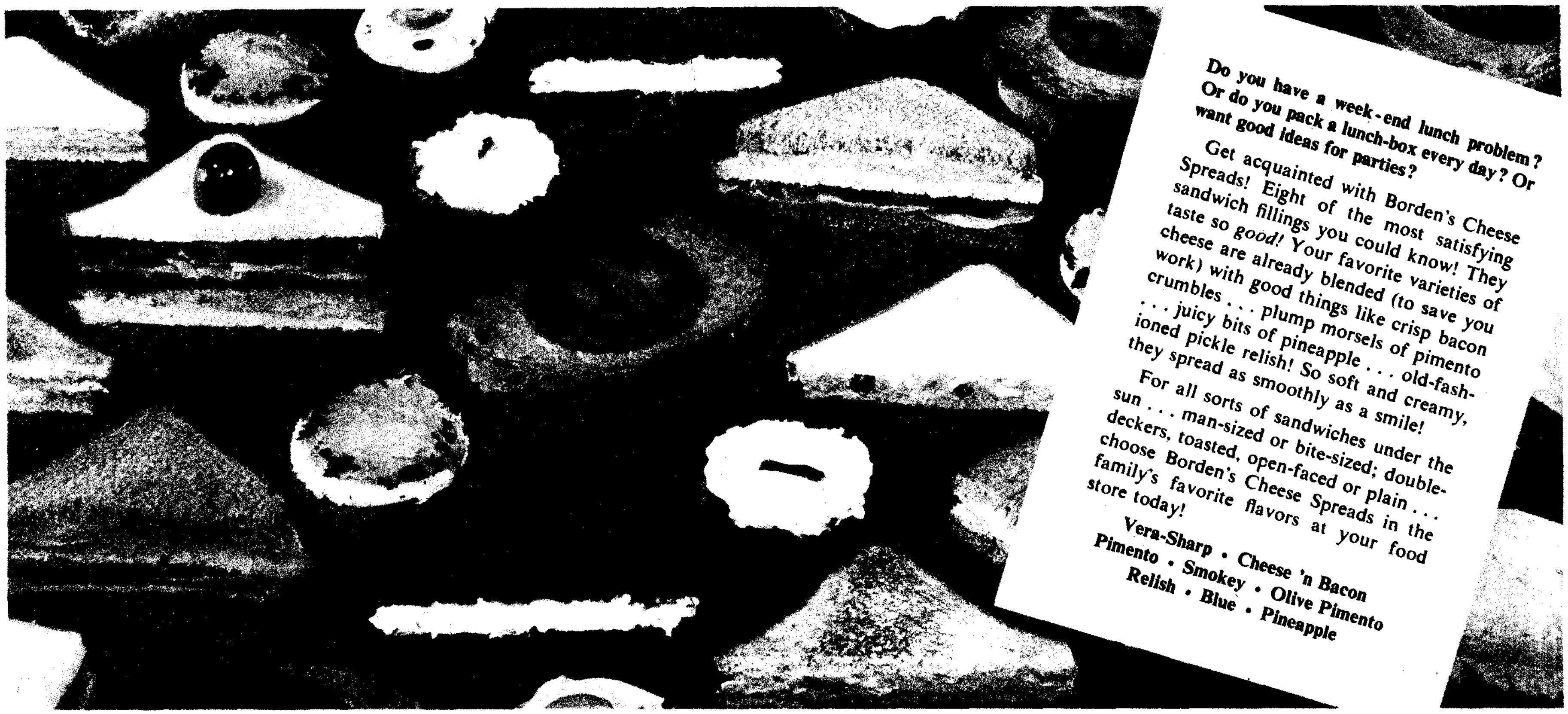

Do you have a week-end lunch problem? Or do you pack a lunch-box every day? Or want good ideas for parties?

Get acquainted with Borden's Cheese Spreads! Eight of the most satisfying sandwich fillings you could know! They taste so *good!* Your favorite varieties of cheese are already blended (to save you work) with good things like crisp bacon crumbles . . . plump morsels of pimento . . . juicy bits of pineapple . . . old-fashioned pickle relish! So soft and creamy, they spread as smoothly as a smile!

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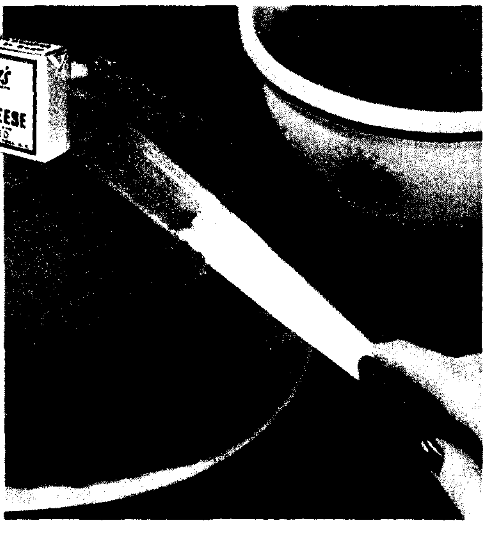

LIEDERKRANZ

Elmer's Corner for MEN—

A suggestion about Liederkranz

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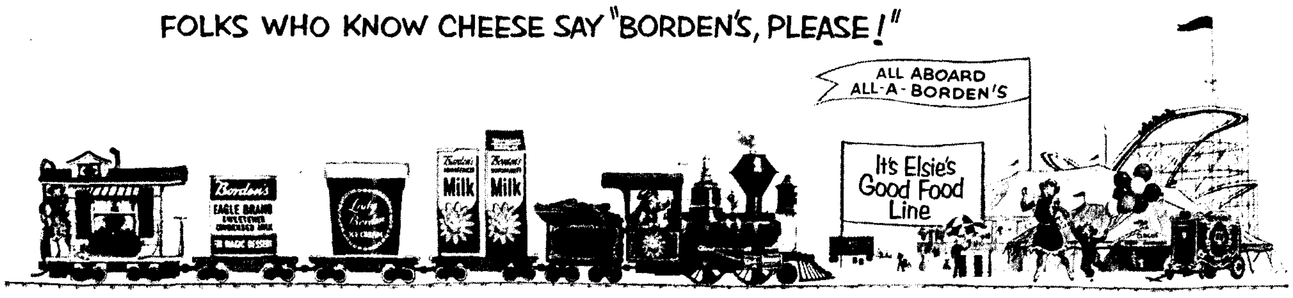
So may we suggest, sir, that you remind her . . . prod her . . . *beg* her to put Liederkranz on her shopping list? If all else fails, that you make a special trip to the food store yourself for this noble cheese? It's worth it!

Borden's Fine Cheeses

FOLKS WHO KNOW CHEESE SAY "BORDEN'S, PLEASE!"



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forehead, and her hair, the color of goldenrods, grew into a pretty pointed V in front. She was wearing a little bitty red hat held on by a felt ribbon that went down under her chin, and she was so dadgummed mad that a lot of fiery pink color bloomed up in her cheeks and set off her bright blue eyes. Her temper up that way made her take deep breaths too, and every time she did I could see that the buttons down the front of her white silk jacket were hanging on for dear life. The other woman, a busty, square-faced brunette was older; and from the talk I could tell she was the blonde-that-was-so-mad's mother. Madder than a wet hen, too, she was. "But, Señora Glasscock—" Juan would say; then the women and the dogs would let him have it again.

"Imagine!" Mrs. Glasscock was saying out loud as I eased up to the driver's seat where she sat. "Just imagine!" Poor Juan just stood there, swallowing.

"Somebody will hear about this in Washington," she went on, her black eyes blazing. "I know a gentleman who is very high up in the Bureau of Reclamation, and—"

"Hold it, lady," I cut in on her as I took off my hat. "Hold it, please. What's the trouble?"

"I'll tell you what!" the old brunette answered. She spoke smooth and hard like a fellow I'd known once from somewhere in New Jersey. "Gersten is due to open tomorrow night at the Reforma in Mexico City."

"Open what?" I asked.

"Gersten sings. She's the Norwegian Thrush; you must have heard of her. But we'll never make it this way."

"Why not, ma'am?" I asked.

"It's nearly nine o'clock already," Mrs. Glasscock went on, "and we can't make it unless we leave right away. It's a long two days' drive. We've got our passports, our automobile certificate, and everything else in order. They told us in New York—they told us positively—there'd be bonded Mexican guides to drive us from here to Mexico City. But now this nincompoop says there are no guides today." She snorted and glared at Juan Garza, who seemed to shrivel.

"Ladies," I said, "kindly do not speak unkindly to my old friend Juan Garza any more. I and my associate here will have you in Mexico City in plenty of time to sing." I pointed to Claudie, who looked like he might break and run.

"You don't sound like any Mexican to me," Mrs. Glasscock stated, and she was blunt.

"Are you holding it against me that I speak such good English?" I asked. "Do you want us or not, ma'am?"

"I guess we've got to," she answered; so I turned and said, "Come along, Claudio. We have some business with Juan Garza."

INSIDE the customhouse I spoke to Juan. "I guess you noticed, Juan, how I took up for you. Personally."

"Si, señor," Juan's grin showed wrinkles and relief all over his leathery face. *"Muchas gracias."*

"Now, Juan," I said, "we might need a little help from you. In the first place, we need a good Mexican guidebook."

"Next door." Juan pointed, and I sent Claudie to buy it. "Get a good one, Claudie; we're going to be bonded guides and we've got an awful lot to learn."

"Now, Juan—" I turned to him and said; then I noticed that Claudie had not left to buy the guidebook. "Go ahead, Claudie," I told him. "Don't just stand there like a fence post. We've got no time for you to piddle around."

"We can't speak no Mexican. How do we get to be bonded guides?" said old ironhead.

"That's why I sent you to get us a guidebook, damn it. All we'll need to know will be right there in the book."

"Then how do we get bonded?"

SYMBOL OF SERVICE

Claudie asked without moving a peg, and I couldn't tell when I'd been more disgusted with the big burly goof in my whole life. About this time the car horn started honking, and this set the dogs to barking out in front. Juan Garza turned the color of an old Chinaman that is about to be sick.

"Just a minute, Mrs. Glasscock," I hollered from the customhouse door. "There is some official business we haven't quite tended to yet." Then I turned back to Juan and asked him how long it took to get bonded.

"Dos semanas, o tres," he said. "Two weeks—sometimes longer. Costs one thousand pesos, but first guides have to fill out forms and send to government. Like these." While Juan was showing me the long folded sheets with a lot of Spanish in fine print, I saw that the blanks were already filled in. Also I saw clipped to them little square papers all covered with signatures, seals and ribbons.

"What are these, Juan?" I asked him as I unclipped one of the squares.

"Bonds for guides; my friends Erasmo Rodriguez, Guillermo Guiterrez and Ricardo Lopez."

"What are you doing with them here?"

"I keep bonds until guides come back from cotton-picking season in Brownsville," Juan explained.

"We don't want to borrow but two of these nice bonds, Juan," I told him. "We'll hand them to you just as soon as we get back."

"But, *señor*—" Juan sounded pretty stubborn, but I noticed that Claudie was leaving to go for the guidebook.

"Juan," I said, as the bulldogs kept barking outside, "are you ready to tell those ladies they can't have bonded guides?"

Juan wasn't, but he wasn't quite ready to lend me the bonds either. Safe inside the customhouse he wasn't ready to do anything until I left him all the money I had on me—three dollars and a quarter—as security for two of the bonds I borrowed.

WHEN Claudie came back, I handed him one of the bonds while I took a fast look at the guidebook he'd bought. I saw it was a very cheap, paper-backed job, but there was no time to send him back for another one. On the folding map in the back I found the highway we'd follow straight to Ciudad Victoria, then to Mexico City.

At first Claudie was a little balky about getting into the back seat with Mrs. Glasscock and the bulldogs, but I took over and explained to the ladies that I was the one that did the driving while Claudio was a sort of mechanic that fixed flat tires and fought off bandits.

Then I climbed into the driver's seat and kept talking. "I think you'd better let Gersten sit up in the front with me, Mrs. Glasscock. I will tell her how the Mexicans like their singing done. Claudio don't speak as good English as I do." It worked, and as I drove off, Gersten looked at her watch and said it was after nine thirty already; how far to the next town?

"Two hundred and forty miles to Monterrey. Right down the Pan-American Highway," I yelled loud enough for Mrs. Glasscock to hear. It was fresh in my mind from the road map.

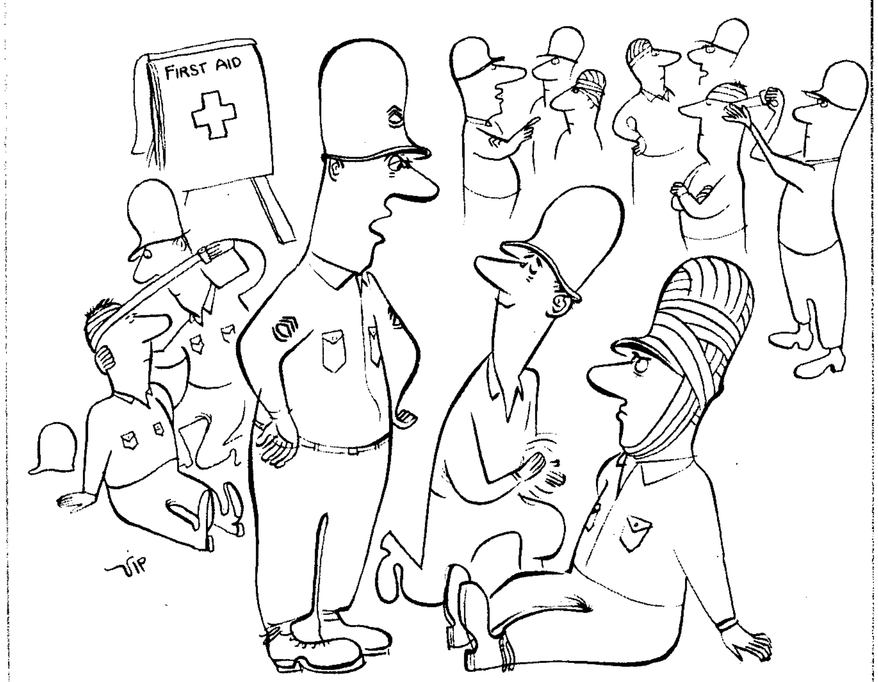
"Very good, driver," Mrs. Glasscock said.

"A bonded guide is never called 'driver,' " I stated. "You ladies might not be able to pronounce my whole name, but you can call me Clint for short."

"What's that? Clint? That's not a Mexican name!" the old brunette's voice sprung at me from the back seat; then she said, "Driver, let me see your bond," and she said it the way they say, "Halt, who goes there?"

"Under the rules, lady, guides are not

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Oh, the bandage job is *fine*, Norton, but . . ." VIRGIL PARTCH

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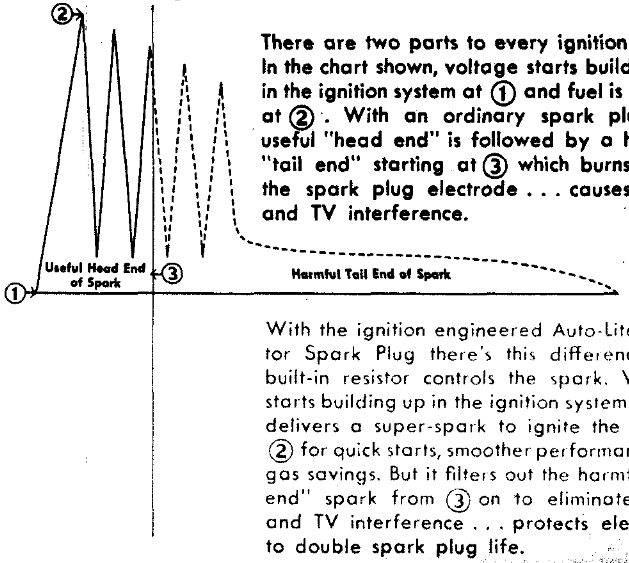

There are two parts to every ignition spark. In the chart shown, voltage starts building up in the ignition system at ① and fuel is ignited at ②. With an ordinary spark plug this useful "head end" is followed by a harmful "tail end" starting at ③ which burns away the spark plug electrode . . . causes radio and TV interference.

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supposed to let the bonds out of their possession. But I'll let Gersten see mine." I pulled it out of my pocket and held it up before the beautiful Norwegian Thrush. She looked it over and spoke in such a sweet, silky, Norwegian accent that it was like violin music played at sundown. What she said was: "The name is a long, complicated Spanish name, Mother. I like Clint better."

At this she turned a nice Norwegian smile on me, and I said in a very sincere way, "Thank you, Gersten." She looked so pretty that I almost didn't see some Mexican soldiers that were waving us down. *Inspección Aduanal* the sign there said, and I was not ready for it, whatever it was. But it turned out they only wanted to see the Mexican certificate on the car, and they asked for it in plain English. Mrs. Glasscock had it, so we showed it and drove off. But I told the ladies I'd better keep it from there on.

GERSTEN soon brought up the subject that got me in the front seat in the first place; she wanted to know more about the way Mexicans liked their singing, so I told her. "Well, it's like this, Gersten: they don't like it too low, and they don't like it too loud. They like it sung pretty fast, too, but not too fast. I don't mean, though, that they like it sung real slow. Want to try one?"

Gersten blushed, and said she'd feel silly singing in a car, but I told her to go right ahead, she was among real friends. So she sang a song called La Paloma, one she'd learned especially for the Mexican trade. The song was so dadburned pretty that as I listened it was like cranking my liver and lights through a clothes wringer. When she finished, I said, "Gersten, you haven't got a thing to worry about in Mexico. They'll take on over you at the Reforma." Gersten patted my knee, put a wide, fond smile on me and said, "You're sweet to say so." About this time I looked in the rearview mirror and saw that Mrs. Glasscock was asleep and Claudie was holding the dogs' collars, one in each hand. He looked pretty miserable, I thought, but the dogs looked fine.

We got to Monterrey in a little less than three hours and pulled up in front of the Gran Hotel Ancira at twelve thirty noon. Mrs. Glasscock, wide awake by this time, asked me in a very accusing way, "How far did you say Monterrey was, driver?"

"Ma'am," I said, reaching for the road map. I knew we'd never hit eighty; still we'd done the two hundred and forty miles in under three hours, and I was about ready to burn up that cheap guidebook Claudie had bought.

"The distance!" she said. "I thought you told us it was two hundred and forty miles to Monterrey."

"We have made good time," I admitted. Claudie tried to help, and said, "Time shore does pass slow in Mexico." Then I found what I was looking for in the guidebook. "Distances," it said, "are shown in kilometers, except where otherwise indicated."

"One of you men can come in the hotel and order the food for us," Mrs. Glasscock stated. "We can't speak a word of Spanish."

Just in time I saw a sign that said: *English spoken in hotel café.* So I told Mrs. Glasscock to go right on in. "English," I said, "is spoken in hotel café."

After I and Claudie had eaten close by and fed the dogs, I tore the guidebook in two and told him to go to work on his part while I studied the rest. "Dig out some dope on this country fast, Claudie," I told him. "A bonded guide has to know all about Mexico." I kept the part with the road map folded in it and found the highway from Monterrey to Ciudad Victoria right off.

We pulled out of Monterrey at two o'clock. We traveled in coarse, rocky country with nothing growing but weeds, cactus and other thorny things. We'd been going for nearly an hour when Claudie started talking. I'd never heard him put so many words together before. I rolled up the car window so I could hear better, and what I heard was: "Ah, magic Mexico! Land of variety! Land of breath-taking beauty! From the moment the traveler crosses the sleepy waters of the Rio Grande his pulse will quicken to the spell—the spell—" And there Claudie bogged down.

I knew it had been too good. It was more than Claudie could possibly have memorized. Then, in the rearview mirror I saw that he was looking at the first page of the guidebook, trying to find his place. Finally he went on: "quicken to the spell of this quaint and ancient land. From palm-dotted shores to lofty snow-covered peaks, the variety of scene never ends. Weird shapes of shrub and cactus grace the landscape." Except Claudie called it "landscrape."

I noticed Mrs. Glasscock was looking out of the window at some buzzards circling in the sky, but Claudie went right on, looking, as he read, like someone breaking in a pair of new shoes. By this time he was following the lines with his finger. "On the central tableland the climate is mild. It varies but little the year round, as shown by the tables in Figure 1." In the mirror I saw Claudie close the guidebook like a preacher that's read today's text, so I opened the window again.

By this time I'd worked up a considerable personal interest in Gersten, anyway. I'd found that she was a girl with a very sweet nature to go along with her lovely voice and face and everything. She told me all about her early life in Chicago, Illinois, before she'd joined an orchestra and gone to Norway on a ship that took people for Scandinavian cruises. She sang blues songs with the orchestra, she explained, until the orchestra leader's wife took a shot at her in Oslo. That annoyed Gersten very much, she said; so she quit.

I told her I didn't blame her at all, and she went on to say that she liked Oslo so much that she didn't come back to the United States until she'd picked up a good stiff Norwegian accent. Gersten, the Norwegian Thrush, was only her stage name, she said.

"What's your real name, Gersten?" I asked.

"Bridget," she said, "Bridget Amelia Glasscock. That was my maiden name, and I always get it restored."

"Well, Gersten, if it's all the same with you, I'd like to keep on calling you Gersten. I've got so used to it already," I told her, looking right into her pretty blue eyes. She looked right back at me too, as she did many a time that afternoon on the road south from Monterrey.

It was nearly dark when we got to Ciudad Victoria. We found the Sierra Gorda Hotel, the one that had the biggest ad in the guidebook, and we left the ladies there. I and Claudie slept in the car with the dogs.

THE next morning it was pouring down rain from low, slaty clouds—the kind where a man that's studied weather the way I have could tell the rain had set in for a spell. I and Claudie were due to call for the ladies in front of the Sierra Gorda Hotel at eight sharp, but a few minutes before eight Claudie found something at the filling station that near about set him hog-wild and made us a little late. It was the winning lottery numbers for the day, posted on a sheet there next to the gasoline pump, and Claudie found the number of our ticket on it. Twenty-five thousand pesos our ticket had won.

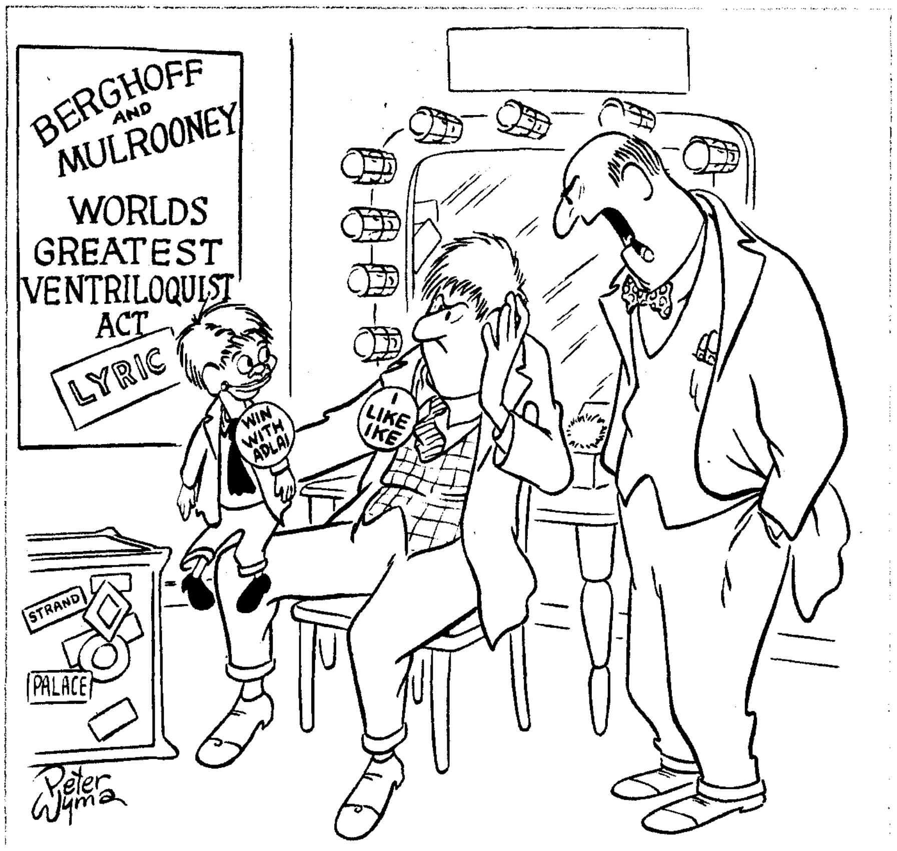
"Take it easy, Claudie," I said, trying to calm him down. "Try and get aholt of yourself. You are running around this filling station like a chicken with its head chopped off. We simply looked on the wrong day in Nuevo Laredo; that's all. No wonder our number missed yesterday by several thousand."

"*Our* number?" Claudie asked. Oh, he really was in a stew and a fret. He left the cap off the gasoline tank and started the car motor with the hood still up. He wanted to hurry and cash in the ticket, but we soon learned we'd have to wait until nine o'clock when the banco next door opened.

"A banco," I explained to Claudie, "is about the same as a bank anywhere else."

We stood in front of the banco until nine, and it took us most of that time to figure out whose lottery ticket the one he had was. Claudie wanted to claim I'd given it to him, but I pointed out that this was pretty unreasonable.

"Who bought it?" I asked. "Who



COLLIER'S "I'll be glad when it's November and you two quit arguing politics!" PETER WYMA

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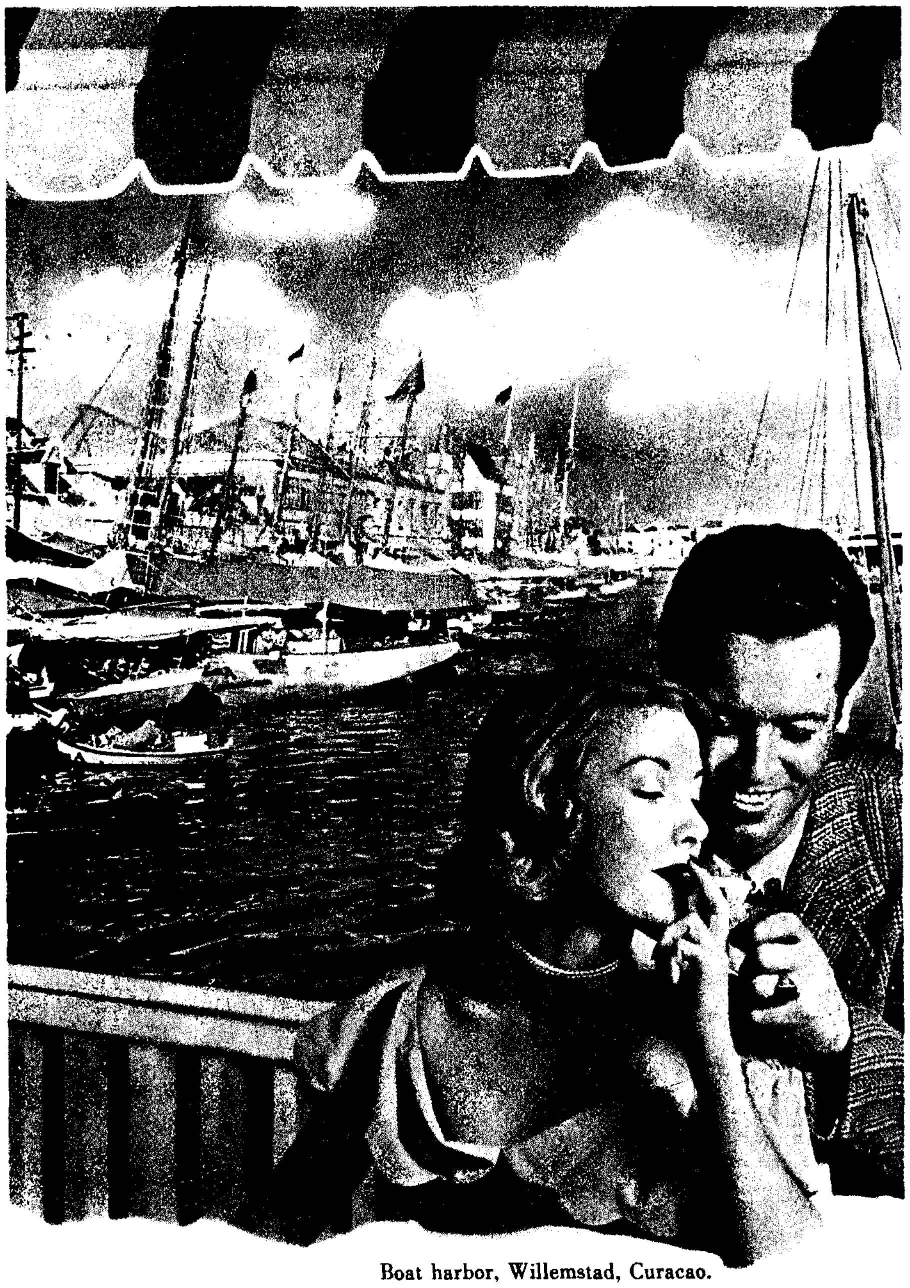

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picked out this winning ticket, Claudie?"

"You did," he admitted, "but—"

"And here we are, about to cash in on it in Victoria, Mexico. Right?"

"That's right," Claudie admitted, but—"

"All right. Where'd we be right now if you'd had your way, Claudie? I'll tell you where: in Brownsville, Texas, picking cotton."

This got him, and so we settled on half his and half mine just before the big whey-bellied umbry came and opened the banco doors. He admitted we had the winning number, but he wouldn't pay off right away. He said it would take an hour or so to prove it wasn't counterfeit. I told him the hell with this; we didn't have any hour or so; we had to be off to Mexico City. In that case, he said, we should go ahead; the tickets were printed in Mexico City, and we could get our pesos quick there.

By this time the word had got around some way, and umbrys hurried up all around us—and little Mexican kids, too, jabbering like a bunch of hawk-scared hens. They wanted tips; and I told Claudie to hurry and turn all the money he had into pesos before the crowd got any bigger. So we bought our way out of the banco crowd, got into the yellow car and headed for the Sierra Gorda Hotel.

"Claudie," I said as we drove off, "We've got the same as twenty-five thousand pesos on you, and in an hour everybody in Victoria will know it's on its way to Mexico City in this car. We can't afford to get robbed."

"Nobody could miss this here yellow car if he wanted to rob us," was the way Claudie cheered me up; then he added, "I believe a robber could see a car this color in the dark."

IN FRONT of the hotel we found Mrs. Glasscock and Gersten sitting on their baggage. Gersten was crying, so I jumped right out of the car and went over to her, since I cannot stand it to see any blonde cry—much less one as pretty as Gersten. Claudie listened up everything Mrs. Glasscock had to say, while I spoke to Gersten.

"We're a little late, Gersten," I told her, patting her hands between mine and watching her tears dry up. "I and Claudio had to go by the banco, but you'll still sing tonight at the Reforma. You can count on that."

It was plain that Gersten was glad to see me; and Mrs. Glasscock, from what she said, was getting satisfied to see the bulldogs and the car not run off somewhere with. I was about to get back into the driver's seat when Mrs. Glasscock spoke out. "I didn't like the way you drove yesterday. You didn't keep your eyes on the road. I believe I'd like for Claudio to drive."

"But, Mrs. Glasscock—" I said.

"Claudio will drive," she stated.

"But Claudio hardly knows the roads like I do," I told her.

"I'm not sure either one of you can find the right way out of Victoria," Mrs. Glasscock stated in a way that stung my pride some. But I was on solid ground here, as I knew the road map by heart, so I said, "Listen, madam, two highways come into Victoria from the north—the one we traveled and the one from Brownsville—but only one goes out, and that's the one to Mexico City."

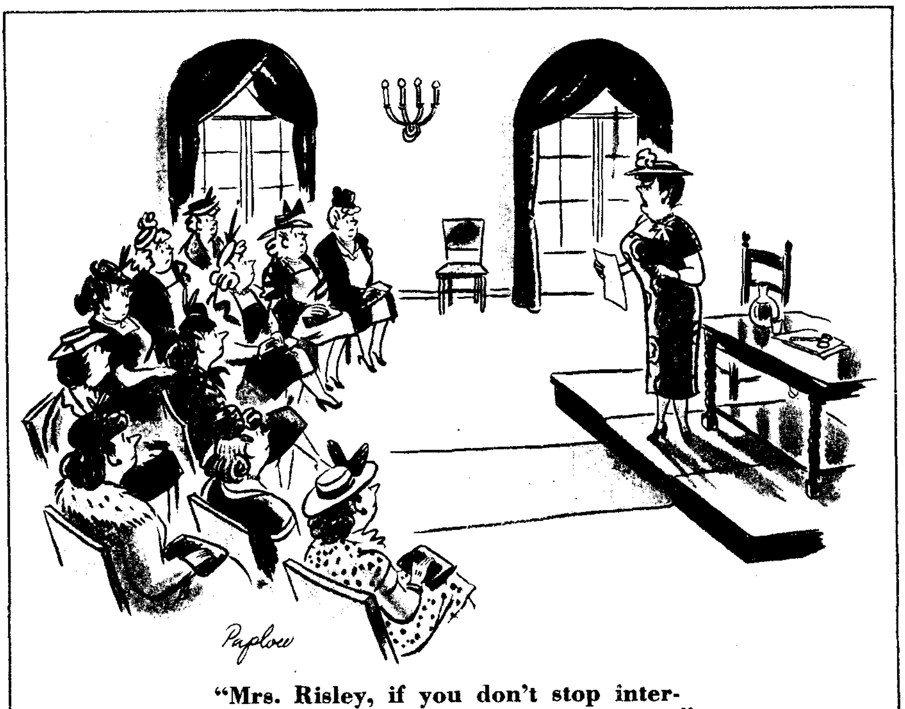
"Very well," she said. "Driving is your department, but where we sit is not. Claudio and Gersten will sit in the rear seat, and I will sit in front with you."

NOW here is where something happened that I will not blame you if you do not believe, for I hardly believed it myself until we were on the road several miles out of Victoria. Gersten said, "No, Mother. You know you are always more comfortable in the rear seat. Besides"—and at this Gersten gave me a sweet little sideways look out of her eyes—"besides, I want to ride in front with Clint." I watched the old lady bristle and then give in as she saw that Gersten—the one, after all, that was going to sing that night—had meant every word of what she'd said.

We stopped twice that morning in the pouring rain to get gasoline. I tried to find the names of both towns on our map, but they weren't even shown—or if they were, they weren't spelled right. I was pretty busy, anyhow, since each time we stopped I really put out the talk I'd picked up in the guidebook. I knew it wouldn't do for the ladies to hear either one of us try to order gasoline.

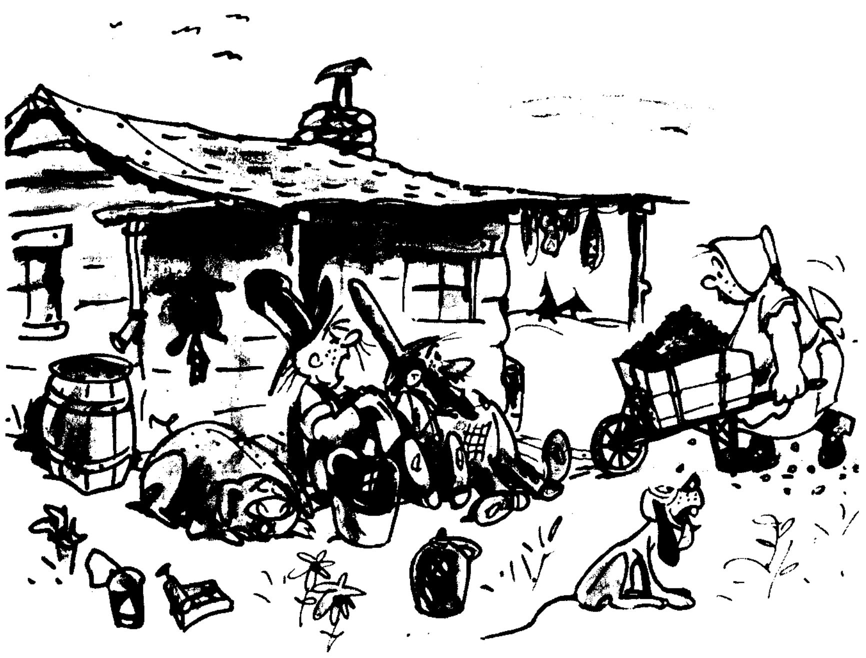
I could tell I had Gersten in a very admiring frame of mind with the way I'd pronounce the mountain called Ixtacihuatl, the state of Tlaxcala and some other hard ones. Meanwhile, Claudie would take the gas cap off and tell the Mexican filling-station people by sign language and every other way he could that we wanted the car filled up. "Are we serviced, Claudio?" I'd ask him; he'd nod his head and answer, *"Si"*; then we'd be off. Did I mention that in Victoria I'd taught Claudie to say *"si!"* when he meant "yes"?

Along about noon we crossed a wide, muddy river on a ferryboat. The rain was still coming down so hard that we couldn't see the far bank when we



COLLIER'S "Mrs. Risley, if you don't stop interrupting, I'll put you on a committee" BOB PAPLOW

KENNESAW



"Bessie says dirt floors is old-fashioned.
So she's puttin' in wall-to-wall gravel"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

started, and Gersten seemed a little scared as we pulled out of the slip into the current. Scared that way, she was even prettier than when she'd been mad. Her hand was there on the seat between us, so I reached over to pat it and make her feel better. This was when she took my hand and squeezed it and said, "I feel ever so safe with you, Clint." Just like that. Right then I could have swum the river with any sort of an excuse at all.

WHEN we reached the far side of the river, I got out the guidebook map to see if there wasn't another river or so before we got to Mexico City. I could have used several like the one we were crossing, I figured. But the map didn't show rivers. I was about fed up with that cheap guidebook map, anyway, so I turned back to Claudie and said: "Claudio, when you bought this map I hope you got back all the change you had coming to you."

"I do too," Claudie answered. Then he went on, the way he sometimes will when he's brought in on things by being spoken to. He said he was pretty hungry.

"I'm sure we have no time to waste with eating," Mrs. Glasscock put in. "Isn't that right, driver?"

"In Mexico," I had to tell her again, "a bonded guide is not called 'driver.' But I'm afraid you're right. We'd better keep driving." I didn't know how many miles—or kilometers—the river was from Mexico City; the guidebook was no help on that. Also I did not wish to waste any time in getting Gersten to Mexico City to sing and that lottery ticket there to be cashed.

No food made the bulldogs pretty fractious, though, and the old brunette got downright grouchy herself on an empty stomach and the rain pouring down and all. She kept harping on something that wasn't bothering me a bit. She felt the mountains should be higher and the roads steeper.

"Mrs. Glasscock," I finally said, "the Lord made Mexico the way it is. A bonded guide cannot do much about it."

Claudie tried to unruffle her feelings. "The map does show big mountains between Victoria and Mexico City," he blurted out, just as I was fighting my way over a muddy detour.

"Listen, son," I said, "don't bother me any more. Can't you see I'm a busy man?"

I'd been expecting the mountains the road map showed, but either it was wrong again or I was getting used to mountain driving; I couldn't tell, and I didn't care much. I was Mexico City bound, hungry but happy with Gersten edging over toward me a little closer the farther along we went in the pouring rain.

Once, she gave me such a nice long look that I had to look at her too, and when I glanced back at the road, it was not the road I saw exactly. We had edged down into the ditch on one side of the road, into the red rocks and rank weeds, that is; and the noise of the rocks against the bottom of the car was like hail on a tin roof, only a lot louder. That started the dogs to barking; and by the time I managed to get the car stopped, Mrs. Glasscock herself was saying some things I knew she'd be sorry for later. It turned out that she had been dozing a little when we left the road, and she couldn't get it out of her head at first that we hadn't had an awful wreck of some kind.

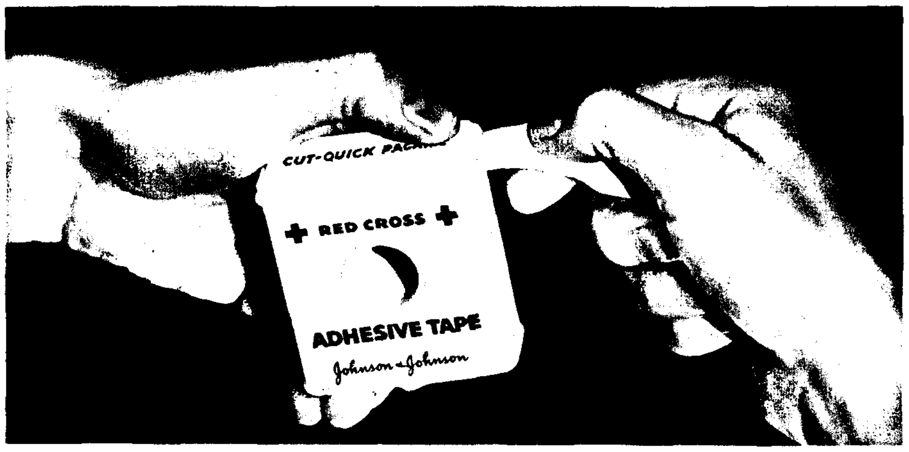
"Nothing of the sort, Mrs. Glasscock," I said. "All Claudio has to do is move a few of these rocks in front of the car and we'll be on the road and traveling again in a jiffy." But what I was really thinking about was that twenty-five-thousand-peso lottery ticket. I knew we'd be a pretty easy mark for robbers, stuck there in the ditch with a lot of big rocks out in front of the yellow car.

BEFORE Claudie could get himself together and go to work on the rocks, the Mexicans came. I saw their car parked on the road above us, then I saw them coming down into the ditch where we were—three very hard, bristly looking Mexicans, and I knew there was no future for us with them. Even if they wanted to help, there wasn't one chance in forty they'd have said it in English, and I was not ready for Gersten and her mother to hear us try to talk Spanish. But as the Mexicans got closer to the car, they looked less and less like Mexicans that wanted to help.

"Robbers," I turned and said to the back seat. "Bandits. Hide your purses *and things—and things.*" I looked hard at Claudie, sitting there stiff as a poker with a lottery ticket in his pocket that was good for twenty-five thousand pesos. Then I turned back to the Mexicans. They weren't five feet from the car, and

LOOK! The cover does the cutting!

1. Pull out adhesive tape, close cover.



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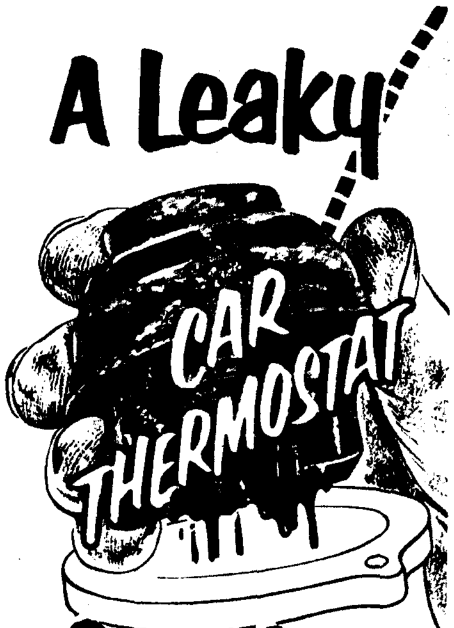

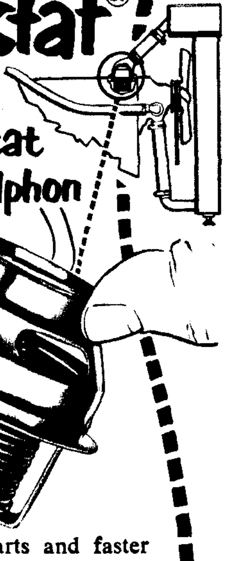

A Leaky Car Thermostat Spoils winter driving

A heater that fails to keep your car comfortably warm is often the result of a dirty, damaged or over-age thermostat that prevents the engine from warming up properly. A faulty thermostat can also cause the engine to over-heat and boil away anti-freeze. In either case, the result is a costly waste of gas and oil.

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the closer they came the rougher they looked. Something had to give somewhere.

All of a sudden, several things happened. Gersten put her arms—soft arms and strong—around my neck and said, "Oh, Clint," in a sweet, scared voice. I turned the switch, gunned the motor and let the clutch out. The yellow car shot forward like a mule colt that's been hit with a bull whip, and we bounded ahead in the rain and over the rocks toward the road. It was rougher than a bucking horse. The bulldogs barked, and the ladies screamed, but Gersten never took her arms away. Finally I fought it back up the bank and onto the smooth road, and we went roaring down the road in the rain.

Gersten didn't say much, but it was enough. "You're wonderful, Clint," she said, and held onto the part of my arm above the elbow where the most muscles are. I couldn't tell when I'd felt so all-fired prosperous or brave in my whole life. I mean I was ready to take over, so I yelled so loud it surprised me, "Everything that's hid, let's leave hid. There might be some other bandits."

It was late in the afternoon when we came on to a stretch where the road was smooth and straight for a long ways, and I knew we were bound to be on the central tableland that Mexico City was in the middle of. "The homestretch, Clint," I said to myself, as I figured we couldn't be more than an hour or two's drive from Mexico City—allowing even for that screwy guidebook map to be wrong again about the distance.

"Claudio," I yelled back at him, "kindly tell Mrs. Glasscock about the central tableland. We're on it, if you've been noticing." But Claudie didn't say a word, and I was about to speak to him again when he leaned forward and whispered, "Them bulldogs has done et up my part of the guidebook, Clint."

THE sky ahead brightened and the rain let up a little as I drove on. And then I saw the outline of a tall steeple ahead of us. Mount Ararat couldn't have looked any prettier to Noah after the flood than that Mexican steeple looked to me after all the rain we'd been through that day.

"Look," I yelled, as electric tingles traveled up and down my spine, "I can see one of the Mexican cathedrals already. Mexico City next stop!"

"It's about time," was all Mrs. Glasscock allowed.

Gersten said again, "Clint, you're wonderful." Then she hummed a little tune, and in the late afternoon light she looked as fresh and soft as a new powder puff.

As we got closer, other buildings and spires showed up through the clearing dusk, and I found the excitement I'd felt was catching, even in the back seat. The bulldogs growled and barked some, and Mrs. Glasscock spoke of how she'd enjoy a warm bath and a bite of Mexican food as soon as they got settled at the Hotel Reforma. For the first time I noticed the old brunette had sort of a nice personality after all, and I said, "I and Claudio do not go to the Reforma often; it's very expensive, but we've made some good lottery deals lately, ladies. Tonight we will go to hear Gersten open at the Reforma." Then I spoke to Gersten too low for it to be heard from the back seat, "And after the show, Gersten, let's us go take in a nice Mexican night club."

"Oh, Clint, " she said, edging over my way in the seat, "I'd love it."

Now, according to Claudie's crummy guidebook there was a lot of altitude around Mexico City that bucks you up and lifts your spirits, and I allowed some for all that in studying the way I felt; but, anyway, sitting there beside the beautiful Norwegian Thrush, I knew I'd never been so high or happy in my whole life, or felt so sorry, either, for poor old Claudie—rich too, as he was that day—riding back there with Mrs. Glasscock and the bulldogs.

Pretty soon, as dusk gathered, we could see a wide spread of lights ahead, and in the middle a heap of bright ones flickered and glowed on the tall buildings. One big neon sign said *Carta Blanca, Cerveza Exquisita;* one said *El Jardín;* and others said other things in Spanish, but I didn't see any sign right away that said Reforma. I told Gersten that *Carta Blanca* was Mexican for beer—something I'd learned from Juan Garza in Nuevo Laredo.

In no time at all we were on the edge of town on a main street with shops and crowds of people all along. I followed this street a mile or more looking for a Reforma sign of some kind until we rolled up in front of a big building with a sign out front that said *Alto* and several Mexican soldiers alongside the sign. They seemed to want us to stop, so I did.

"This may take a little time, Gersten," I said, not knowing what the soldiers wanted but feeling up to it anyhow. Then I got out of the car and spoke to Claudie: "Come, Claudio, let's I and you go inside and deal with these soldiers."

"Very well. This is your department," Mrs. Glasscock stated. "Gersten and I will find our way to the Reforma from here. You can come on later and get your pay." She was out of the car by the time she'd said it. She climbed into the driver's seat quicker'n a flicker; she rattled the gears and drove off while all the Mexican soldiers yelled *"Alto."* Then the Mexicans turned to me and Claudie, and he was so rattled he gave them the only Spanish he'd learned by heart. Claudie said, *"Sí."*

"The automobile certificate," the biggest soldier said. "I must see the automobile certificate."

"Here you are, my good man," I said, handing it to him. "The ladies were in a hurry. Now kindly give me it back, since we're in a hurry ourselves."

"Oh, no; you must turn in the certificate before you leave Matamoras," he argued.

"But—" I said, and I was ready to outtalk him so we could go on to the Reforma where the singing was to be done.

THEN, as my eyes got used to the night I saw the bridge ahead, the river below, and another big sign beyond; also, from the dopey look on the face of my burly cotton-picking friend Claudie, I could tell he'd seen the sign too. It read: *Brownsville, Texas.*

"You must've took the wrong road outa Victoria," Claudie's great brain served up for him to say, and he said it.

"You don't say!" Oh, I can be sarcastic when I want to. "And what other great announcement do you wish to make, Dr. Einstein?"

"Well, it's about them robbers, Clint. When they came, Mrs. Glasscock put her purse down in front between her—"

"Between what, Claudie. Speak up."

"Between her dress and herself, sort of. You know—her bust; and I figured there'd be room for the lottery ticket too. So I asked her to hide it for me."

"Good, Claudie. Very good."

"But," he went on, "I never got it back. I didn't want to tell her what it was, and I hadn't figured out any other way to bring it up. Let's go find Mrs. Glasscock and get it back."

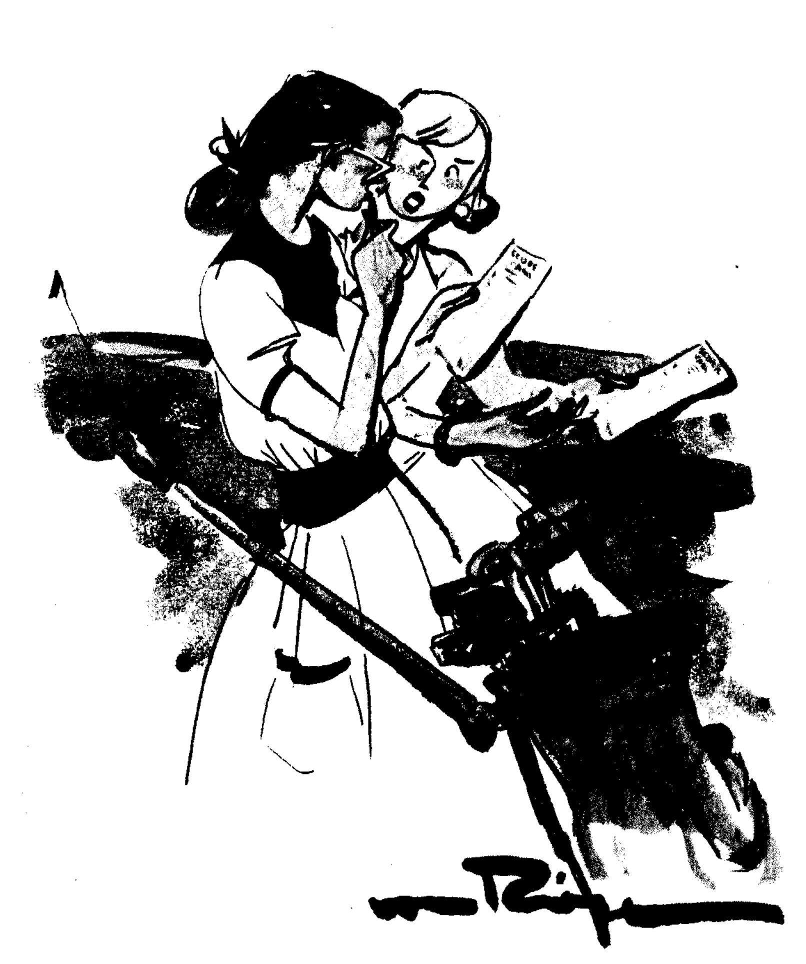
"I wouldn't have the heart, I'm afraid, with Gersten right there and all," I said. "Gersten that will not sing at the Reforma tonight."

"But, Clint—" Claudie started.

"We've had another hopeful day," I went on. "You've got to admit that, Claudie. If we found those women, they'd only spoil it."

"But how about that twenty-five thousand pesos, Clint?"

"No, Claudie," I told him. "It's only money, and it wouldn't be worth it. You've come to your cotton-picking place." ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "It's not fair. . . . you're cheating more on your score than I am on mine!" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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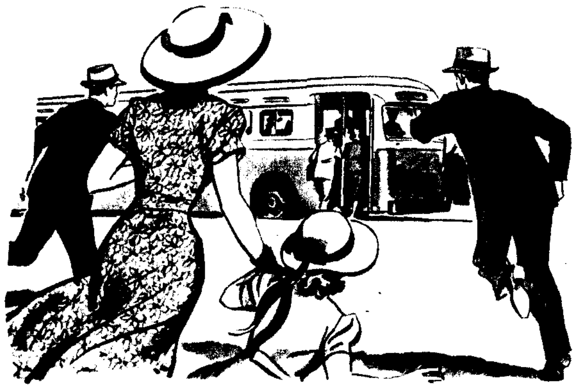

All of us try to plan good, well-balanced meals so that we will get our vitamins, minerals and other food essentials. But in the high-speed, high-pressure way we live today, few of us give our digestive systems a fair chance. The result is that while we eat well, *our food could often do us much more good than it does.*

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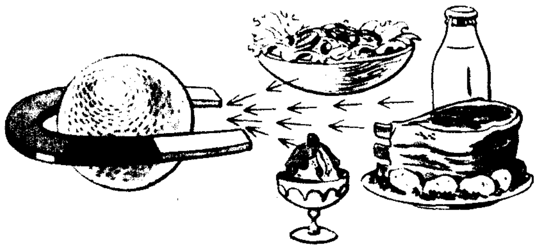

The protopectins improve your "digestive climate." They make your digestive tract *more efficient.* Thus they help you absorb more of the non-caloric essentials—such as the *vitamins* and *minerals*—from all your food. You get *more good* from the same meals... yet the protopectins do *not* lead to weight gain!

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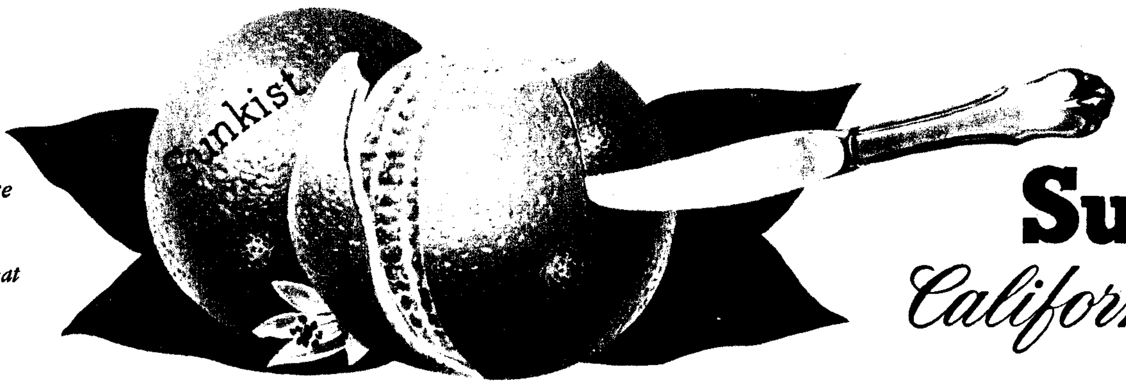

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ANGELIC ANNIE

By RICHARD G. HUBLER

Despite a steady succession of seductive roles, Ann Blyth is known as one of the sweetest stars in Hollywood. Even filmdom's biggest wolves say she brings out the Boy Scout in them

ANN BLYTH, who probably has portrayed as many sexy roles on film as any other Hollywood actress of her relatively tender years, is a press agent's headache. Nothing her studio publicity department might write about her real-life sweetness and light could possibly approach the real thing; from the publicity man's viewpoint she is, almost literally, too good to be true.

Ann has starred in a picture for every one of her twenty-four years, and has played the seductress in a large percentage of them. Yet the people who work with her know her as a soft-spoken, gentle woman who, if she does not wear a visible halo, probably comes closer than any other living movie actress to deserving at least a merit badge for angelic behavior.

In a town where prima donnas have sometimes been known to hit high C in a tantrum, Ann is always surrounded by an almost unnatural hush. She never raises her voice. Instead she speaks in tones so dulcet that several acquaintances swear they understand her only by lip-reading.

Because Ann Blyth behaves as if she were playing the good fairy, Hollywood treats her in kind. Even the hard-bitten crews treat Ann as if she were something fragile. Recently an actor rapped out a resounding oath after fluffing a line. Immediately, a wrench dropped near him from the catwalk above—a warning that profanity is forbidden in Miss Blyth's presence. Hollywood's roistering men about town who take her out invariably return as full-fledged members of the Ann Blyth Protective Association. "She brings out the Boy Scout in you," recently remarked one admirer.

That's more than can be said by the male characters in her films. As a roving Russian countess in her latest picture—a $2,000,000 Universal-International exotic about early Alaska, called The World in His Arms—Ann is bussed unmercifully by Gregory Peck, and is, at other times, tossed back and forth among a coterie of rival suitors like a hoop-skirted medicine ball.

In Mildred Pierce, Ann played one of James M. Cain's unmitigated trol-

COLOR PHOTO FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

In her latest film, Universal-International's The World in His Arms, Ann (above with Gregory Peck) portrays a countess with a roving eye

In Mildred Pierce, Warners film that made her big star, Ann was brat who lured on her stepfather (Zachary Scott, above), then killed him

lops, who betrays her mother, seduces her stepfather, and then puts five shots into the miserable cad. With William Powell in Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid she enacted an amoral lady of the deep (with a $20,000, 40-pound golden tail). In Another Part of the Forest, she sashayed through the role of a decadent Southern wench. As a passionate Mongol princess in The Golden Horde and as an uninhibited *ingénue* in Our Very Own, she did a pair of radiant-heated jobs that upset theater air-conditioning systems all over the country. In her current RKO picture, One Minute to Zero, she gives co-star Robert Mitchum, by his own word, one of the most fervent kisses he has ever received on the screen.

Despite the nature of her roles, a talent for soulful projection makes Ann's true character shine through in her films. A recent letter from a tank commander in Korea—one of the 4,000 she receives every month—said: "You are much more than our sweetheart, you are our lucky charm as well. Before every mission the men come into platoon headquarters and say a silent prayer before your picture; and the men know this is the reason for our success (no casualty rating)."

Ann is one of the two actresses whose pictures are most in demand overseas. It is worth noting that the soldiers don't want pin-ups showing her in Bikini bathing suits or lingerie. They merely want portraits.

This soldierly restraint is just as well; Ann has never allowed distribution of photos showing her in leg-art poses. Modesty isn't her only reason. "I don't think I look good in a bathing suit," she says. "I could have better legs." Various Hollywood photographers take a different view. "I've got a hush-hush shot of her coming out of a swimming pool," one of them says, "and in a swim suit she has more sex appeal to the bare inch than the whole cast of the Folies Bergère."

Even low-neckline poses become tugs of war, with the studio publicity people pulling down and Ann pulling up. At one dance, Ann, who weeps easily, was worried almost to tears

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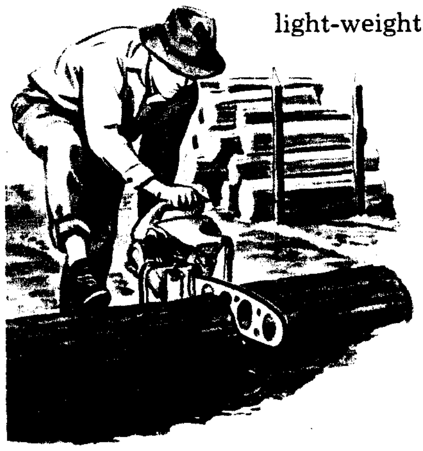

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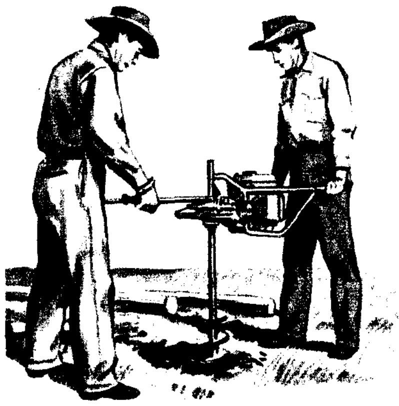

IT DIGS HOLES, TOO!

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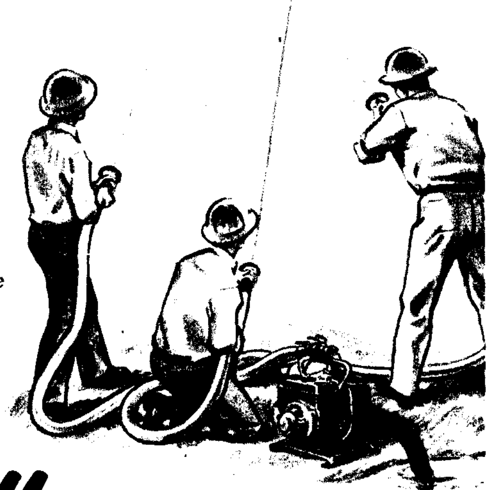

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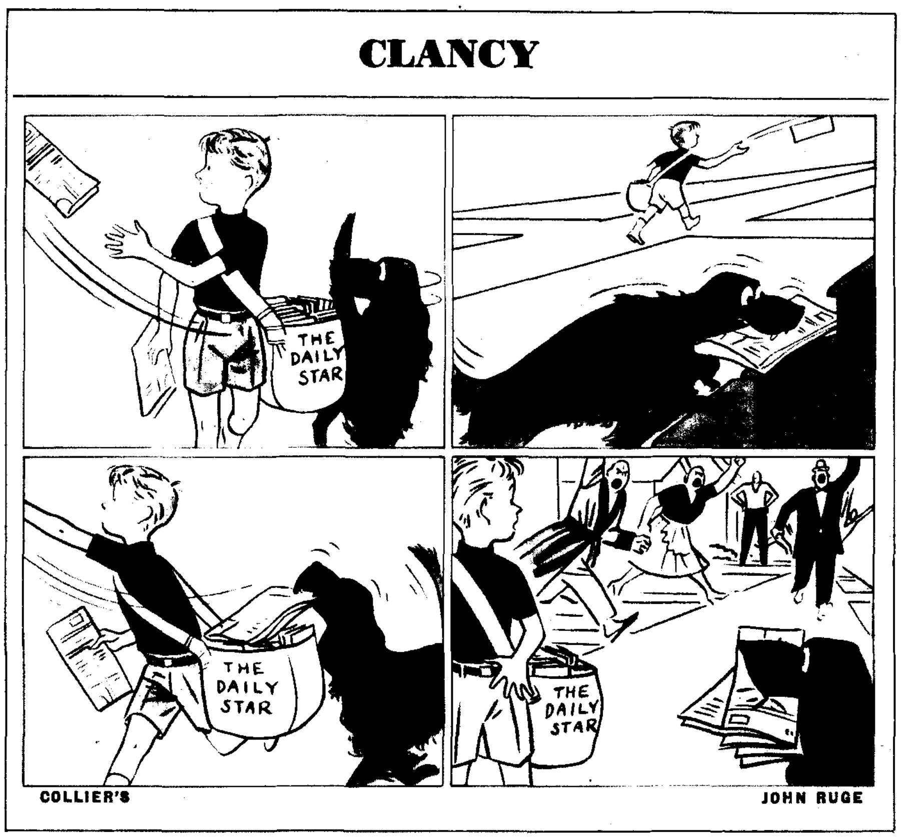
Ann averages 125 benefit shows a year. More than half are for religious causes



about the amount of throat her gown exposed. "Don't you think something is—is wrong?" she asked her escort. At that moment, Marie Wilson burst in. Not a smitch more of her could have been open to public view without riots in the boulevard. She greeted Ann gaily and swept on.

"Wrong?" asked Ann's date.

"Never mind," said Ann. "I guess I have nothing to be worried about."

Just a Few Personal Details

On the record, Ann's appearance is nothing *any* girl could worry about. She has long brown hair and large, blue, compelling eyes. Her mouth is a trifle large and—it must be said—toothy for her delicate face, but her smile is warm and pleasing. Ann has an excellent figure; she weighs 101 pounds and stands five feet one and three-quarters inches tall. She blushes like a ripening tomato. It is reported that in one picture her rosiness while in the embraces of her supposed loved one cost 1,000 feet of Technicolor film on the cutting-room floor.

But 1,000 feet of Blyth film footage can be lost and plenty would be left. In eight years, she has been busy almost constantly at picture making (she is now portraying Kathie in M-G-M's The Student Prince) and she's just hitting her peak. Her present salary is $3,000 a week; in the next year and a half it will reach $5,000.

Ann's seven-year contract with U-I will be up at the end of 1953. Since the contract was signed, the studio has loaned her to RKO, to Paramount, to Goldwyn, to Warner Brothers, to 20th Century-Fox, and three times to M-G-M—a record for an actress of her age and experience.

In the midst of this busy career, Ann has found time for an average of 125 benefit performances a year, in the course of which she covers some 25,000 miles. More than half of these appearances are for religious causes, reflecting one of the two great influences on her life: the Roman Catholic Church (the other was her late mother).

Ann goes to Mass regularly. Her best friends are priests. In her home, a $20,000 San Fernando Valley house filled with frills and Victorian furniture, the two most eye-catching items are a giant gilt-plaster Portuguese triptych showing the Holy Family, lighted night and day, and a personal blessing which she received in 1950 from Pope Pius XII.

From her mother, Ann got a strong sense of responsibility, courtesy, thrift and regularity in her personal habits. She drinks milk like a baby, gets eight hours of sleep each night, studies her scripts as if they were top-secret documents which she might be called upon to chew and swallow at any moment, and deposits $1,500 a week with a firm of investment counselor-lawyers noted for its solidity.

Ann's mother was Nan Lynch, a lovely girl from County Meath outside Dublin. She came to New York in 1912 at the age of nineteen, and five years later married a suave, personable English valet named Harry Blyth. In 1919 they had a daughter named Dorothy Elizabeth. Ann Marie Kathleen Assumpta Blyth was born on August 16, 1928, at Mount Kisco, New York. There the family stayed with Nan Blyth's sister and her husband, Patrick and Catherine Tobin, caretakers of a large estate.

Ann's parents gradually became estranged, and after 1939 her father vanished from the life of his family. Nan Blyth settled in New York in a fourth-floor walk-up and earned her living at laundering, sewing and beauty-parlor work. The family income never averaged more than $35 a week, but out of this narrow cornucopia came wonders. Ann and Dorothy both attended parochial school; upon graduation, Dorothy took up secretarial training, and Ann was enrolled in a series of dancing, singing and dramatic schools.

Ann performed on radio at the age of five. By 1937, when she was nine, her voice was good enough to give her a place in the New York Children's Opera Company, first in the chorus, then in the lead of The Chimes of Normandy.

Three years later, Herman Shumlin, a Broadway producer, saw Ann eating lunch at the Professional Children's School. She did a reading for him that afternoon and was given the part of the child Babette in Watch on the Rhine. The play ran for 11 months on Broadway and toured for a year; Ann got $75 a week and mild reviews.

When the show hit Los Angeles in 1943, a director named Henry Koster caught it. He and producer-director Joe Pasternak had elevated Deanna Durbin to stardom as a child actress; they wanted to do it again with someone else. Ann was tested and given a contract with U-I at $175 a week for seven years (renegotiated in 1946 for about 10 times that sum). But no sooner was Ann on the lot than her sponsors transferred to M-G-M; stardom was forgotten, and, because of her singing voice, she was plunged into a set of musical quickies.

After four of these, her agent managed to sell Michael Curtiz, a director at Warner Brothers, on the idea that she could play the part of the minx Veda in Mildred Pierce. She did—and got an Academy Award nomination.

Her status as a dramatic actress was assured, and the future was bright. Early in 1945, Ann started work on another picture at Warners. Then her mother was found to be suffering from an incurable disease. It was a staggering blow, but worse was to come. That April, Ann tried to get a short vacation in the mountains. She broke her back in a wild toboggan ride.

The months that followed were the most excruciating of her life: 20 days of stretching the fracture; four months in a mold from chin to hips; nine more months in steel braces. Back on her feet, she went into Swell Guy, for U-I; while it was shooting, her mother died. Shortly after, Mark Hellinger, one of Ann's closest mentors, died of heart failure. Except for her married sister, on the other side of the continent, Ann was truly alone. Even her beloved black Pekingese, with which she had grown up, had died while she was in the hospital.

She turned for help to her Uncle Pat and her practical Aunt Cissie, with whom she had lived as a child. They took off for Hollywood without hesitation when they heard her plea—and they are still with her.

Assuaging Grief by Hard Work

Ann buried herself in work. Pictures such as Killer McCoy; Brute Force; Red Canyon; Top o' the Morning; Once More, My Darling, and The Great Caruso kept her emoting 12 to 18 hours a day. Her lost-puppy eagerness to please and her memory for names and faces—she has never been known to trip over one of U-I's roster of more than 2,000—won her a claque. Hard-case press agents chipped in to buy her a cake on her nineteenth birthday; a prop man twisted his ankle racing to get her a costume to take home; a helicopter pilot broke an armor-plated studio rule and gave her a joy ride.

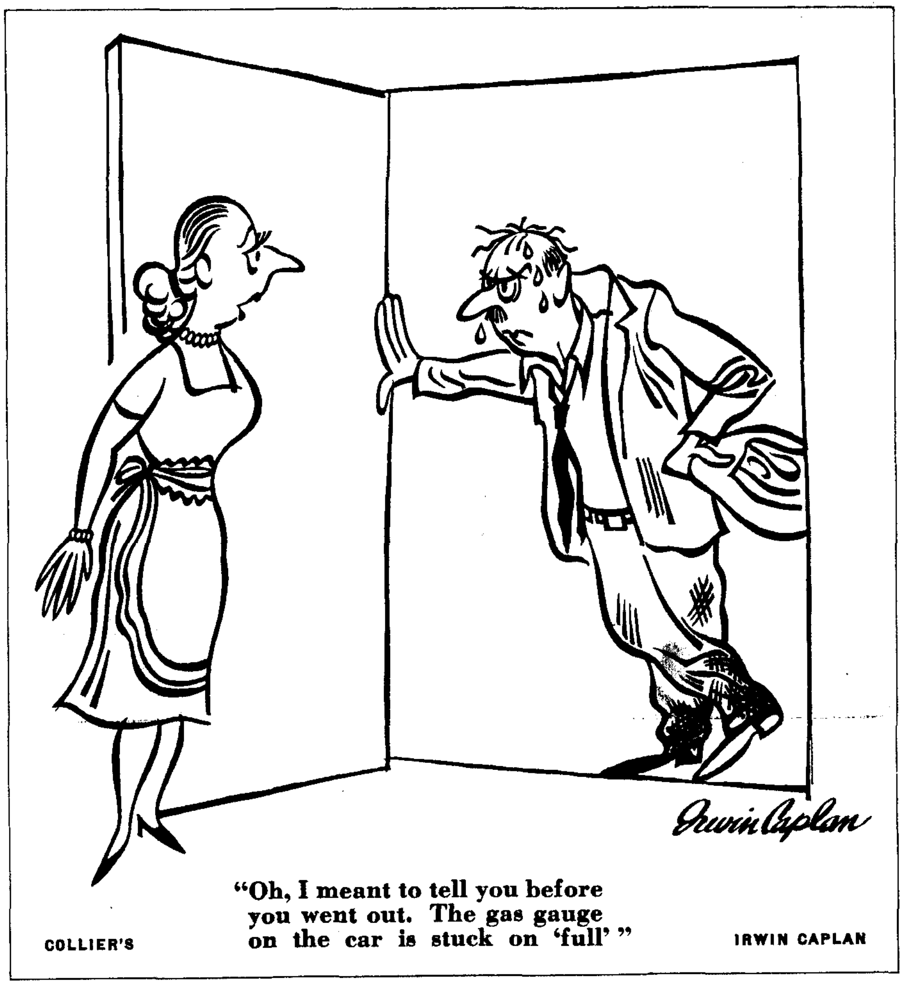
Today, although the loss of her mother has left an unfillable gap, she has recovered well from the disasters of the past. Her back feels fine ("I never have any pain except when I'm dreadfully tired"); her career is in high gear; her personal life is pleasant.

Ann is not eager for romance. "If I fall in love," she explains a little defensively, "I'll get married. If I get married, I'll have a lot of babies. If I have a lot of babies, I'll never act again. Maybe it's walking a tightrope, but what else can I do?"

Certainly her attitude does not result from a lack of masculine attention. Proposals are not infrequent. They even come by mail, at a rate of about 80 a week. The 600th one, approximately, arrived a few weeks ago. It was from a Louisville, Kentucky, lawyer who said that even if she wouldn't have him as a husband he would be pleased to offer her legal services, free.

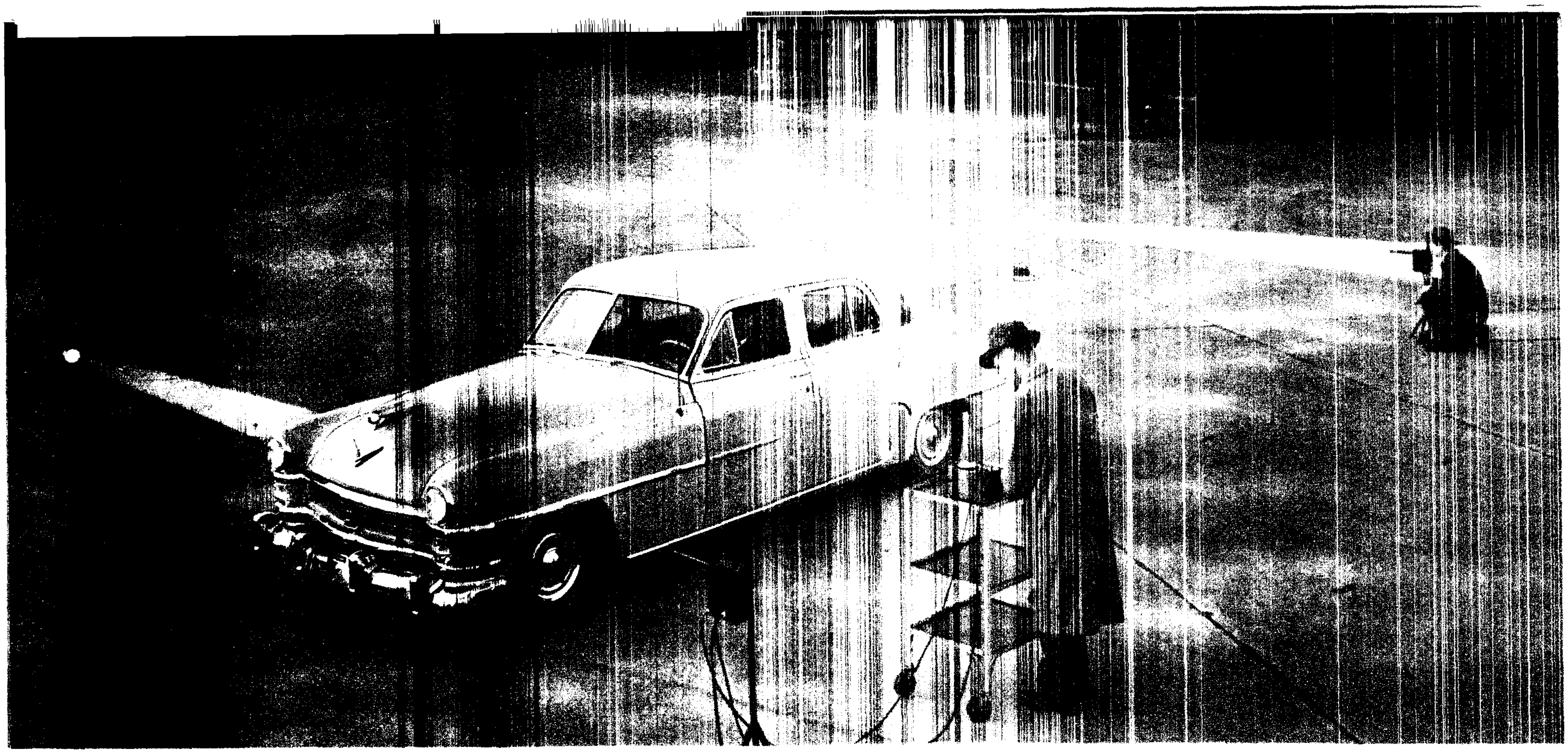
Ann is not likely to take him up on the offer. Few workers in Hollywood have less need of an attorney's services. As one movie columnist said despairingly, "She never does *anything* that's improper!"

Says Ann: "If I wanted to, I probably would. But so far I haven't wanted to." ▲▲▲



"Oh, I meant to tell you before you went out. The gas gauge on the car is stuck on 'full'"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN



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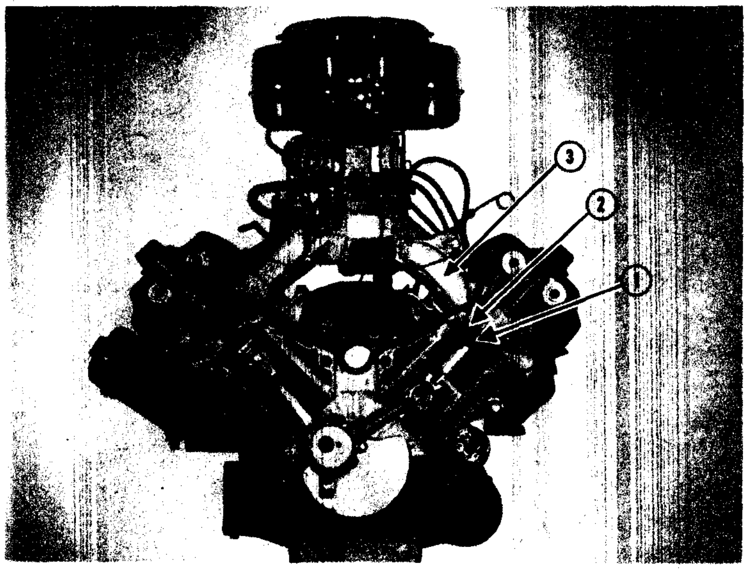


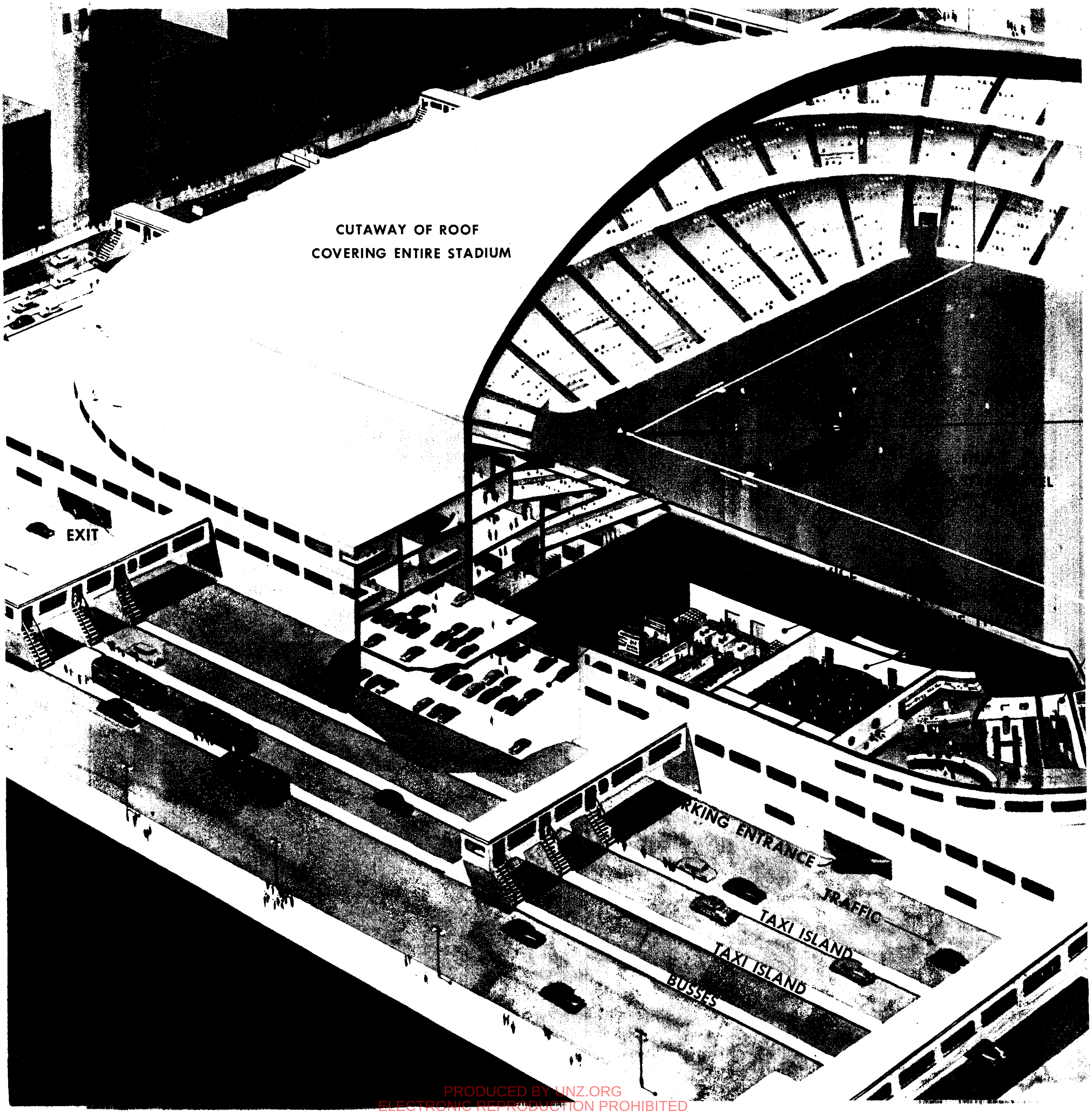
POWER-FILLED HEART of new De Soto engine. Arrow No. 1 points to dome-shaped combustion chamber. This design permits bigger, high-lift valves (shown by No. 2). No. 3 is wide channel for fuel passage. Note absence of sharp bends that could slow down "breathing." Like the Chrysler Fire-Power, the De Soto Fire Dome loafs at normal speeds but gives you a power reserve and flexibility that owners really like!

FROM PLANES INTO CARS. It used to be that only some airplanes and expensive, "custom-built" car engines had dome-shaped combustion chambers. Then Chrysler engineers worked out design and production methods that made it possible for the first time in quantity automobile production — another example of Chrysler's creative imagination at work for you.

Baseball's Answer to TV

By TOM MEANY

How to woo fans back into the ball park? By building a new one, say the Brooklyn Dodgers. Here's a preview of the amazing stadium, which soon may become a reality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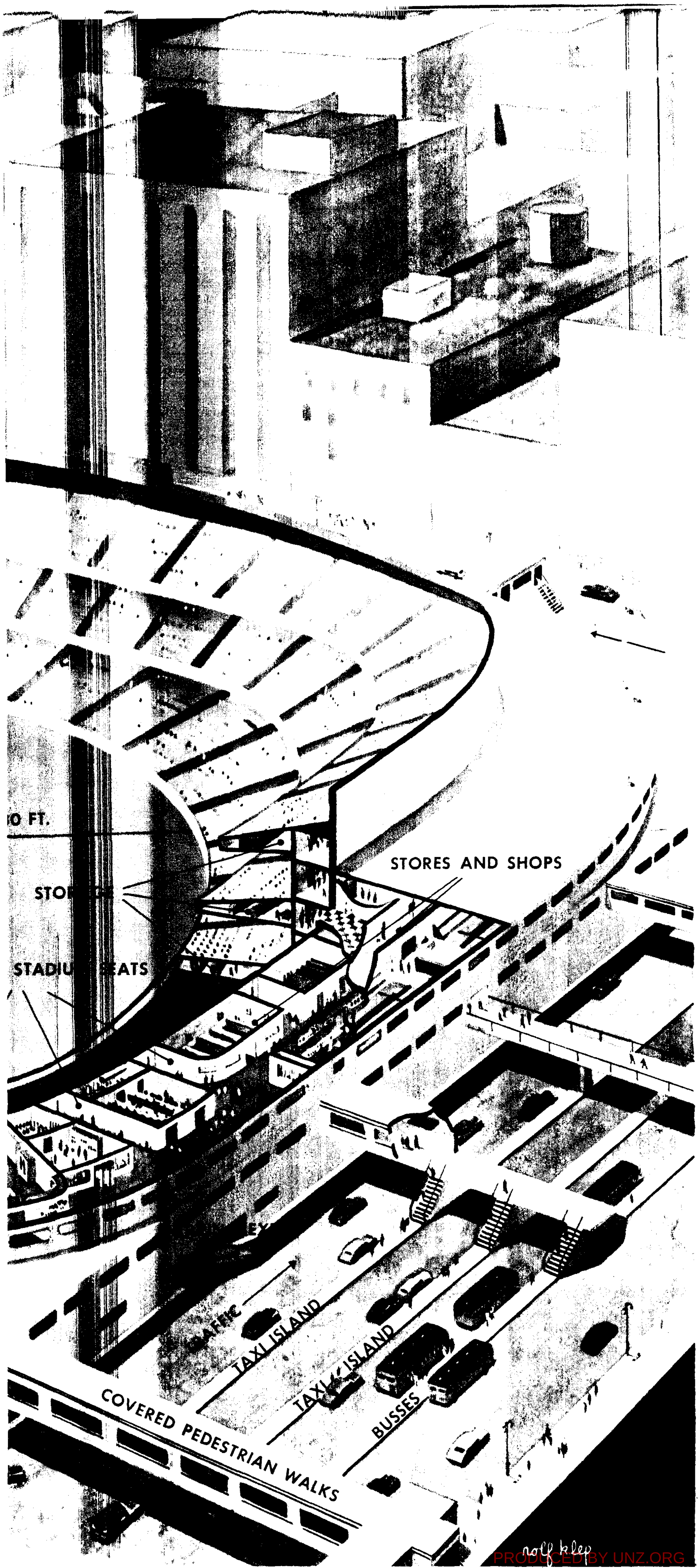

THERE are signs that that most durable of creatures, the baseball fan, has taken about all the beating he can absorb. Too many baseball fans have been in one too many traffic jams, climbed one too many tiers and sat behind one too many pillars. With a regretful, nostalgic sigh, the baseball fan is ducking the traffic jams, shunning the climb, avoiding the view-obstructing pillar and turning on his television set.

For the true fan, of course, television never will be an adequate substitute for viewing the game in person. But there is no denying that it is a heap more comfortable.

As the fan in the ball park threatens to become as extinct as the bison, it seems high time somebody did something to preserve the species. And somebody is—the persons involved being Walter F. O'Malley, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers; Norman Bel Geddes, noted designer and architect; and Emil H. Praeger, industrial engineer.

For four years this trio has been proceeding on the rather novel theory that baseball fans are people. They have been planning a baseball park in which the customers will be comfortable. The drawing-board phase of the project is now past. The illustration of the stadium of the future, drawn for these pages by artist Rolf Klep, was painstakingly worked out from blueprints by Geddes. It may be built quite soon.

"It is no dream," says the architect. "It has been carefully planned during the last four years. The only question mark is world conditions; the only secret is its exact location."

While the new stadium wasn't designed specifically to combat the inroads TV has made on attendance, it is intended to woo video fans back into the ball park. The motivating interest of both Geddes and Praeger is the creation of a stadium in Brooklyn embodying the refinements of modern engineering. There hasn't been a major-league park built since Yankee Stadium was opened in 1923. Since then, nearly all ball parks have become outmoded and two have been abandoned. The Philadelphia Phillies moved out of Baker Bowl to share Shibe Park with their American League neighbors, the Athletics, and the Cleveland Indians left League Park to move into Municipal Stadium, an arena originally designed for football.

Geddes, an energetic, round little ball of a man, practically emits sparks when he talks of actually building the new stadium. "All my life I have been able to make a reality of the things I've believed in. This stadium is going to be no exception if I can help it," he says.

There Won't Be Any More Rain Checks

The most revolutionary feature of the new park is that it will be roofed and will be an all-year-round, all-purpose stadium-auditorium, suitable for many events, with baseball as its prime planning consideration. "Other sports will be secondary, but better taken care of than in any stadium now standing," promises Geddes.

He believes that it is only a question now of deciding which type of roof will be best. "Spanning the distance of 600 feet is perfectly practical," insists the designer. "Whether the roof is solid, transparent or slides aside permitting the playing field to be flooded with sunlight is a matter for study. With the building oriented properly, the field can be sunlit by opening only half the roof." Roofing, providing protection against the vagaries of the weather, will mark the end of the postponed game—one of baseball's most costly headaches.

The seating capacity for baseball will be 55,000 in the new stadium, compared with Ebbets Field's 32,111. For fights, conventions or other events which require an auditorium, the capacity could be expanded to 90,000.

"One of the most important points in designing a baseball stadium," says Geddes, "is a very simple requirement: the ball must never be lost sight of by any spectator. A baseball is a very small speck in comparison to the space in which it is thrown and batted during a game. Spectators have as much interest in the flight of the ball and seeing it caught or muffed as they have in seeing the batter, base runner or fielder."

The angle of the seats in the new stadium will be so regulated that all will face the pitcher's box regardless of the line-up of the rows in which they are located. There will be no corner seats, no

DRAWING BY ROLF KLEP

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For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

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Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!

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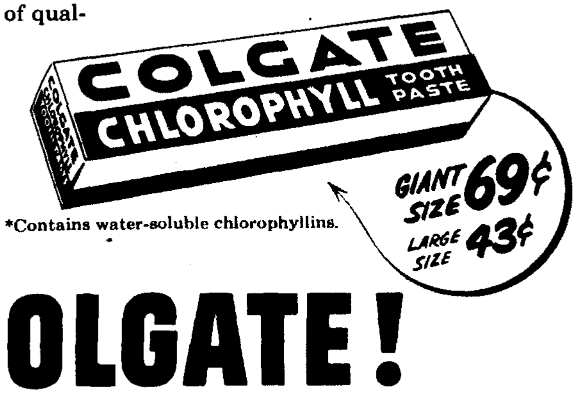

*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

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Games may be played on synthetic grass

columns to interrupt vision. The upper tiers will be lower and less steep. By dropping the playing field and lower tier of seats considerably below street level and having the customer enter the park well up into the stands, the walking distance to the farthest seat in the top tier will be less than one quarter of what it is in any existing stadium. With 21 gates around the perimeter of the park, a ticket holder will be able to enter directly above or below his seat.

How Traffic Will Be Handled

There will be no traffic jams outside the new park. Segregated lanes for the different types of vehicles will permit easy loading or unloading of 3,000 taxis, 400 busses, 1,500 private cars and the uninterrupted flow of 6,000 pedestrians in 15 minutes, allowing 30,000 people to arrive or depart in a quarter of an hour.

Pedestrians will be separated from automotive traffic and will enter the stadium on elevated walks 10 feet above street level, which will bridge the four streets around the perimeter of the stadium. Taxis will unload at islands on one of the four sides of the building, at stairs leading to the pedestrian level. Private cars will enter the stadium, unload, and be parked by attendants in a garage which will have a capacity of 5,000 cars.

The garage will offer complete service and repair facilities and will be a year-round proposition. In view of the parking problems currently besetting any city of even moderate size, the garage facilities alone would be a tremendous source of revenue to the club.

Seats in the new stadium will be of cushioned foam rubber and wider—28 inches against the standard 22 inches—than in any park now in existence. There will be more space between rows and the aisles will be eight feet wide. The seats will be constructed of strong, light metal with a permanent finish, which will minimize current maintenance costs due to repainting and breakage. To reorient the seats for the best viewing of sports other than baseball, there will be three positions possible.

Coin-operated, insulated vending machines will be on the back of every third seat, offering hot-and-cold food and drink items. The dispensers will be filled only in those sections which reasonably can be assumed to be well populated during each game. Larger mechanical vendors will be installed throughout the rest of the park, thus further reducing concession-maintenance costs.

A shopping center is planned for the area under the stands, utilizing what is now waste space in most ball parks. This feature would function in an important capacity the year round for the general neighborhood. Under the stands also will be playgrounds for children so mothers can place their youngsters in the hands of trained young men and women while they shop, or visit the doctor or dentist.

Even admission into the ball park will be facilitated. It is planned to eliminate gatekeepers, except in supervisory capacities, with a new type of automatic ticket control.

Geddes believes, as many fans before him have believed, that home-run distances should be standardized. He deplores the pop fly which becomes a four-bagger merely through the architectural fluke of the proximity of the stands at the foul line. At the Polo Grounds, for instance, a ball hit down the right-field foul line need travel only 258 feet and clear a 10½-foot wall to become a home run. In the same ball park, a ball hit 450 feet toward right- or left-center can be caught for an out.

In the new Dodger Stadium there will be a constant home-run range of 380 feet over a 10-foot wall anywhere in the outfield between the foul lines. Ballplayers I have talked to—both batters and pitchers—speak enthusiastically of this feature. Currently, the fairest home-run test in the majors is considered to be Comiskey Park in Chicago, where the 12-foot fence is 352 feet from the plate at the foul lines.

The cost of erecting this new stadium-auditorium is estimated at $6,000,000. The structure will consist of concrete decks supported on a steel frame. One of its great advantages will be that maintenance costs should be reduced enormously with the introduction of new materials possessing permanent color and finish.

It is more than possible that synthetic materials will replace the grass and the base paths. Turf is the most difficult—and most expensive—feature of keeping a field in condition and its most variable factor for the player. The new material will have equal, unvarying characteristics and will require no seeding or mowing, no watering or rolling.

The only major-league park which does not have night baseball now is Wrigley Field, home of the Chicago Cubs. President Philip K. Wrigley told me many years ago that he was opposed to lights on aesthetic grounds. He was proud of the beauty and symmetry of his ball park and objected to the towers that would have to be erected if lights were installed. "They make every ball park look like a railway freight yard," he declared. Wrigley would be interested in Geddes' plan for the new Dodger stadium. It calls for uniform lighting of the entire playing field from concealed sources, without steel towers.

Revenue from Many Sources

Although baseball is the main concern of the designers of the new stadium, the possibility of revenue from other sources, including overnight indoor parking for the public's cars, has not been overlooked. Winter sports, with tobogganing, skiing and skating on artificial snow and ice; the rental of enormous unassigned space below each tier as fireproof storage for valuable papers and records; a football field in which all seats face the 50-yard line and which does not encroach on the baseball infield; conversion of a large section of the arena into an artificial lake for motorboat and sailboat shows (with the boats afloat in eight feet of water)—these are some of the envisioned side lines of Dodger Stadium.

Brooklyn President O'Malley, himself a man of foresight and imagination, finds himself startled from time to time by Geddes' enthusiasm for the new project. Each time O'Malley cries out, "No, no, Norman!" he gets the same answer from Geddes, and Praeger, too. "Let's not take the strikingly novel features out of it until we know they are wrong." And, so far, they have been able to stand him off, a feat of no mean proportions, as O'Malley's baseball competitors will tell you.

"I'm not saying, of course, that we're going out and break ground for the new stadium next week," cautions O'Malley. "I'm merely saying that it will be built someday."

"Wait till next year, Walter?" prodded a listener.

"I'm not saying that, either," said the Dodger president hastily. "We've already had too much of that wait-till-next-year stuff in Brooklyn." ▲▲▲

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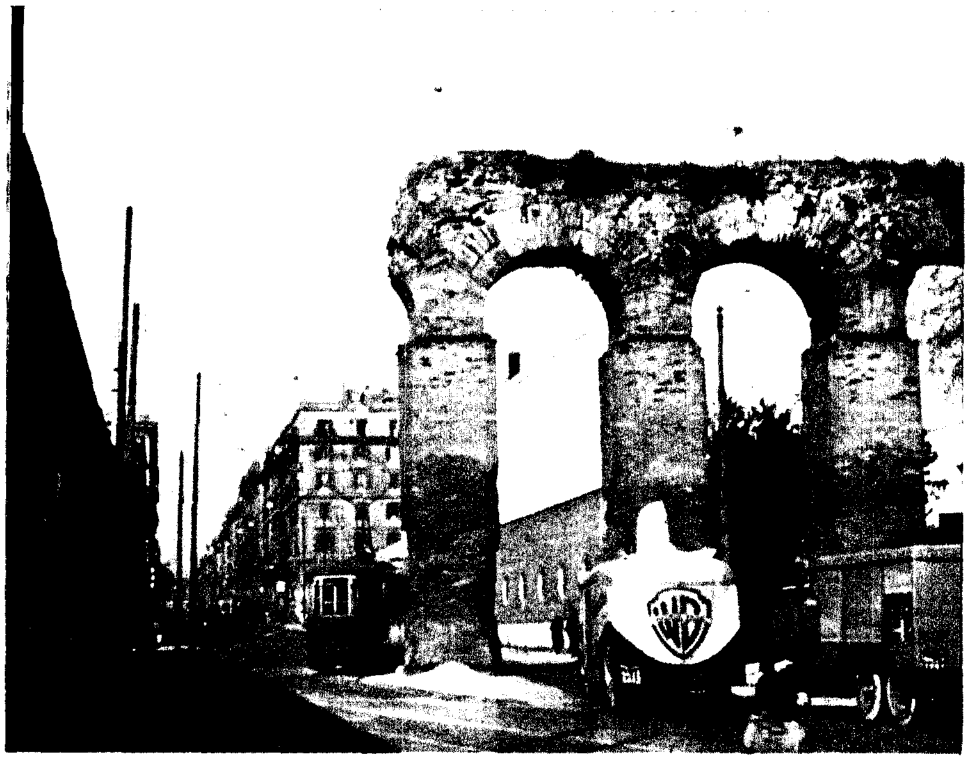
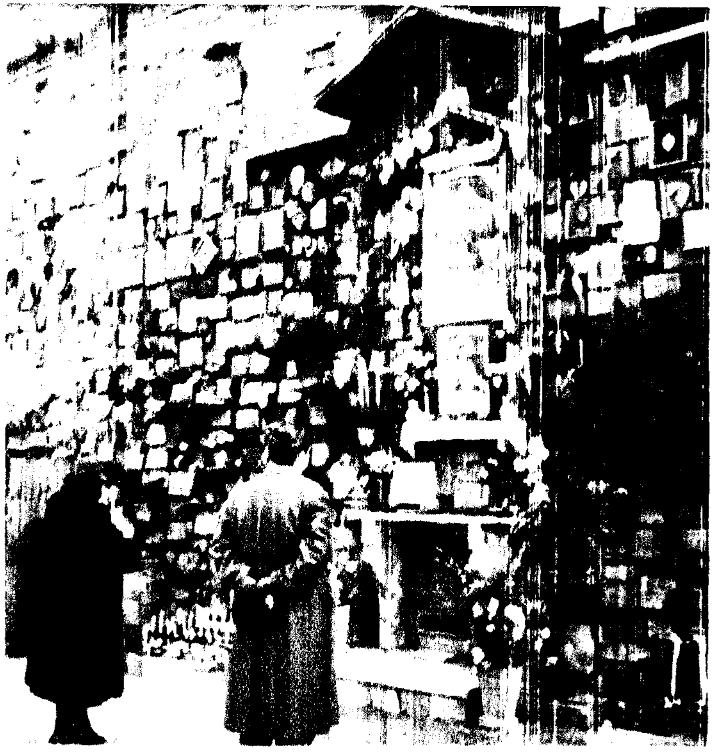
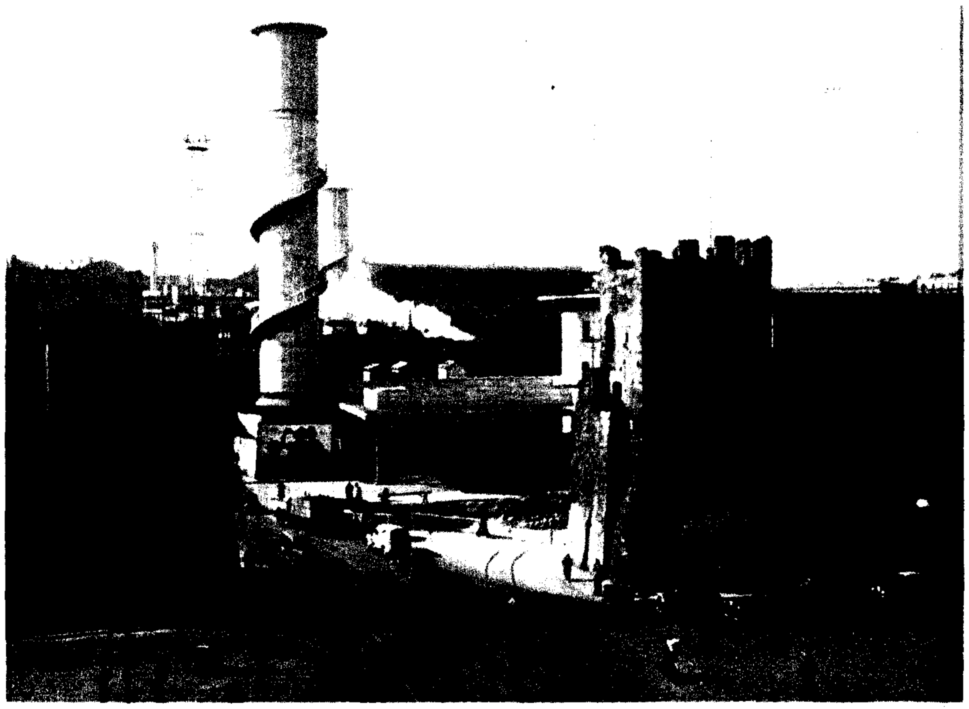


Ruins of third-century bastions may obstruct traffic as shown here but Romans and tourists prize them as links of memory with the past



Devout Romans have used city walls for centuries as shrines. Tiles thank God for prayers answered

The gates in the defense walls served as tariff collection posts for 17 centuries. Today they offer a striking contrast to modern surroundings



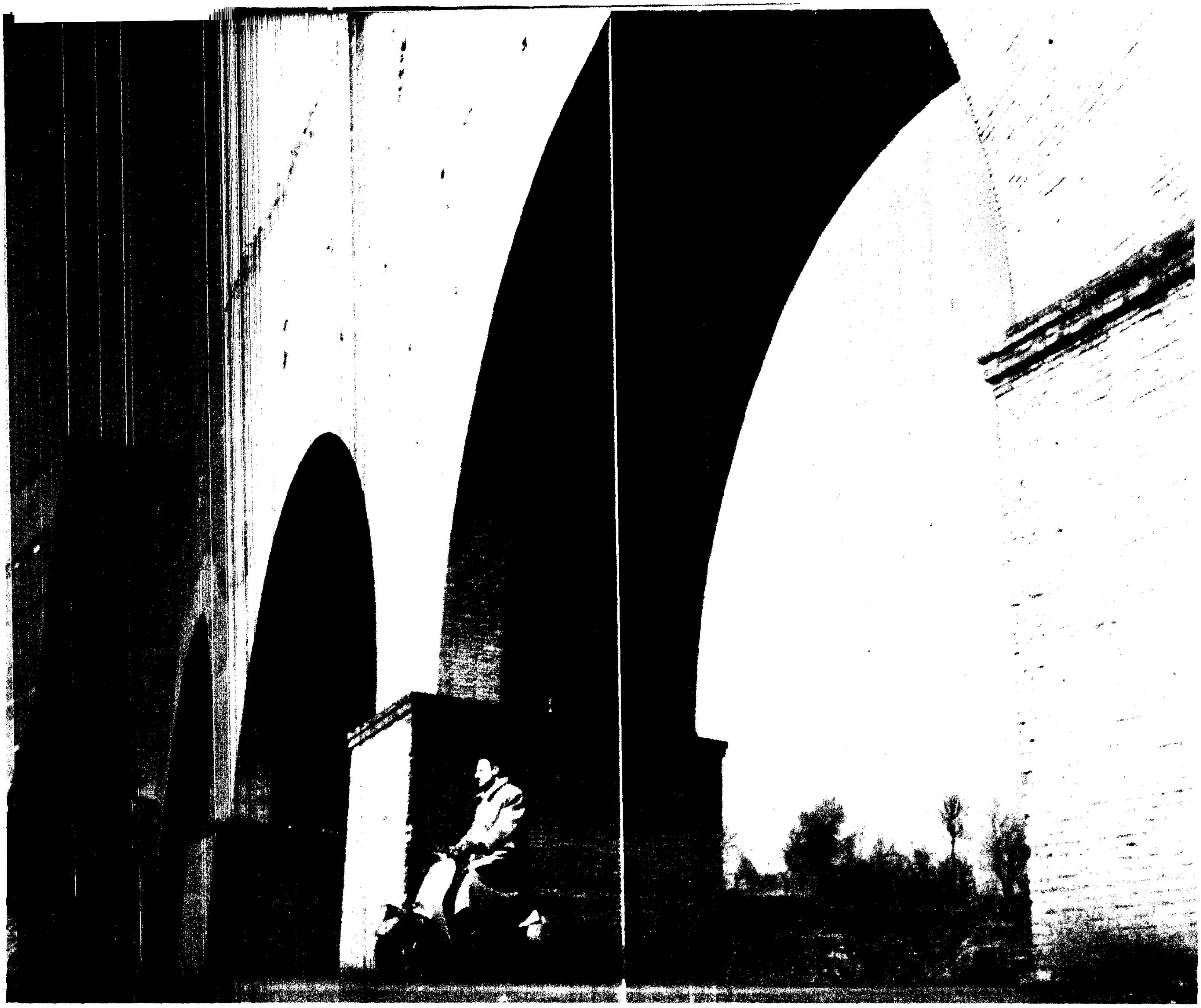
Hollow, 12-foot-thick walls make fine apartments. Here Andrea Bini, 6, models clay in a wall studio

Grave of poet Keats, who died and was buried in Rome, can be seen through slot in old wall

The Walls of Rome

EVER since the days of the Caesars all tourist roads have led to Rome. Today the Eternal City rivals Paris as the most visited capital in Europe. With a record 400,000 Americans traveling abroad this year, the number of visitors to Italy's ancient hub of empire should be greater than ever. Most of them will trek from the catacombs to Vatican City tracing the glories of Rome, past and present. But few landmarks hold more romance than the sun-baked, age-worn ruins of walls and archways which thread a broken, serpentine path 8 miles through the city. They are all that remain of the historic ramparts of ancient Rome.

Emperor Aurelian ordered the present walls built in A.D. 272. Their original 12-mile circumference defined the limits of the Imperial City and kept Romans safe from invading barbarians. Their massive gates served as customs-collection posts until the turn of the twentieth century. Today the walls are moss-covered ruins. Their graceful Roman arches are passages for trucks and cars. Their sturdy 12-foot-thick walls and towers, upon which Roman legions once stood guard, are coveted apartments leased by the city. And abutting the fragments of walls here and there are dark, primitive huts where live 1,500 bombed-out victims of the last war. But the walls of Rome are more than ruins put to makeshift modern use. They are a bridge of brick and memories between the past and the future, intimately connected with the lives of an ancient people who have learned to live with time.



Symbolic of ancient glories, remnants of 30-foot-high defenses, built 1,680 years ago by Emperor Aurelian, are still a vital part of modern Rome

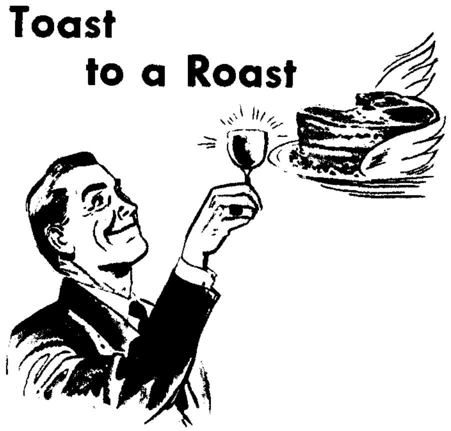
Gypsies use rude shacks along the city walls as camping sites when they visit the Eternal City

Tenant in lean-to along walls washes clothes primitive way

Many tenants renting wall apartments from the city are artists seeking picturesque studios

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

Toast
to a Roast



And a toast to the *host* who companions steaks, chops and game with Taylor's New York State Burgundy. Dry and crisp, the mellow maturity, the clear tang of autumn is in every ruby, regal drop! Take *nothing* less than Taylor's Burgundy (or Claret) wherever fine wines are served or sold. The Taylor Wine Co., Vineyardists and Producers.

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Death in the Fourth Dimension

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

to Leila, "the corpse was walking, and furthermore, it mocked me. However, Faisal has learned a lesson." He looked at his son.

The boy said, "The man was alive and there was no grave." Then he burst out, "I saw him dead. They were burying him! I did so see! I did!"

Chafik found his slippers; he picked up one of them.

"Oh, no, my man! Leila cried. "No!"

"If it were willed," shouted Chafik, "that a delinquent boy should not receive corporal punishment, the All-Merciful would not have designed him with a bottom."

THE storm and Chafik's anger passed; but whereas Baghdad forgot its ordeal in the sparkle of a perfect day, the Inspector had no such dawn to win forgiveness.

It was a silent breakfast table. The subdued boy avoided him, and Leila never looked up from her plate. He was glad when the car arrived to take him to his office.

"You would think I was the transgressor!" the Inspector said to his assistant, Sergeant Abdullah, who was at the wheel.

"Sir?"

The sergeant was a big man, an image carved in mahogany, but there was warmth in the dark eyes he fixed on his superior. Chafik said, as they drove away, "Abdullah, inform me how you discipline your three young daughters."

"They discipline me."

"You never raise an angry hand?"

"Retaliation would be triple-pronged."

The Inspector told his assistant of Faisal's story and then turned his attention to the street scene. In and out of the crowd shuttled small, ragged boys who begged pennies and skipped and laughed in the sunlight.

Chafik was reminded that Faisal had once lived on his wits as did these waifs. "Such lies these boys tell," he said sadly.

"Ah, how blessed I am with daughters!" exclaimed the sergeant. "They do not climb trees and suffer hallucinations!"

Chafik said defensively, "Imagination, not hallucination. Furthermore, from the top of a date palm, at that height—"

He stopped. "That's it!" he exclaimed. "To understand his illusion I must view the scene from Faisal's perch. Turn the car, Abdullah."

The sergeant made a turn, and they drove back down Mansoor Avenue. Another turn brought the Bayt Kamil Hadi into sight at the end of a dirt road. On the fringe of the grove was a tree overlooking the garden. Chafik took a bearing and decided his son had climbed it to look into the garden. He took off his jacket, folded it and gave it to Abdullah.

The slant of the tree helped climbing, but halfway up Chafik paused for breath; he was sticky with sweat and told himself a man past forty should not climb trees.

He went on and at last reached the feathery crown. In the foreground he saw the spot in the garden where he had stood with Faisal. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. All at once he was cold in the sun.

Where there had been nothing yesterday there was now a long narrow mound.

In haste he got down and went running toward the house. The door was ajar, and Chafik did not wait to ring. He stumbled through flower beds and bushes, followed by Abdullah, and prayed that what he had seen would prove a mirage. The prayer was not answered.

He fell to his knees and began to dig feverishly. The soil was light and sandy, and caved back in as he dug. Lower down, where moisture had not yet evaporated and the soil had more consistency, his task was easier, and a cold face was exposed.

Zaki Attala mocked him from the grave.

He pushed the sand back quickly.

A pleasant voice asked anxiously, "Zaki is there?"

"Yes," Chafik answered absently.

"I am relieved."

Awareness came, and the Inspector got up hastily; a woman stood at the graveside. She was tall and angular and old, and dressed for youth. Her hair was brightly hennaed under a black silk scarf, worn as concession to custom, although it was not drawn to veil her face in the presence of the stranger.

Chafik had never met the matriarch of the House of Hadi, but Rejina had been aptly described by Baghdad gossips. He was fascinated. Beneath her rouge were many wrinkles, but the woman was still handsome. The features were strongly boned. The large brown eyes, which had a life of their own in the decay of the face, shone softly.

The Inspector remembered that Baghdad said this woman was haunted by strange spirits. "Madame," he said, "why are you relieved that Zaki should be in this grave?" He added sharply, "I am the police."

Rejina answered, "Of course. I sent Jamil for you. And surely it is natural to be relieved that the poor young man has not left his grave? The dead should stay dead." Her voice was quiet and her eyes were calm.

Chafik sent Sergeant Abdullah to telephone and then returned to Rejina. She had picked some arum lilies. The flowers were nursed in the crook of her arm and she caressed them with her rouged cheek, like a mother a child.

"The boy was charming," she said. "You must bring him to me."

He asked, "What boy, Madame?"

She said, obviously surprised by his stupidity, "You brought him here yesterday. I saw from my window. Such a pretty boy! I would have given him honey cakes—"

A flame flickered in the mirrors of her eyes, and when it passed they were warm with tenderness.

Chafik felt compassion and looked away. "You mean my son?"

"Bring him to me," Rejina pleaded.

Her smile was sweet, and the Inspector resisted an impulse to bow over her hand. He was a policeman, so he asked, "Why does my son interest you? Did you overhear my conversation with your brothers? Did you know—"

"I do not eavesdrop," Rejina said coldly. And then she went on, "The boy came twice. The first time he climbed a tree to look into my garden. That was naughty. Suppose he—" Suddenly she let the flowers fall and cried out: "Oh, he saw! What horror! His innocent mind!"

The Inspector shuddered. "He saw what?" he demanded.

"That they were burying our cousin."

"They? Who?" He took Rejina by the shoulders.

SHE freed herself with dignity. "My brothers," she said; and then added with faint surprise, "Surely you knew they killed Zaki?"

He tried to reassure himself: I deal in facts, he told himself. I will not let a boy and a moonmad woman confound the evidence of my eyes. I saw Zaki alive.

He lighted a cigarette and asked casually, "Why did they kill him?"

"Like so many others, he fell in love with me." The woman's destroyed face lighted with pleasure and childlike credulity. "He wanted to marry me."

A delusion, Chafik thought, and asked, "You refused him?"

"What else? I was flattered, but he has a wife, Naomi. A child, very simple and desperately in love with this deceiver." Rejina added with a frank laugh, "Besides, whatever my charms, I was a little old for him. Perhaps he deceived me, too," she added, with unexpected shrewdness. Suddenly the rouged face

Next Week

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was beautiful. The woman said, "This Naomi, Zaki's wife, has greater riches than I. She has a child in her womb." And then she added briskly, "I will have her live with me—the least I can do, considering her man was killed because of me."

Chafik was lost. It was difficult to deal with a mind that one moment winged in the clouds and the next was earth-bound. He said brusquely, "I am a policeman. I want facts."

"A policeman, yes, but gracious until now!" Rejina said, reproving him. "As for facts, it was simple enough. They quarreled with Zaki about me. They forced me to my room and killed him—I heard the shot—and I broke out and found them about to bury him. Jamil took me back to my room and locked me in. I do not know which one killed Zaki, but surely it was Jamil. Ibrahim is not a violent man."

"Where is Ibrahim?"

"Poor foolish one! He has taken refuge in the bottle."

Rejina led Chafik into the house and along a corridor to a bedroom.

IBRAHIM lay on a rumpled bed. He was fully dressed, and his clothes were damp and there was yellow mud on his shoes. His breathing was heavy and he could not be wakened; he smelled strongly of *arak*. Chafik opened a window and went out.

"Madame," he said to Rejina. "You said Jamil has gone to the police. To confess?"

"That one will confess to nothing! He had the temerity, this morning, to deny he had killed Zaki or buried him. He was so convincing that I—I—" She stopped, her luminous eyes wide.

Chafik was moved by pity, for he knew she was afraid, and why. "And so you were relieved when I found Zaki?" he asked gently.

"It proved that what I saw, I saw. Otherwise . . ." The woman left her thought unfinished.

Hastily Chafik led her to safer ground: "When was Zaki killed?"

"When I heard the shot, my clock had just chimed five."

Now it was the Inspector's turn to doubt his sanity, for nearly an hour later he had come to the Bayt Kamil Hadi with Faisal and seen Zaki alive. He shouted, "Impossible!"

"You will remember your place," Rejina said in the voice of a great lady. "I have been very patient with you. The hour was five."

She veiled herself and went away. At the top of the stairs, she stopped, and Chafik saw she had had another mercurial change of mood.

"Do not forget to bring the pretty boy," she said.

The Inspector heard with relief the sirens of police cars in the distance. . . .

They dug up the body, and, later, Sergeant Abdullah came and said in his business voice, "Sir, the corpse is identified as Zaki Attala. He has a bullet between the eyes. The gun was of small caliber and is missing. It rained when he was buried, his clothes are wet, and it ceased to rain at midnight. Therefore, he was buried—"

"Yesterday," Chafik said. "Always I am haunted by yesterday. Until now, murders have been three-dimensional. This one appears to have been activated on a fourth plane." He shrugged. "Did they bring Jamil Hadi?"

"Yes, sir. He was at headquarters."

They brought Jamil to the salon which Chafik had requisitioned for the inquiry. The man looked as though he had slept in his clothes.

"Tell me what happened after I left last night," Chafik said.

Jamil used his sleeve to wipe his forehead. "After you left, Zaki said he had to go home."

"What was the time?"

"Nearly seven."

"And why did Zaki risk the storm?"

Jamil hesitated. "He was concerned about his wife."

"Concerned? And yet he was prepared to divorce her?" The Inspector's smile was unpleasant. "Continue please, Mr. Hadi."

Jamil fingered his beard. "The story is delicate. Ibrahim was drunk, lying here in the salon, and my sister was in her room. Storms disturb her. I had gone to the kitchen and I heard a shot. I found Zaki in the cloister near the house door. He was dead. The door was open, and outside I saw—"

"A man," Chafik said, "with the fury of the storm in his face."

Jamil turned up the palms of his hands. "All things are known to you," he said.

"That should be said only of God." The Inspector was, nevertheless, glad to have confirmation he had actually seen a man.

"Who was he?" he said gruffly.

"Aziz Chelebi of Basra, Zaki's father-in-law. He is a small merchant. Zaki married beneath himself."

"Scarcely an excuse to divorce a pregnant wife," Chafik said. "A father, however humble, would have justification for anger."

"A murderous anger? Zaki told me Aziz threatened him—"

"A threat is not a deed. Let us return to the facts. What did the man do when you saw him?"

"He cried out—I think it was, 'No, no!'—and he ran."

"And?"

"I followed and lost him. Then I went to find a telephone and report to you, but our line was down. Then I was worried about my sister perhaps finding the body, so I came back." Jamil's round eyes reflected horror. "There was no body," he whispered.

Chafik was incredulous. "Eh? Zaki buried himself?"

"I told you Ibrahim was very drunk. He must have found Zaki and somehow acted on your son's fantastic story. I found my brother in the garden—and a grave exactly where—"

Chafik remembered the mud on Ibrahim's shoes and clothes. "I suppose your brother will remember nothing."

"That is always so the next day." Jamil hesitated and then said, "I regret my delay in coming to you after the storm. I—I was afraid—of the situation, of the boy's tale, of you."

THE little man recalled yesterday's indignity and grew taller. He said, "Your story appears to hold together, but your sister says you killed Zaki."

Jamil said, "Now it has happened, and a brother must talk. Surely, Inspector, you observed my sister has a strange mind?"

"She is strange, certainly," Chafik said, "but I have never met a woman so serene."

And then he remembered something long forgotten. The will, which had given Rejina everything, had been unsuccessfully contested on grounds of her mental incapacity. The case had happened many years ago, and the Inspector looked curiously at the man who had contested the will. Jamil was embarrassed.

"Can you explain," the Inspector asked plaintively, "how it is that she corroborates the fantasy of my son?"

Jamil Hadi moved in his chair. He answered, "I cannot. You met Zaki alive. You know—"

"Yes," Chafik said. "I am your witness." . . .

The Inspector continued his investigation. Near the house door, he detected a stain where Jamil claimed Zaki Attala had died.

Then he walked down the cloister to

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The majority of non-Catholics do not question the patriotism of their Catholic fellow-citizens.

They have seen too many Catholic sons die beside their own on countless battlefields. They have stood too often with Catholics in defense of common ideals and a common heritage.

Yet the ugly voice of bigotry is heard again – warning that Catholics "owe allegiance to a foreign potentate"... that "Popery" is a "menace to democracy"... even that Catholicism is as "totalitarian as Communism."

Informed non-Catholics will scorn these unworthy accusations. But in the interest of truth and goodwill among people of all faiths, this miserable skeleton of intolerance should be exposed for the benefit of the many who otherwise may become unwitting victims of false and misleading books, tracts and other anti-Catholic propaganda.

One critic in the United States suggests that the Catholic Church is "undemocratic" because it opposes such things as birth control, divorce and questionable reading matter. By this unreasonable standard, a religious denomination which opposes alcoholic drink could also be called "undemocratic" because it holds principles contrary to the law of the land. Catholics, certainly, make no such criticism.

Catholics are called "undemocratic" because they have their own schools. By the same reasoning, all other denominations with church-sponsored schools and colleges could be likewise condemned, despite the fact that religious schools preceded tax-supported schools in the United States and Canada, and that most of our private colleges and universities were founded by religious bodies.

The Catholic Church is called an "alien" religion because the Vatican is located in Italy.

All of the major religious faiths of the United States and Canada had their origin in foreign lands. And the fact is that the religions professed by these bodies are at this very time the state religions in certain other lands. But does anyone call them "undemocratic?"

For nearly 2,000 years, the Catholic Church has existed under any and all forms of government. Its people comply with the political system of the land they live in... refusing to comply only if a political state should command them to violate God's law. An example is the Catholic resistance to Communism wherever it appears – because Catholicism and Communism are incompatible.

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the river wall and there he found a chip in the masonry. Something, he decided, had struck with the authority of a bullet and made its mark very recently. But where he stood was at least twenty yards from the house door and stained pavement. He looked up and saw that Rejina's rooms were above.

Chafik said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Possibly of no importance, but note it. And now express your opinion on the case. I do confess to bewilderment."

"Sir?"

The Inspector looked at his assistant. Then he said, "Listen to me, Abdullah. Here is the situation. On the one hand, we have the evidence of an afflicted woman and an imaginative boy. They saw a man being buried just after five o'clock. On the other, we have Jamil's evidence. Although his evidence is not confirmed, let us admit Zaki was alive when I met him—and at that time he should have been dead."

The pious sergeant exclaimed, "God and by God!"

The little man sighed. "But why should the stories coincide? Did Faisal's fantasy wing its way into the clouded mind of Rejina? Telepathy? Is such a thing possible?"

THE Inspector was interrupted by an officer who said, "Sir, there is a band of boys at the door. One says he is your son."

Faisal came in, dragging a reluctant boy. Other urchins, uniformed alike in ragged gowns and wisps of turban, waited outside the door.

Faisal said, "Here is Malek and he has something to tell you about the murder done here and—"

"Wait!" Chafik said hastily. "Tell me first how you knew a murder had been committed here."

"All Baghdad knows," Faisal replied.

"I am a detective in a fish bowl!" exclaimed the Inspector. The horde of ragged boys still hovered cautiously in the background.

"Bazaar waifs, sir," Sergeant Abdullah said in the Inspector's ear. "Scavengers, thieves."

Chafik was stung into defense. "My son was once one of them," he whispered fiercely. "These are his men. The wild boys of Baghdad recognize Faisal as paramount and call him 'sheik.'" He realized he was talking too much. "Well?" he demanded. "What has Malek got to tell me?"

"Malek will not talk to policemen," Faisal said. "What he has to tell is that last night he took shelter from the storm outside there among the date palms." He pointed through the doorway. "He heard a shot and then the gun came, thrown by somebody, and he looked and saw a woman and—"

"A man, not a woman," Chafik said absently. "But a gun? Thrown!"

"This one," said his son.

He reached into his blouse and gave his father a pistol of old pattern. The butt was chased with silver, and there was engraving on the guard and along the barrel. The weapon had been fired.

"The fingerprints have got all rubbed off," Faisal said. "And, my father, Malek was honest to bring it to me because he could have got perhaps two dinars for a gun and he should be rewarded."

"Truly you are Sheik of the Waifs!" Chafik said dryly.

"Yes, my father. And so when Malek told me his story, and I heard you found the body here—just where I said it was—"

The Inspector said hastily, "At what time did the incidents you have described happen to the witness?"

Faisal shook his head. "Malek does not know time. But his belly said it needed filling, and it is always empty at the seventh hour and—"

"Ah, hearsay!" exclaimed Chafik.

"My father, I have come to help you—I and my men. If there is somebody you wish to find, he cannot hide from them; they know all Baghdad. You said there was a man—"

"Aziz Chelebi, the father-in-law of Zaki," Chafik said absently.

Immediately Faisal said, "My men will find you Aziz."

"Enough!" commanded the Inspector. "What manner of thing is this? I have a police force, and you offer me your ragged Baker Street runners! Go home and stay home!" He slapped the seat of the boy's shorts.

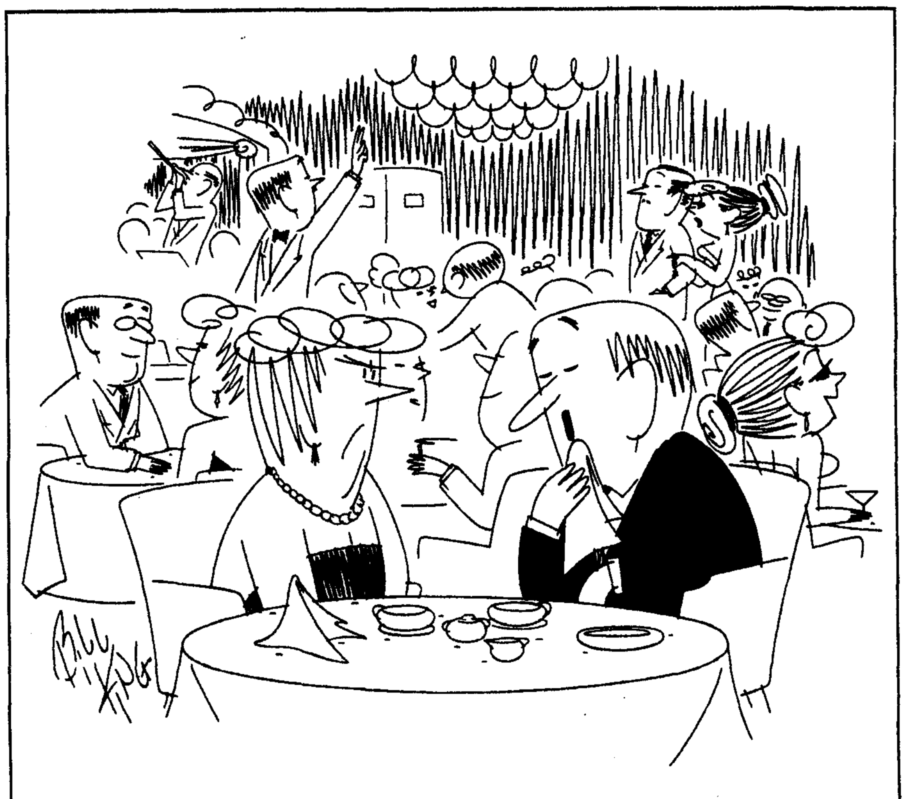
Faisal went away crying.

Chafik became aware that somebody stood behind him, and turned quickly. It was Jamil Hadi.

"That is not a pleasant boy," Jamil said, his eyes fixed on Faisal's departing back.

Chafik said warningly, "You speak of my son!"

And then he remembered the gun Faisal had given him. "Can you identify this?" he asked.



COLLIER'S "That was an excellent meal, dear" BILL KING

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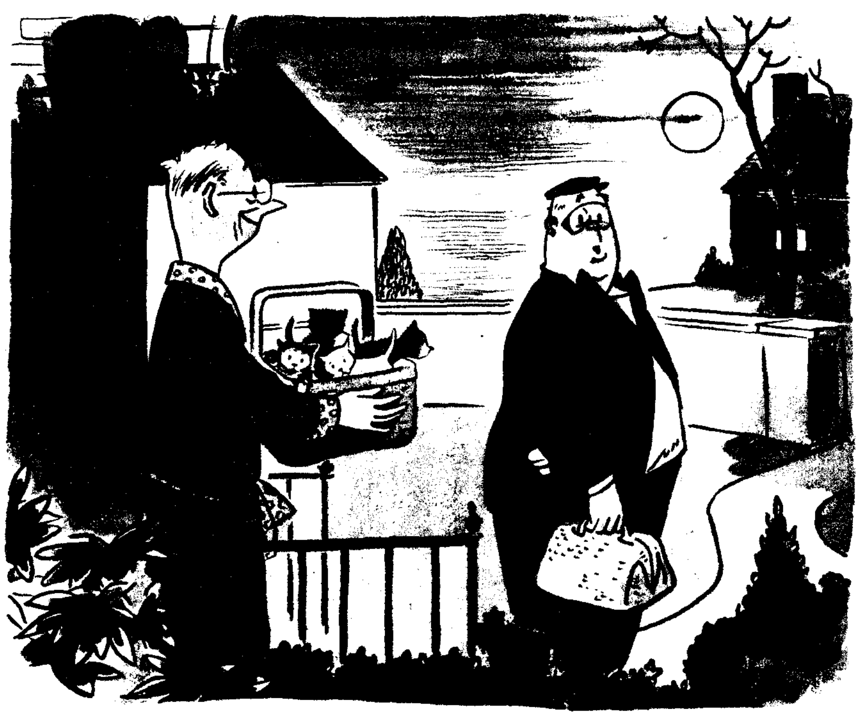

COLLIER'S "Yeah, I plan to visit a coupla other houses tonight. Why?" LARRY REYNOLDS

Jamil stared at it. He turned it over and over. Finally he said, "No, I cannot identify it." He gave the gun back and averted his face.

"Did it kill Zaki?" Jamil asked after a long pause.

"That is for ballistics to prove—but a small-caliber gun was used—"

The Inspector stopped.

The lady of the Bayt Kamil Hadi came into the room, and her face reddened with anger as she cried, "Beast! You struck the boy! You—"

He tried to placate her and said, "Madame, my son is inquisitive. If the murderer thought Faisal knew—"

"But you struck him! A child!"

"I disciplined him," Chafik protested, as she turned from him.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "Let the dead stay dead!"

He watched her run through the splashes of sunlight and shadow. He was shocked that one so habitually calm should sob so wildly. Then he remembered the gun in his hand.

Poor woman! he reproached himself. How clumsy of me, I should have concealed it! Even if Zaki is only her lover in her dreams . . .

He called after her, "Lady, I—"

But she had gone into the house.

Only Jamil remained. "You see how it is with her," he said.

CHAFIK went to call on Zaki Attala's widow, Naomi, the daughter of Aziz Chelebi. He found her in two cluttered rooms in the Nassah Quarter. She was heavy with Zaki's child.

The woman was veiled, for she was old-fashioned, although she was young.

He said, "The compassion of God embraces you."

Naomi said, "My man is dead. I loved him."

Chafik wondered how a good woman could love one like Zaki, who would have deserted her, but it often happened that a woman's emotions were wasted on an engaging rascal.

The Inspector had not come to deliver a homily. "Where is your father?"

Naomi's hands, worn by service for her man, clasped tightly. "I do not know where my father is."

"Do not hide things from me. He came from Basra yesterday, at your insistence. He went to many cafés looking for Zaki; he made many threats."

Chafik added, "And in the end he traced Zaki to the House of Hadi and went there. I saw him."

The woman said in a surprisingly firm voice, "I know. I followed him. I was afraid for Zaki. My father's temper—"

Chafik got up and paced the room and noted the many absurd gadgets Zaki had bought to please his wife. And to ease his conscience, thought the Inspector.

He turned and asked, "What made you send for your father if you feared his violence toward your husband?"

"I—I was overwrought. I did not think. When one is with child—"

"All the world knows," Chafik said. "When you heard that Zaki might divorce you to marry his cousin, what did you—"

"I hated him! I hated them both!"

"Do not hate Rejina," Chafik begged. "She refused him. But what of her brothers?" he asked.

"Jamil was friendly; he came here often. Jamil and my husband talked a great deal together. I do not know what they talked about, because they whispered as people do when they plot something." Naomi added, "Zaki had many ideas about becoming rich."

Somebody knocked, and the Inspector went to the door and found an old man who carried a giant basket of fruits. In an ancient voice, the messenger said, "Bless the sender! A gift from the Lady Rejina to the Lady Naomi!" Chafik tipped him and sent him away.

The woman and the police inspector stared at the basket.

Then Naomi said, "That woman sent it? *That* woman?"

Chafik said, "The human mind cannot probe the depths of Rejina's heart." He remembered that the matriarch of the House of Hadi had spoken of taking Naomi into her home.

"People say she is mad."

"People are unkind. She is very gracious but eccentric."

Zaki's wife hesitated and then took an apple from the basket. The Inspector went to find a plate and knife.

He found a knife in a rack above the kitchen sink. It was a novel rack; instead of slots, a bar magnet held the implements, and Chafik thought: Another of Zaki's gadgets . . . He returned to the widow.

Carefully he peeled the apple and

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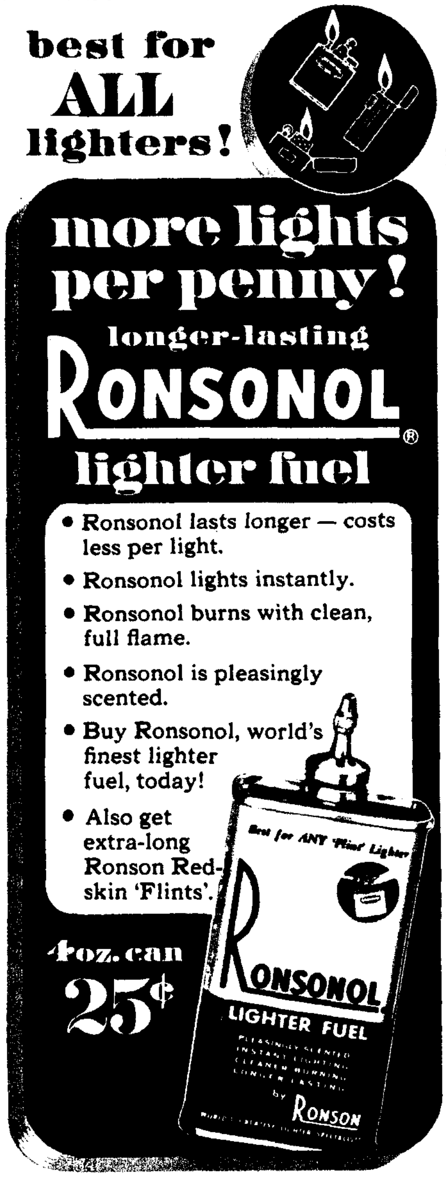
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offered it, then he became the policeman again. "Do you recognize this?" He brought out the gun that Malek, his son's man, had injected into the case.

Naomi let her head covering fall, and for the first time he saw her. Briefly she was beautiful, and then she was hysterical.

"No, no, no!" she screamed. And she seized the basket of fruits and threw it with shocking violence on the floor. "I will take nothing! Nothing from that woman! She enticed my man. She—"

The Inspector backed to the door, hands raised defensively.

"For God's sake!" he said to the policewoman who was in attendance. "Calm her! She is with child!"

LATER, in his office, Inspector Chafik read the laboratory reports. Ballistics proved that the bullet taken out of Zaki matched the gun; both the gun and the ammunition were old-fashioned. Furthermore, the gun belonged to an era when registration was not required.

Then there were the surgeon's findings; the suggested time of Zaki's death covered a period of two hours either side of five o'clock.

"A crystal-gazer would have been as accurate," Chafik announced.

He looked at other reports. The police still had not found Aziz Chelebi, the father of Naomi. He wondered how a man like Aziz, who had no criminal cunning, could elude the dragnet.

And then the small voice of Faisal boasted in his ear, "My men will find you Aziz." He reached for the telephone and called his wife.

"With reference to my just chastisement of our son—"

"Faisal has refused dinner," were Leila's first words to him this difficult day. "He tells me you railed against him when he sought to help you."

"He also boasted!" Chafik cried into the telephone. "In front of my men, he boasted that his wretched urchins—"

"Wretched urchins?" echoed Leila. "Have you forgotten he was one?"

Chafik shouted, "They taught him how to lie! They—" He jiggled the switch. "Leila! Listen carefully. I insist you keep Faisal at home. He must see no more of those boys; he must keep his nose out of this case— Leila? You are there?"

She answered, "I am here, but my husband is not there. Not the man I know. But we obey your edict." She hung up, too late to cut off a sob.

The Inspector wanted to rush home, but pride held him back and he became angry. He swept the papers from his desk, set his hat on his head at a reckless angle and went out, saying, "Well, there's only one way to forget!"

Inspector Chafik marched an assertive track to his favorite café and went to a table on the dais at the back of the room. He said to the waiter, "A honey cake!" and as the man turned away, added recklessly, "Make that two!" . . .

A day passed and nothing was changed. There was still no trace of Aziz Chelebi, and Chafik again sat at the table in the café. It was late, and he was satiated with honey cakes, but reluctant to go home. He had slept the night on the sofa because he felt unwelcome in the connubial bed.

Chafik hid behind a copy of Al-Hawedith and only put the newspaper down when his assistant arrived.

One look at Abdullah's face, and Chafik paid his bill and got up.

"We have found the suspect, Aziz Chelebi," Abdullah said.

"You speak of him as if he were an inanimate object."

"Yes, sir. He is. Stabbed, sir." . . .

The father of Naomi lay in an alleyway not far from his daughter's house. There were many knife wounds in his back, and he had not been dead long. The patrolman who had found the body had seen nobody suspicious and had nothing to add to the meager facts.

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Abdullah said, "A curious item, sir. He has not been robbed. May I venture to suggest he was killed in anger?"

"The suggestion deserves consideration, but I think it was panic, not anger," said Inspector Chafik.

He turned the corpse over and looked at the face, and it was the one he had seen in the storm. Now it had no expression.

Chafik said, "Poor father!" Then he added, "Poor daughter, twice bereaved in three days!"

While he talked, he went through Aziz' pockets. Suddenly he exclaimed, then held up for Abdullah's inspection a few rounds of revolver ammunition.

"Caliber .32. You'd need an old-fashioned gun to fire it. It's dated ammunition. And it would fit the gun that killed Zaki. But why was Aziz killed?" . . .

Chafik came home to the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings as the stars were going out. He walked wearily up the garden path, wondering why there were lights on in the house.

Leila was in the hallway. She was wearing a wrap over her nightdress, and her dark hair was unbraided. He went to her eagerly, then noticed her pallor, then saw with alarm she was trying to conceal a pistol.

"What happened?" he asked sharply.

"Faisal saw something. He cried out. He shouted that somebody was at the window, and I ran to look. I saw—"

"You saw his nightmare?"

"I saw a shadow." Leila shivered and drew her wrap around her. "I took your spare pistol," she said. "I went out—"

He beat his hands. "Courageous but foolish!"

"Faisal's nightmare dropped this," Leila said. She showed him a knife which she had wrapped in newspaper. "I thought to preserve fingerprints," she explained.

He was too overcome to commend her police methods, and his hands shook as he took the knife. It had a good steel blade set in a wooden haft; there were thousands of knives like it in the kitchens of Baghdad. Somebody had used electrician's tape to make a better grip, and the Inspector's hope of fingerprints faded. He slanted the blade to the light and saw particles embedded in the imprint of the manufacturer's name. His face said what he thought.

"Blood?" Leila asked, losing control.

He nodded. "I will send it to the laboratory for analysis," he said tiredly.

Then he heard his son's voice calling, and he ran to the boy's room.

Faisal was sitting up in bed, and his enormous eyes seemed to fill his face. He had learned the meaning of fear this night. He asked his mother, who had followed Chafik, "You told him?"

"I told him," Leila said.

THEY talked as if Chafik were not there, and the little man wondered if ever again he would have their confidence. Finally he went and sat timidly on the edge of the bed. "Now you've got a real adventure to tell your friends," Chafik said with false cheerfulness.

"But, my father, it was real the other time."

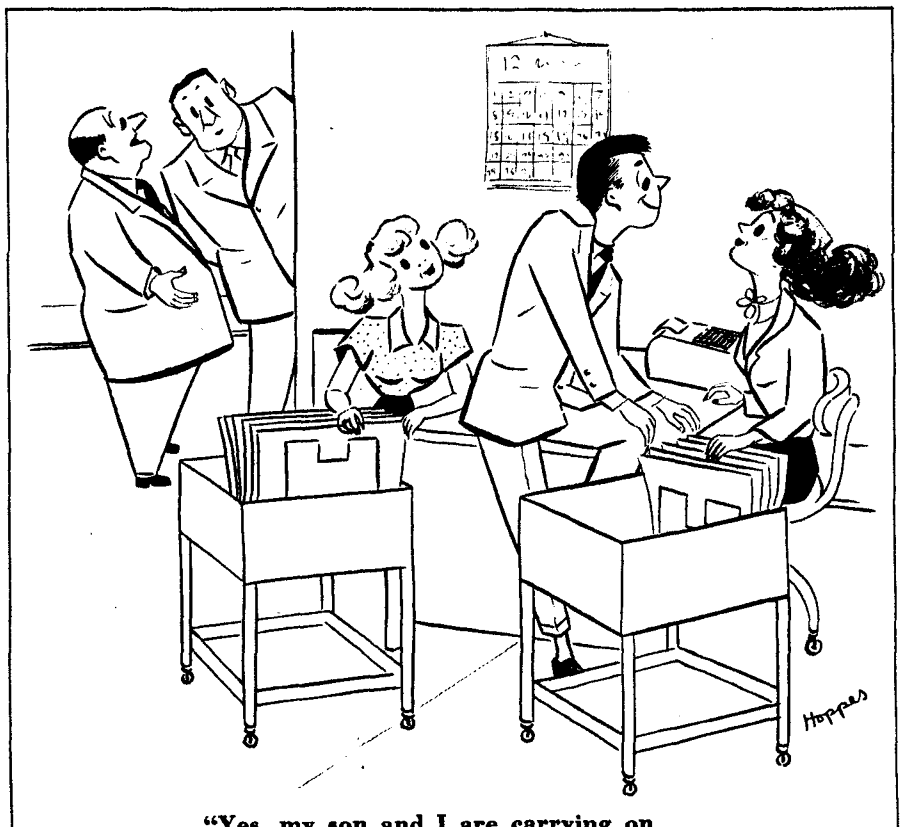
The Inspector listened with half an ear. He remembered the Koran, for the prayer call now sounded from all the mosques in Baghdad, and he sought in it, as always, guidance for the day. He found it in the seventeenth sura, the thirty-eighth verse: *And follow not that which thou hast no knowledge: because the hearing and the sight and the heart, each shall be enquired of.*

He clapped his hands and cried to his son, "This is truly a revelation! I have no knowledge, so must inquire! Exactly what did you hear and see when you climbed the tree to look into the garden?"

Faisal answered, "I heard nothing after the lady screamed."

"You didn't hear the spade digging?"

"The trees sighed, and the river throwed itself about, and I could not hear the spade because Ibrahim had not started to dig. It was like the cinema when the sound goes off. You know what I mean?" he finished, anxiously.



"Yes, my son and I are carrying on the business together. I run the business and he does the carrying on"

COLLIER'S LOWELL HOPPES

Chafik grasped the small shoulders, and, as he looked into his son's puzzled eyes, his own began to glow. "Buskin and grease paint make a piquant sauce, but—yes! I know what you mean!"

The boy had put his finger on it, he decided. All that had happened at the Bayt Kamil Hadi had been a three-act play. The second act, staged when he called with Faisal, had been impromptu, but the first had been carefully rehearsed and would have gone off smoothly if Faisal had not unexpectedly joined the audience.

"A play intended for an audience of one," Chafik told his son.

Faisal was bewildered. "But, my father—"

"Where is your intelligence?" shouted the little man, and he harangued the boy as he would have an assistant: "Consider that chip in the masonry under Rejina's window. That was obviously made by a bullet—the bullet she heard fired at five o'clock. But it did not kill Zaki."

"No, my father," agreed Faisal, diplomatically.

"Zaki was killed in the third act. I don't know how, for certain, although the evidence points to Aziz. But was there a fourth act? Could Aziz have been innocent, and was he killed because he saw something he shouldn't?"

"Like I did?" the boy asked.

Chafik remembered he was talking to a child, and the bewilderment in his son's eyes matched his own. "Well, I talk to you like a man, and you like that, don't you?" he said gruffly to cover his embarrassment.

"Yes, my father." Faisal snuggled down, and the bright eyes warned Chafik he had said too much. "So what I saw I should not have seen," the boy went on. "And if this Aziz also saw what he should not have seen, and got killed, then—"

"Nonsense!" the Inspector said vehemently, but he was sure the intruder who had come that night was fearful of Faisal's knowledge. The boy knew no more than he had told, and panic was too often the reason for murder.

Chafik commanded himself to be calm. He asked the question: If my theory is correct, how did this individual trace Aziz? He thought a moment and then had the answer, and went to sit on the bed again.

"My son, with reference to the edict I issued against seeing your men, it is rescinded. I mean you may see them," he clarified hastily. "And, Faisal, when a sheik has been in exile he may find, on return, that his wise laws have been disobeyed. This is particularly so when a sheik has had a boastful moment—"

"My father, then you think—" Faisal began.

Chafik nodded and went and told his wife to go to the boy; then he stealthily telephoned Sergeant Abdullah and routed the big man out of bed. The sergeant expressed neither annoyance nor drowsiness.

Chafik said, "Abdullah, my friend. Clothe yourself and come and watch my son. Duty has compelled me to put an idea in his head, and I fear his rashness. But with your discreet protection—" All at once he broke down. "I put Faisal in your care," he announced tearfully.

IT WAS a very hot day, and the Inspector dressed in a crisp white linen suit. He was no longer tired, his brain had rarely been so active, and as he rode toward his office, he concentrated on the obscurity of the knife dropped by the intruder. The laboratory had already checked it and reported it could have made the wounds in Aziz' body, and, as Chafik had suspected, there was human blood congealed on the blade.

"And they tell me the knife's magnetized," he grumbled. "Now why should that fact needle me?"

The car stopped for traffic opposite Hasso's Department Store, and the Inspector noticed a display of hardware in the window. It gave him the key to memory, and he startled his driver by striking his hands together. He cursed his profession and the malignancy of his thoughts, and finally told the driver to take him to the house of Zaki Attala's wife.

The widow was sitting at the window. Despite the heat, she was wearing a heavy robe. The eyes that peered at the Inspector through the head folds were without luster; her hands lay motionless in her lap.

He glanced at the policewoman, whose nod informed him her charge was out of shock. "Again," Chafik told Naomi in a heavy voice, "you are with God."

"Is there a God?"

The blasphemy distressed him, and so did her voice; it was dead, like her eyes. He made a hasty excuse and went to the kitchen to draw a glass of water.

THE malignant thought that had brought him here made him examine the knife rack on the wall. There was a space where a knife was missing. He detached another and touched it to an iron pot, and, as he had feared, there was weak but definite magnetism in the blade, created by the novelty rack.

"There are few like it in Baghdad," Chafik said. "May I be forgiven for what I think, but—"

He went back to Naomi and said abruptly, "Have you considered the possibility that your father, in his anger, might—"

Naomi cried, "That lie is a dagger in your heart!"

"By custom," continued Chafik, "a father arranges a daughter's marriage. If the marriage is a mistake, and he is a fond father, he—"

"It was not his will I married Zaki. I asked for Zaki! My father was too proud to refuse, but he warned me; he said Zaki was mixed in strange affairs with Jamil—"

"So you knew more of that than you told me when I questioned you," he said sternly. "Open your mouth, woman! Confess!" He detested himself for his police methods.

She protested, "But I am not sure what they talked about. I think it was about Rejina. Jamil said she was insane. If it could be proved—"

"He could take the estate!" Chafik interrupted.

And he went on, forgetful of his audience, "Now we have the theme of the play. They put on an act, those precious brothers and your man. They staged a quarrel and pretended to kill Zaki—that was the shot Rejina heard—and then they pretended to bury him. If Faisal had not seen it, all would have gone according to plan. Rejina would have told her tale, and then Zaki would have been produced alive. What better proof of her insanity, and her unfitness to handle her father's estate?"

He pulled himself together and asked Naomi, "If you knew all this, why did you believe Zaki was going to divorce you?"

"I was in despair. I feared he would desert me. And I hated Rejina. I did not know her, or her kindness. I had not met her. When she came here yesterday with her brothers, it was as if my mother lived again."

"What?" Chafik shouted. "Rejina came here? And Jamil and Ibrahim? Why was I not informed?"

Naomi said, "Yes, they came. Rejina is strange, but God gave her her heart." She added painfully, "I was blasphemous just now. I denied God—but surely God made Rejina ask me to live with her."

Inspector Chafik thought of the knife and how another person could have taken it from the magnetic rack. He took the young woman's hands and

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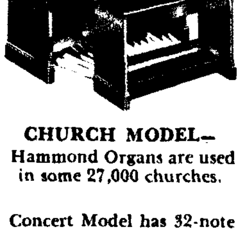

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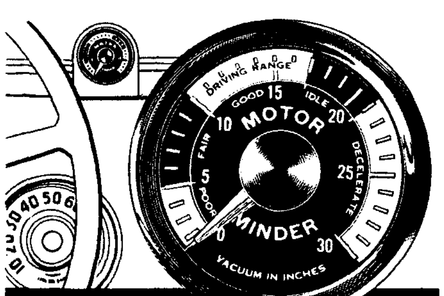

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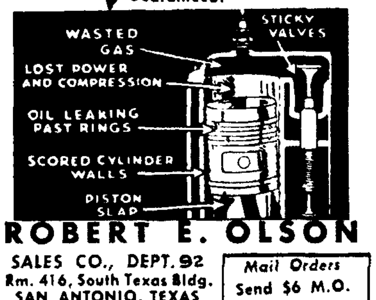

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bowed over them. "Oh, God the Merciful!" he cried. "Forgive a policeman his suspicions! And forgive me, too, Naomi, daughter of Aziz!"

The Inspector ran from the house. . . .

The windows of his office were screened with camel's-thorn kept green by a sprinkler, and the filtered air was fresh, but the Inspector came in from the furnace of Baghdad, and the familiar haven brought no comfort.

He was worried about his son. He told himself that his fear was neurotic, that Abdullah was protecting the boy. But even the fortress of Abdullah could be breached. So he went on worrying and waiting.

It was long after the call to the midday prayer when the door opened and Abdullah came in with Faisal. The sergeant said, "Sir, I bring you a disturber of the peace. It was a very good fight while it lasted." The big man smiled.

Faisal had a swelling under one eye and was licking his knuckles.

"What was it all about?"

"It was about what you told me last night, my father. One of my men had cheated. You know, I make them put the money they earn in an old hat at the end of the day, and they share out—"

Chafik interrupted, "How much did this boy hold out?"

"It was five dinars. So much money is—"

"How did he earn five dinars?"

Faisal's unbruised eye widened. "Now this is strange. It concerns Aziz Chelebi—"

Chafik said, "Somebody gave him five dinars to find out where Aziz was hiding."

The light went out in Faisal's heart-shaped face. "You know everything before I begin!" he complained. Then he rushed on, "It was a man; he smelled of arak—"

"Arak!" exclaimed the Inspector.

He looked at Sergeant Abdullah, who said, "The drunken brother. I had hoped it would be the other one, sir."

Chafik went to the boy. "Go home and put on your best clothes," he said. "We are going to call on a lady. There will be nice things to eat."

"Ice cream, my father?" Faisal asked eagerly.

"And honey cakes," the father said hopefully.

THE Inspector had sent Rejina a note and received a courteous invitation. And now I come as a snake into her garden, he thought.

Faisal said, "I think I see police among the palms."

Chafik put a finger to his lips and then rang the bell.

Rejina wore a soft blue dress and a chiffon stole, and on her hennaed hair was a chaplet of artificial flowers.

She exclaimed, "Oh, the pretty boy!" and held Faisal with an ardor that frightened him.

Rejina turned to Ibrahim, who was acting as butler, and said, "Brother, go bring the good things. Our young guest has an eager stomach." When he had gone, she confided, "He is a good man in many ways—not like Jamil."

"Where is Jamil?" Chafik asked casually.

"He has been resting in his room all day. He was out all night."

The Inspector held back an exclamation. The woman was engrossed in Faisal, and Chafik slipped out to the kitchen to interrogate Ibrahim.

Chafik said softly, "Did you take the knife from Naomi's house?"

"A knife? What use would I have for a knife?" asked Ibrahim.

"Did you bribe a boy to look for Aziz Chelebi?"

"I do not remember. When the wine flows, I forget, and—"

"Aziz was killed last night," Chafik said brutally. "He was followed from his hiding place. He was on his way to his daughter's house, I think."

The alcoholic shuddered. "There has been too much killing."

"Who killed Zaki?"

Ibrahim drew himself up. "Do not inquire into that!" he said fiercely. "If you do, there might be—another—" He stopped and glanced toward the salon, whence came the treble of Faisal's voice and Rejina's laughter. "I am happy for her," the man said emotionally. He picked up a laden tray, and they went out.

FAISAL was sitting enthroned, and on his dark head was Rejina's chaplet of flowers. The boy exclaimed, "Father! The nice lady says it is true there are sprites in the river and they tease the fish and—"

The Eden snake was a saint compared with me, Chafik thought. He found a chiding voice and said, "Too many fairy stories! The next thing, you'll be telling the lady about what you imagined you saw on the day of the storm."

Faisal jiggled on the sofa and shouted, "I did so see it! There was Ibrahim, and there was the other one who had the beard, and there was a dead man and—"

Rejina turned to the boy's father and said fiercely, "Enough!"

"Lady," the Inspector said—and he did not like himself—"what happened after your brothers killed Zaki, as you told me they did?"

"They buried him, and he got up and walked again."

Chafik looked across the room. Ibrahim stood rooted in the doorway; he could not speak, and he could not move to go to his sister.

Rejina put a honey cake on Faisal's plate. When she was sure the boy's attention was distracted, she went on calmly, "Yes, Zaki walked again. Probably he came to look for me, since he loved me. Poor restless spirit! The dead should stay dead."

"Sister!" Speech burst at last from Ibrahim.

"It was indeed a visitation," she said, not heeding him. "I saw Zaki's poor spirit wandering near the house door. I even heard Zaki's poor, dead voice!"

Faisal looked up with interest, and she hastily piled food on his plate.

"So I took my father's old pistol," Rejina told Chafik, "and returned to the house door. It took only a moment to give him rest. That was proper, don't you think?"

"Surely, Lady," Chafik said, and tasted dust.

"And then I threw the gun away. I do not like guns." A gentle smile came. "I know Zaki is at peace, because his poor ghost has not come to haunt me again."

The clouds passed. She turned to Faisal and said indulgently, "Shall I tell you another fairy story, pretty boy?"

Watching her, Chafik knew she had already forgotten, and he envied her; he could not forget, ever.

It unrolled like a mat, and he saw the whole design; Jamil's plan to prove his sister's insanity, the failure of the plan because of the unexpected audience, Faisal. None of the three plotters had guessed how fragile Rejina's mind was, and probably Jamil did not care. The thread of her reason had snapped, and she had taken the gun and gone to Zaki, as a mother goes with soothing medicine for a sick child.

Aziz, waiting outside, had seen his son-in-law fall in the open doorway, and because of his threats to kill Zaki he had run in panic.

Jamil, seeing him run, at first thought him guilty. Then, when the familiar gun was found, he had guessed the truth and shared the horror with his befuddled accomplice, the weak Ibrahim.

Here was proof of Rejina's insanity,

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and, ironically, it could not be used; the evidence would inevitably bring the conspiracy to light, and involve the brothers as accomplices. Now, they were certain Aziz had witnessed the killing and would talk when the police found him.

"So he became a menace to be removed," Chafik announced. "Panic! And the one who panicked was—"

Instinctively, he swung around. He saw Ibrahim, who still stood helpless in the doorway. He saw him thrust violently aside. He saw Jamil, the beard and hair wild, gun in hand.

"That hell-brat!" the man shouted.

Chafik said carefully, "*I* am your nemesis, not Faisal."

He braced his feet. The distance was too great, and he had to wait until Jamil came nearer.

Jamil said, "You made her talk! You used the boy and made her talk! Always the boy! If he hadn't come nosing around, if one of his guttersnipes hadn't found the gun, if—"

"You and I," Chafik said, "have the real quarrel. I traced the knife that will hang you."

The man's round eyes switched to Chafik, but the gun was still on Faisal. Give me time, Chafik prayed.

"And I do not admire your cunning," he went on. "You hoped when you took the knife from Naomi's house that she would appear guilty of patricide."

He willed Jamil to come nearer, and said, "You put cartridges in Aziz' pocket to make it look as if he had killed Zaki with that gun. And you used your brother as go-between with the bazaar boys, so that if one plan failed, the other might succeed. You knew Ibrahim would be too drunk to know if he'd killed or not!"

Jamil forgot Faisal and turned the gun on the little man who goaded him. Chafik hurled himself forward as the wildly fired shot resounded in the room.

Falling short, he scrambled to hands and knees. He saw Jamil level the gun again. He saw Ibrahim throw himself at his brother, and heard him shout, "No more killing! No more—"

There was a second shot and Ibrahim fell away.

The impact of Chafik's body carried Jamil to the floor. He put his knee into him and used his forearms like clubs. He thought of Aziz Chelebi, of the widowed Naomi, of Rejina's fragile mind; he struck Jamil again and again for each of them. He was still striking when strong hands dragged him from the helpless man.

"Leave him for the hangman, sir!" said a familiar voice.

The fog lifted, and Chafik recognized Abdullah; the police had rushed in with the first shot.

He looked first for Faisal. The boy was sitting on the sofa, staring. His mouth and his hands were sticky with honey cake. Chafik said to one of his men, "Take him out," and went quickly to where Ibrahim lay, his head pillowed on his sister's lap.

Rejina said, "Poor brother!" She rocked him like a child.

Ibrahim whispered, "Sister, little sister whom I wronged! I beg you—forget —never remember that night—"

"What night?" Rejina asked in surprise, bending to hear the answer.

But he did not answer. He had gone into the shadows.

INSPECTOR CHAFIK sat in his office. He was alone with his son. Presently he looked up from the report he was writing.

"Faisal, you are a man, are you not?"

"Yes, my father, I am nine years—"

"Then you will understand it is sometimes merciful to make a little twist in the truth. It would, for example, be nice to forget something a lady said, particularly since that lady has herself forgotten."

"Yes, my father," Faisal said blankly.

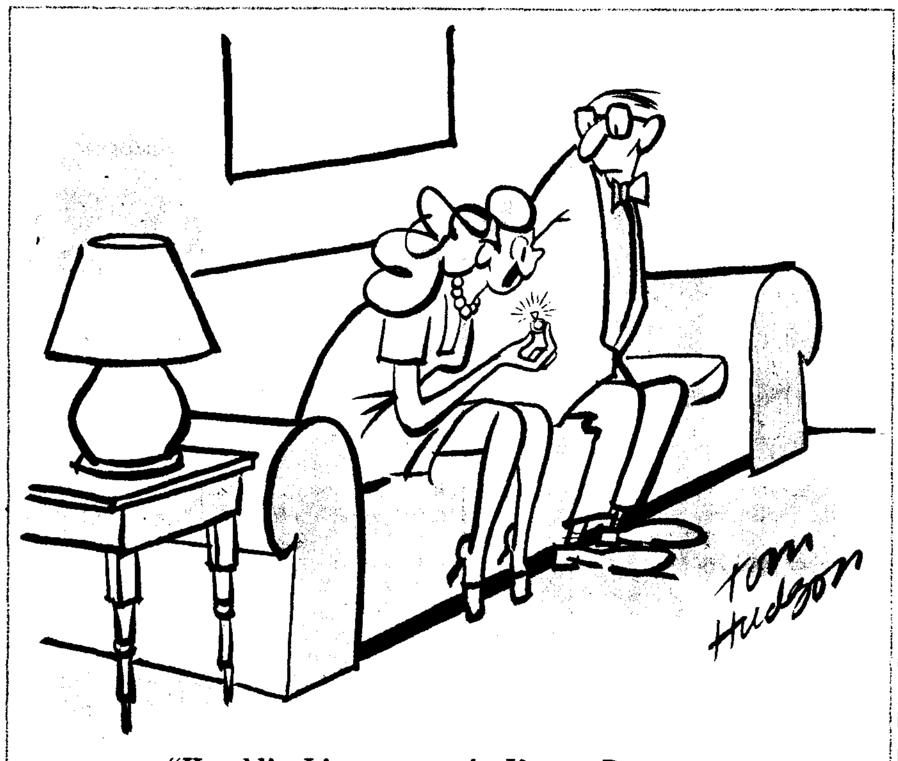
Chafik took his pen and wrote: *With reference to the death of Zaki Attala, I submit the evidence is clear that he was killed in a quarrel with Jamil Hadi. I respectfully suggest that as Jamil Hadi already stands accused of the murder of Aziz Chelebi, and the death of Ibrahim Hadi, a full investigation of the case is unnecessary. However, I append the names of two witnesses who observed Zaki Attala's burial, by the two Hadi brothers, at, or about, the evening hour of five on the day in question . . .*

The Inspector hesitated and then wrote firmly: *Rejina of the House of Hadi, and Faisal, my son.* He signed the report, looked at the solemn boy, and winked. "So what you saw that day you really saw," he announced.

"Yes, my father. Truly I saw it."

"Ah, you are truly a man, Faisal!"

Inspector Chafik took his son by the hand, and they went out together into a carnival Baghdad, lighted by the lanterns of the stars. ▲▲▲



"Harold! It's gorgeous! If my Prince Charming thinks I'm going to wait any longer for him to come along, he's crazy!"

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There's NOTHING FUNNY

You can't touch a man on his pocketbook and his funnybone at the same time. If profit is involved, nothing's too outrageous to be taken seriously. You don't believe it? Read on

HOW'S your sense of humor? Can you take a joke on yourself? Sure you can. We're all proud of not being stuffed shirts. We can laugh at ourselves as well as the next man.

The catch is that the next man can't—at least, not when the joke concerns the way he makes his living. When money comes in, humor goes out; then the average fellow becomes blind to the funny and the phony. There's nothing funny about money.

I had never noticed the phenomenon of money blindness until I got into the candid-microphone and candid-camera business. But when I started making hidden-mike recordings of candid interviews for radio (and, later, hidden-camera films for television) I got a surprise. Nothing, it seemed, was too outlandish to be taken seriously if it promised profit.

One day I was working at my desk while a husky, pleasant-faced electrician repaired a power cable in the corner of the room. I struck up a conversation, and was impressed by his wealth of information about technical matters. Suddenly I wondered how this solid citizen would react to a fantastic request for electrical work—like, say, the building of an electric chair for home use. Would he think I was crazy? Would he try to get away and rush to the police?

I pushed a button on my desk. In the next room, where a crew was working with the next week's tape recordings, a light flashed on, indicating that I wanted to start recording through the mike hidden in a dummy telephone on my desk.

"Tell me," I said to him, "you're a general electrician—does that mean you can do all different kinds of electrical work?"

He gave me a confident smile. "Only had twenty-three years' experience in the electrical and construction field," he said. "I can do whatever you need done."

"Even complicated stuff?"

He raised his eyebrows. There was nothing electrical, he said calmly, that he could not build.

"Well," I said earnestly, "I've got a job I've been wanting to get done for a long while. Could you build an electric chair for me? For my own home?" I fought down an impulse to laugh; it seemed to me like a pretty funny idea.

The electrician scarcely hesitated. "Well, it's possible," he said, "if you want to pay the cost of a thing like that."

It was my turn to raise my eyebrows. I figured I'd have to hit it a little harder. "But can you get enough current into it, building it yourself?" I asked. "I mean enough to really do the job?"

"Why, sure," he said. "It's just a case of getting the right equipment. I can give it 2,000 volts, the same as they do at Sing Sing." However, he added, the job would require a lot of different permits; the city had certain rules about high-voltage equipment.

I was astonished. How far could I go, I wondered, before this solidly built, sane-looking citizen's sense of perspective hoisted a warning flag in his brain? Could a man be so concerned about his job that *nothing* seemed odd to him?

"Well, look," I said, desperately. "You leave the responsibility for the permits to me—you just do the building. But tell me, will I be able to work this thing myself? What is there—just a switch or something for me to pull?"

"Sure, sure. It'll be an exact replica of the one up at Sing Sing. Regular control board; you sit on one side, the same as the electrocutor up there, and watch the whole operation. You'll have complete safety, the way I'll make it. It'll take me about three or four weeks. So I'll go ahead and start getting those permits—"

"No, no!" I said hastily. "Don't do that. Leave that to me. I'll get in touch with you—and thanks a lot."

"All right," he said, gathering up his tools. At the door, a thought struck him and he turned back. Aha, I thought, the light dawns!

"You understand," he said, "I can't start no work on the job until we get those permits." With that, he nodded good-by and left.

The electrician wasn't unusual. He was exhibiting what I later found to be a normal response to a situation involving money. Even when I explained that it was all a gag, people often wouldn't believe me.

Mrs. S., who arranges parties and dinners, is a good example. She came to my office at my invitation. She was young, nice-looking and pleasantly businesslike, and when I told her I wanted to give a testimonial banquet, she was alert and poised for action. But, I said, this affair would not be easy to handle. She practically strained at the leash.

"Well, you see," I dead-panned, "I want to give this testimonial for myself." I paused to observe her reaction.

"Uh-huh," she said. "What's the occasion?"

Obviously, if I was to get a reaction I'd have to try a little harder. So I did. I told her there was no occasion; I'd done nothing to deserve the testimonial. But a big affair with important people paying homage to me would be—well, nice. It would help my prestige.

"We could just say," I suggested, "that 'the industry' is giving this testimonial to me on general principles." I peered at her for signs of outrage. She merely nodded.

"All right," she said. "Now who do you know who can say some really wonderful things about you in a speech?"

I thought a moment. "Nobody," I said firmly. "Nobody could say anything good about me."

The Lady Had No Sense of Foolishness

She rolled with the punch—we could hire a paid speaker, she said. He wouldn't have to know me; he wouldn't even have to meet me until the night of the dinner. To her, it seemed reasonable and practicable; by refusing to recognize the foolishness of the whole affair, she was able to keep order in her own little world.

Then she popped up with another suggestion: I could also get recordings made during the dinner as a permanent memento. By that time, I was tiring of the joke. Her reference to recordings gave me a perfect opportunity for the denouement.

"We do some of that work ourselves," I started. "We do a lot of secret recordings. Have you ever heard of Candid Microphone, the radio program?" She hadn't; so I explained about secret microphones, people talking without knowing they were being recorded, and so on. Finally, I told her we had just recorded everything she had said.

"Oh, you did?" she giggled. "Oh, that's nice. Well, thank you! Now. What do you want me to do about the dinner? Why not let me give you an estimate?"

I was licked. She stood up and offered me her hand. I felt like holding it aloft and proclaiming her the victor.

Some time later, I tried a somewhat similar project—only this time I was determined to make my proposal so outlandish that *anyone* would get the gag.

I called in a man who caters private dinners. Unlike Mrs. S., he specialized in good food and fine service, rather than hoopla and orations. He was a mild, pleasant man; when I told him I wanted to give a special dinner, he beamed. He had, he replied, given many special dinners for the very best people. Then I threw him the curve.

My guests were not to be people, I said; I was an advertising consultant for a cat-food manufacturer; we had held a national cat contest, and selected four regional winners to be feted at a banquet.

The caterer showed neither amusement nor astonishment. Instead, he immediately began speaking of a centerpiece that might be made of celery, or some other stringy foodstuff which could provide the guests with something to do in their spare time.

Courses to Please Feline Palates

Next we discussed the courses. For soup, he suggested a lobster bisque. The entree, of course, would be fish. Cream would be the beverage. I asked about place cards and the seating arrangements; he advised me to alternate lady cats with man cats. I prodded him about after-dinner mints, but he brushed that aside.

At this point, I felt that the interview had been amusing and long enough, so I explained about my television show, and the hidden camera that had been trained on him. He hadn't heard of the show, but I had the engineers come in from the next room and play back the tape recording. He was pleased, mildly surprised and entirely good-natured.

Then, as is necessary when I take up a man's valuable time, I offered to pay him for his trouble. He accepted readily, and read and signed a release form giving me permission to use the material we had recorded and filmed.

Then we shook hands and said good-by. It looked, at last, as if I had found a man who knew when he was being kidded.

At the door, he turned.

"Remember, Mr. Funt," he said, "I will need at least two weeks' notice to get everything ready. You'll let me know in time?" He waved cheerily, and left.

Perhaps, I thought, people like the electrician, the caterer and Mrs. S. were blind to unexpected humor because their businesses are essentially serious. Maybe a man in a fundamentally silly business might be more alert to the ridiculous.

So I interviewed a noisemaker-maker.

Now, certainly there is nothing basically solemn about making kazoos, tin trumpets and wooden ratchets for New Year's Eve and birthday parties. Surely a man in that line must be a jolly, twinkle-eyed Santa Claus type, conscious of the humorous possibilities in a fantastic request.

In the dingy downtown office of a noisemaker manufacturer, I posed my problem to a stately, middle-aged gentleman whose figure resembled Saint Nick's, but whose face showed only gravity and solicitude.

My wife, I said, was crazy about noise. I couldn't stand it. "I like quiet parties, but she likes to carry on. So I want to order a batch of nice quiet noisemakers."

Santa Claus looked at me, wagging his head slowly.

"Very difficult," he said, thoughtfully. "In

Funt ponders his experiences. He tried to buy a home electric chair, jeweled dog-choker, lopsided map, incentive award for avoiding water cooler, cat banquet, quiet noisemaker. He's laughing, all right—but no one else did

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR KRAFT

about MONEY

By ALLEN FUNT

twenty years of making noisemakers, I've never had a request for noisemakers that don't make noise." The dignified gentleman took one sample after another from the shelves around the room and tried delicately to manipulate them so as to make a nice quiet racket.

Unfortunately, he had done his work too well over the years: all his gadgets produced noisy noises. After a while, he admitted that the problem was too much for him. He shook his head dolefully and wished me better luck elsewhere.

Would a Dogs' Tailor Bite?

Well, so much for the maker of noisemakers, a humorless man in a humorous business. But was he typical? Perhaps in other outlandish enterprises there were men who saw themselves in perspective. How about a man making special, costly equipment for spoiled house pets? Who wouldn't see humor in creating booties and fur coats for the pedigreed, pedicured, pampered poodles of Park Avenue?

I'll tell you who wouldn't: the man who does it.

With a special tape recorder concealed in my brief case, I went into the shop of a dogs' haberdasher. A well-dressed little man with a Continental accent greeted me.

"I have to give a present to a Boston bull," I said. "It must be really impressive. Money is no object." That must have been like throwing sand in the poor man's eyes; he was hopelessly blinded by the magic of that sentence.

"I make everything for them," he said proudly. "Everything you could think of. Coats, shoes, collars, jewelry—"

"Coats!" I said, catching at the word. "How expensive a coat can you make? Can you make a dog a—well—say, a *mink coat?*"

He took it in stride.

"Why, certainly," he said. "I could make you a very nice coat, beautifully tailored, good skins. You could be proud of it." He thought a moment. "Actually," he said, leaning toward me, "I wouldn't advise it, if you want something really nice. It isn't so attractive. You know—fur on fur."

I pondered. "Well, how about a nice watch?"

He shook his head. "No, no," he cautioned, "that might look ridiculous."

The little man thought for a moment. Then his face lit up. Tentatively, he asked: "How about a choker—a jeweled choker?"

"Now you're talking!" I said. "That sounds like something." Timidly he sketched a design; each new flight of his fancy struck me as excellent, and as the project grew in size and cost, his voice took on firmness and strength. Finally we agreed on a diamond-studded choker in a platinum setting, which would cost around $5,000. He laid his pencil down with an air of accomplishment.

"You'll have a real knockout there, a real knockout! This could only happen in America!" He was transfigured.

I made one last try. "But do you think," I asked, "that the dog will really appreciate this?"

He smiled benevolently. "To tell you the truth," he said, "the gift is more for the owner. The dog might like a frankfurter better." We were making progress, at last. But then his business sense rushed in to protect him from the light of common sense. "But believe me," he added hastily, "this will be a wonderful gift, a real knockout!"

That was the note he closed on, and his sense of humor was definitely out of action when I explained who I was and what the interview had really been for. But then, he *had* lost (he thought) $5,000 worth of business, a catastrophe which might tax anyone's sense of humor.

If you think my discussion with the purveyor of dog finery had overtones of unreality, listen in on the one I had another time with a salesman of incentive awards. He worked for an outfit that specializes in building employee morale and increasing efficiency. He was a good advertisement for his firm—hard-working, serious about his business and anxious to please. He thumped my desk, rapped his brief case, waved exhibits at me and had a pat answer for every question I raised.

I raised some beauts.

My firm had a number of personnel problems, I explained, and I wanted to know how to solve them. For instance, we wanted to do something to stop employees from making personal phone calls from the office.

That was easy, he said instantly: give an emblem to the employees making the fewest calls. It would be of solid gold, with a genuine ruby in it. Wasn't that expensive? I asked. "No," he said, "it'll run you—roughly figuring—only around $5.00 the pin, in gross lots."

I asked about an award for the most punctual workers. Again he had a prescription: a nice plaque, set up near the time clock. "Everybody likes to see their name," he said. "Everybody comes in by the time clock and sees that name up there. You know, a fellow doesn't like to have his buddy say to him, 'What's the matter with you, Jim, you been here five years, your name's not up there yet?' It *creates* something for you."

This is a chapter from Allen Funt's book, Eavesdropper at Large, which is to be published by Vanguard Press next month

I decided to broaden the satire, and see whether he'd notice. How about an award for the person who asked for a raise the fewest times? I asked. He didn't turn a hair. As though it were an everyday problem, he cautioned that pins and plaques were wrong for that situation; you could give only a personal gift.

The Water-Fountain Problem

I tried again. We wanted, I said, to cut down on trips to the water fountain. What could be done about that?

His answer was magnificent. He would set up an interdepartmental competition for not going to the water fountain; the prize would be another plaque, awarded monthly to that department which restrained itself best. The forelady of each department would keep a record of who went to the fountain, and how often. At the end of the month, the scores would be toted up and the plaque awarded to the deserving. At the end of the year, the plaque, complete with an attached Victory figurine, would become the permanent property of the driest department. "You get a real spirit that way," he said, earnestly. "The way they got to feel is, 'Oh, boy, at the end of the year it'll be *ours!*' It really gives them something nice to shoot for."

"And that will really help morale?" I asked, unable to repress a broad grin.

"No question about it. It'll go over with a bang." And he smacked my desk to show what a bang was like. I concluded the interview shortly thereafter.

I had told the officers of the salesman's firm beforehand what I planned to do, and they had sent him to me without

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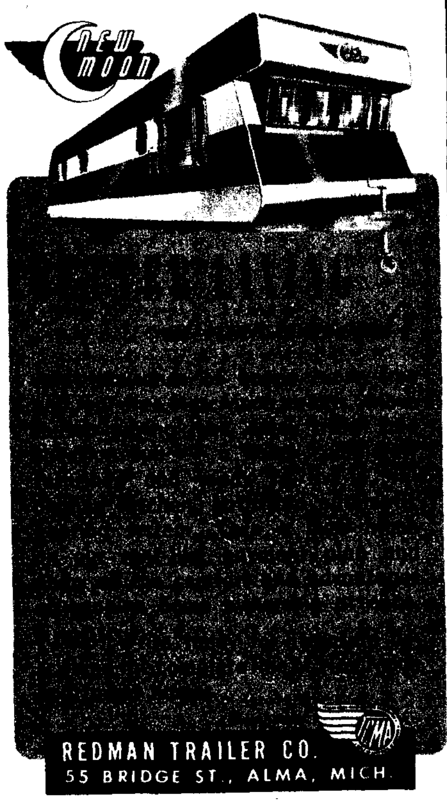

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tipping him off, as I had requested. They insisted, however, that they must hear the transcription before signing a release.

I had misgivings when I played the tape back for myself and heard again the utter nonsense about interdepartmental competitions and awards. I felt sure it would never get by the salesman's superiors.

But an agreement is an agreement, and I carried out my part. Nearly a dozen members of the firm, headed by the big boss, and including the salesman, were in attendance as I started the machine. The transcription played through without interruption. I sat still, worrying; this was a good piece of property, and I hated the thought of losing it. Finally the recording ended, and I quailed, waiting for the reaction. The president of the firm turned to me.

"Mr. Funt," he said crisply, "it's fine! Perfectly all right. You may use all or any part of the recording." And he signed the release form.

Everybody stood up. I wanted to grab the tape and run.

"There's just one thing," said the president, clapping the salesman on the shoulder. The salesman flinched, and so did I.

"Now, Julius," said the president in a tone of friendly admonition, "you should have known better than that. The gold pin with the ruby in it isn't *$5.00* apiece in gross lots. It's *$5.80!*"

Sometimes I've come away from situations like my conference with the efficiency experts wondering if *I* was wrong. But, no; I'm sure that if I had asked Julius and his bosses what they thought about the dog haberdasher or the noiseless noisemakers they'd have roared with laughter. It was only their own business that wasn't funny.

Once I called up a world-famous mapmaking firm, and asked to have a salesman call on me to discuss a special job. The salesman was a stiff, neat, punctilious fellow, who exemplified the impeccable accuracy of his firm's products. I hoped to develop in him a conflict between his loyalty to the company's standards of accuracy, and his desire to write a good order. So I told him I needed a framed map of the United States which would be accurate, detailed and handsome. But I wanted one change from the normal: Rhode Island would have to appear as the biggest state.

"Bigger than Texas?" he asked.

"Much bigger than Texas," I said. "As a matter of fact, you'll have to trim all the other states a little." I paused. "But maybe you can't handle the job." That nettled him; of course his firm could handle it—it could handle *any* map job. It would simply take time and money. He pulled out an order pad and started making notes.

After a while, I revealed to him that I was doing a TV show, and that the entire scene had been secretly filmed. The salesman smiled politely, and nodded. I handed him a release, and said I'd pay for his time, but he refused to sign without consulting his sales manager. He'd call me from the office and let me know the outcome, he said. There was nothing I could do but agree.

When the Map Was Delivered

A week went by, but I hesitated to call for fear of queering the deal by seeming too eager. Then, as the weeks passed, it slipped my mind. About a month after the sequence had been shot, two messengers staggered into the office carrying a huge crate. The staff crowded around as we opened it, and whooped in glee when they saw a magnificent map of the United States. But what a United States! Little Rhode Island had swelled up like an unhealthy growth, and crowded all the other states off to one side. Texas was definitely No. 2 in size. With this impressive creation came an equally impressive bill for $625.

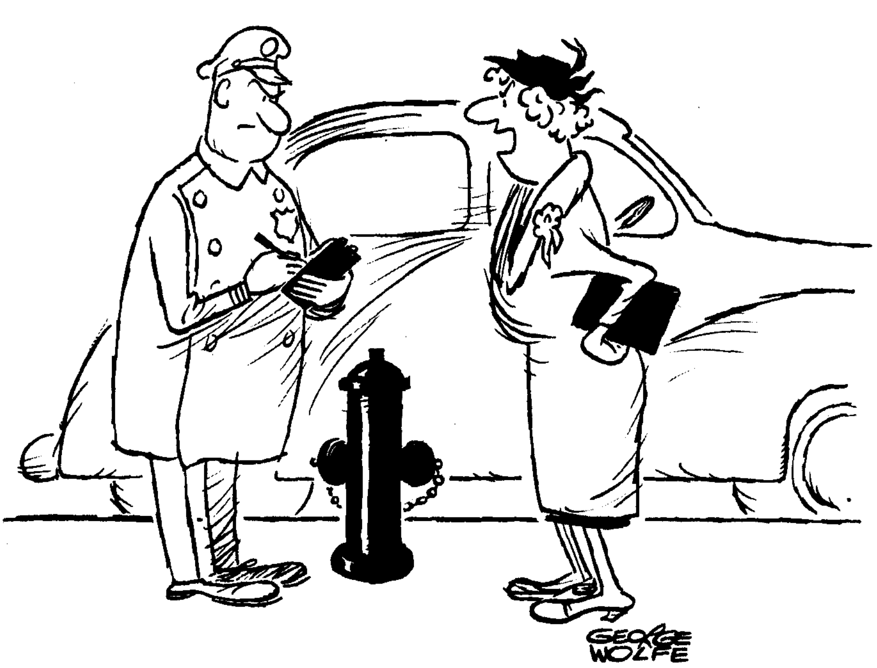
I dashed to the telephone, and explained the whole misunderstanding to the sales manager of the map firm. I hoped the bill was a joke, just as my order had been. It wasn't.

After a long tussle, he passed me on to a top official of the firm. He was quite firm with me. "Look here," he said frigidly, "we're sorry for the misunderstanding. But after all, what do you expect us to do with a map showing Rhode Island to be bigger than Texas?"

I was defeated. I had finally run into a situation where a firm's lack of humor about its work had cost me money. The joke was on me.

Did I think it was funny?

I did not. There's nothing funny about money. ▲▲▲



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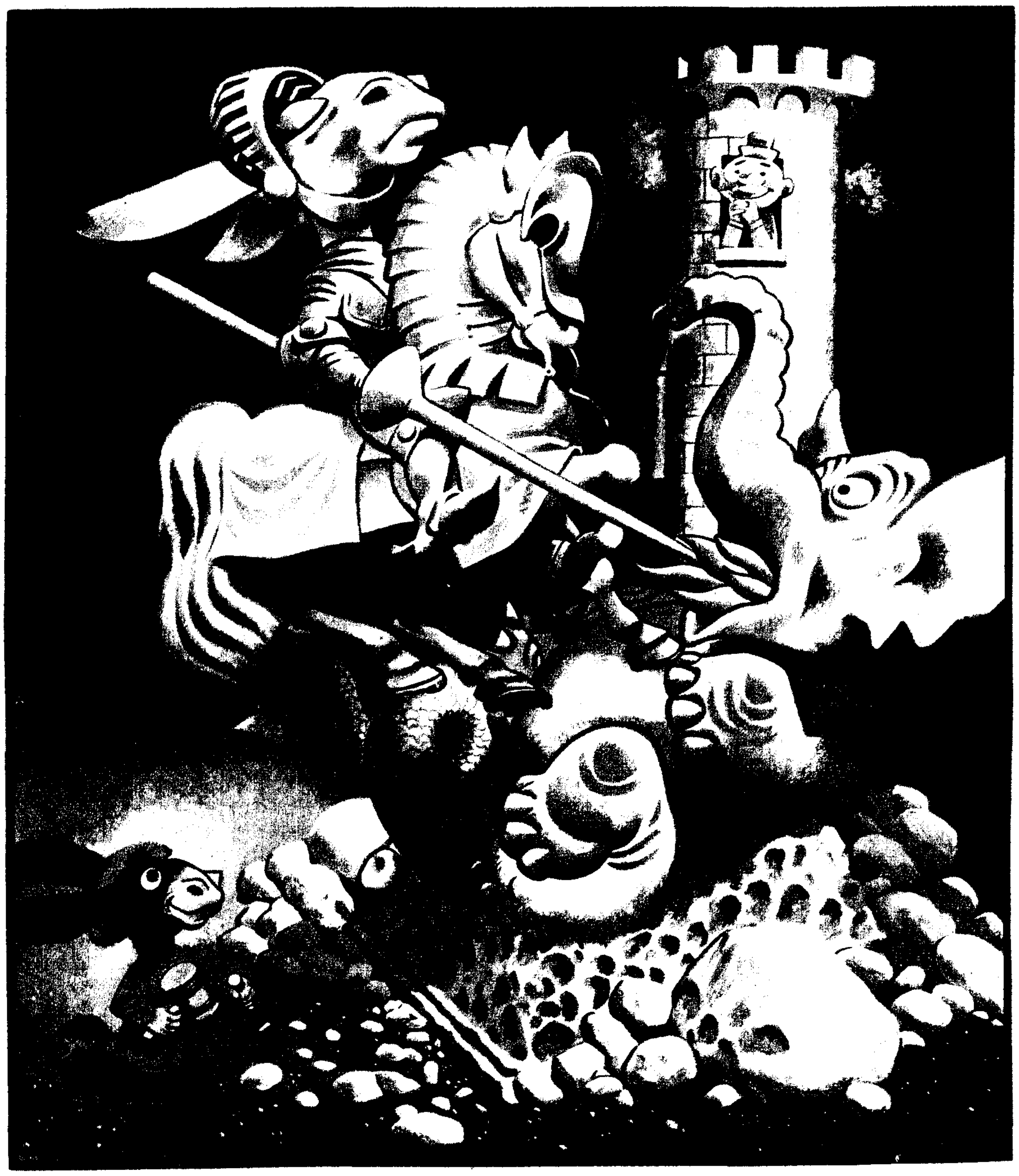

LOWELL HESS

That's Not the Way We See It

WE HOPE THAT THE MAN from Moultrie, Georgia, who wrote to us the other day won't mind if we use part of his letter as a text for this week's piece. The man from Moultrie took courteous but sharp exception to the political tone of some of our editorials. Said they reminded him of the oratory at the recent Republican convention, "in that they never offer any sound solution to any government problem, but just whoop and raise hell and talk about Abraham Lincoln and Herbert Hoover."

Since he is a rapid subject-changer, he also asked us if we had ever been hungry. "Well, I haven't either," he confessed, "and can't imagine what a gnawing feeling it could be." But he thought that anyway, even if we hadn't suffered the pangs, we ought to remember the bread lines of the depressed thirties, and ease up on our criticism of what he called "the Democratic or Fair Deal or New Deal party."

Now, before we go any further, we're going to plead innocent to running either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Lincoln for President. Then we're *not* going to plead innocent to doing some occasional whooping and hell-raising when conditions seem to warrant. And finally we'll explain that we are quoting from this gentleman's letter because we suspect that a good many people share his views, and because we think the views are a little cockeyed.

It's no new trick to ride either the donkey or the elephant backward. Evoking the political past is a standard election-year expedient among the campaigners and professionals. But it is also, we think, a political superstition with a lot of people. So it has come to be the fashion, in recent years, to think of the Republican party as the party of depression and hard times. This appears to be particularly true among the younger voters who can scarcely remember that their country ever had a Republican administration. Conversely, the Democrats are thought to hold the magic key to prosperity. To vote for any other party, *according to this superstition*, would be akin to walking under a ladder or raising an umbrella in the living room.

It is quite true, of course, that there was a depression during the last Republican administration. But it is equally true that there was a depression—or "panic," as they used to call it—during the second term of a Democrat named Grover Cleveland. And it is also true that around the turn of the century it was the G.O.P. which had the reputation, carefully self-exploited, of being the party of prosperity and the full dinner pail.

We don't say that the earlier label was any truer than the present one. Nor do we think that it is any more accurate to call the Democratic party the party of peace and plenty than it is to hold it responsible for America's involvement in two world wars in the last 35 years. Political administrations and the philosophies behind them are vital matters in a country's history, of course. But we contend that economic ups and downs, and military conflicts also, for that matter, are far too complex phenomena to be oversimplified by ascribing them to one person or one party group.

This isn't to say that a President and his party should not be judged on their record. But it does seem to us that the present administration should be judged by the policies of Mr. Truman, his appointees and the members of his party who control Congress, and not by what Mr. Roosevelt did for or to the country—depending on how you choose to look at it. We also believe that the Republicans ought to stand or fall on the record of their major candidates and their Congressional leadership, rather than on their leadership of 20 and more years ago.

Both parties are inclined to exploit political superstition. But it seems to us that the Democrats are, through their present position of power, the chief offenders. We feel that there is something unfair and undemocratic in the idea, which our friend from Moultrie apparently shares, that one should reward a political party for past accomplishments by keeping it in office indefinitely, no matter what its current record may be. It reminds us too much of the Russian school children who are taught to thank Comrade Stalin for bestowing all the blessings that surround them—including, presumably, sunshine and green grass.

And while we're on the subject of political superstitions, we'd like to register a beef against the notion, so carefully fostered by Mr. Truman, that the Democratic party is "the party of the people," that it is the only party that has the welfare of the ordinary citizen at heart, and that its opposition represents the "special interests" and the "privileged few."

Lest it be forgotten in a cloud of the President's whistle-stop oratory, there were 24,105,812 of "the people" who voted for Mr. Truman in 1948, but there were 24,730,767 Americans who voted for Messrs. Dewey, Thurmond, Wallace, Thomas and a scattering of other candidates. Thus a majority of the electorate cast their ballots against the self-anointed champion of the people and in favor of the representatives of the "special interests."

It strikes us that the "special interests" must be mighty numerous or else that "the people" aren't quite as gullible as advertised. And we hope that they won't relapse into gullibility as the fall's campaign progresses.

We also hope that voters like our friend from Moultrie will remember that "the people" are all of us—Republicans and Democrats—and that, further, they will keep in mind that the 1952 candidates' names are Eisenhower and Stevenson, not Hoover and Roosevelt.

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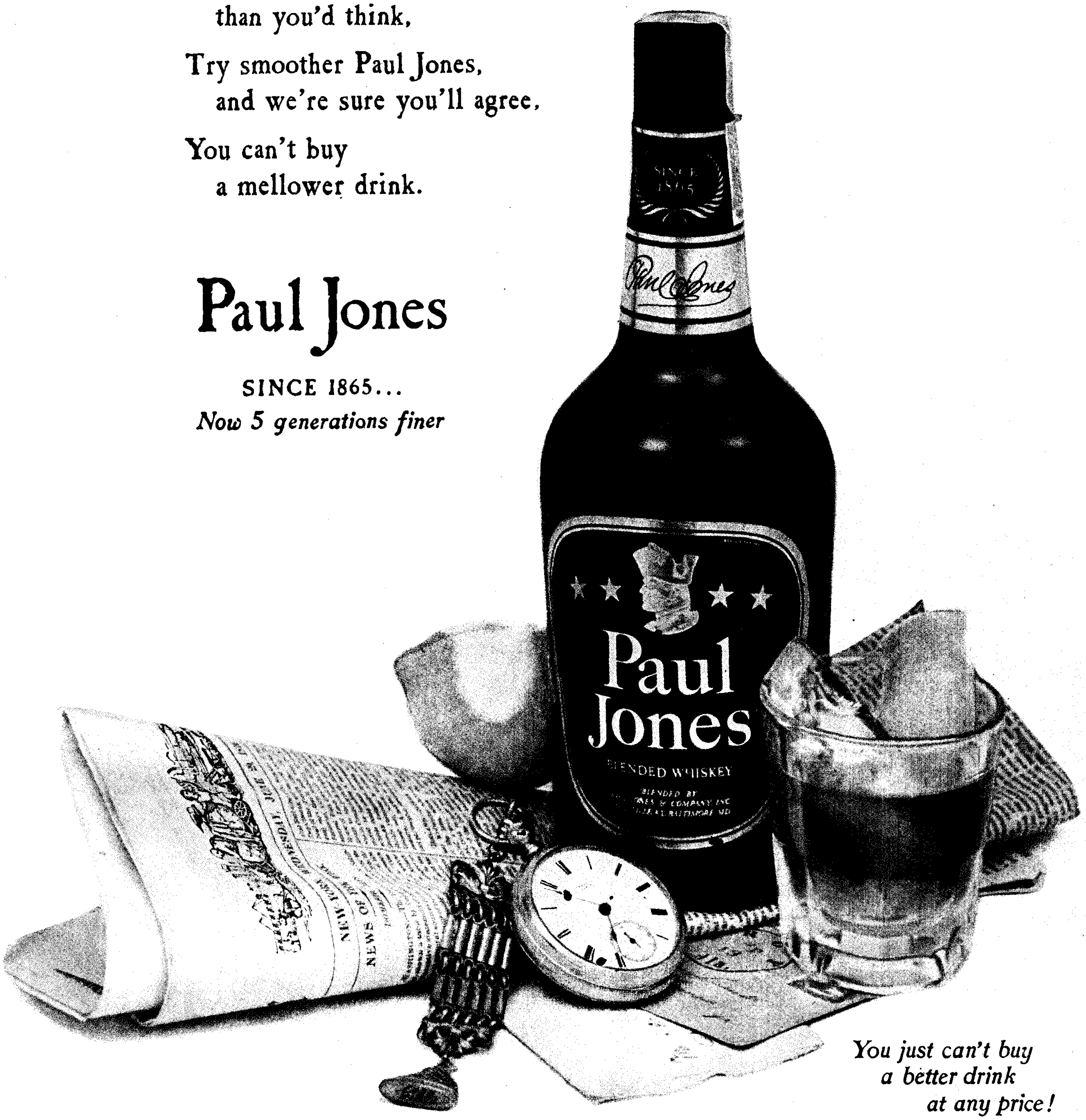
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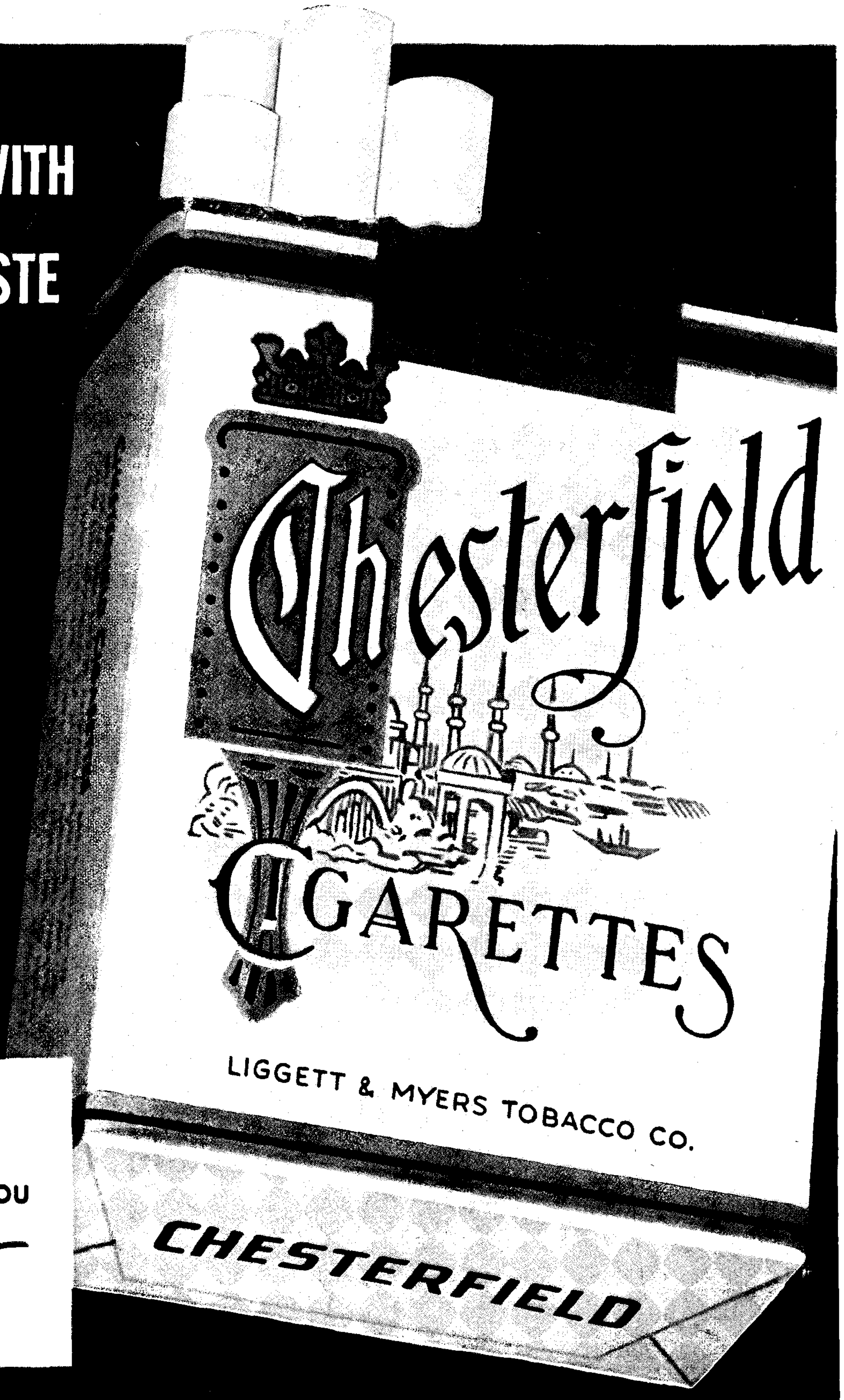

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